WILL MRS. SIMPSON GO THROUGH WITH THE MARRIAGE?

by Helen Worden

APR. 10,
1937

Liberty

5¢

-SCOTT EVANS-

IF YOU WANT TO PLAY TENNIS RIGHT

by
elen Wills Moody

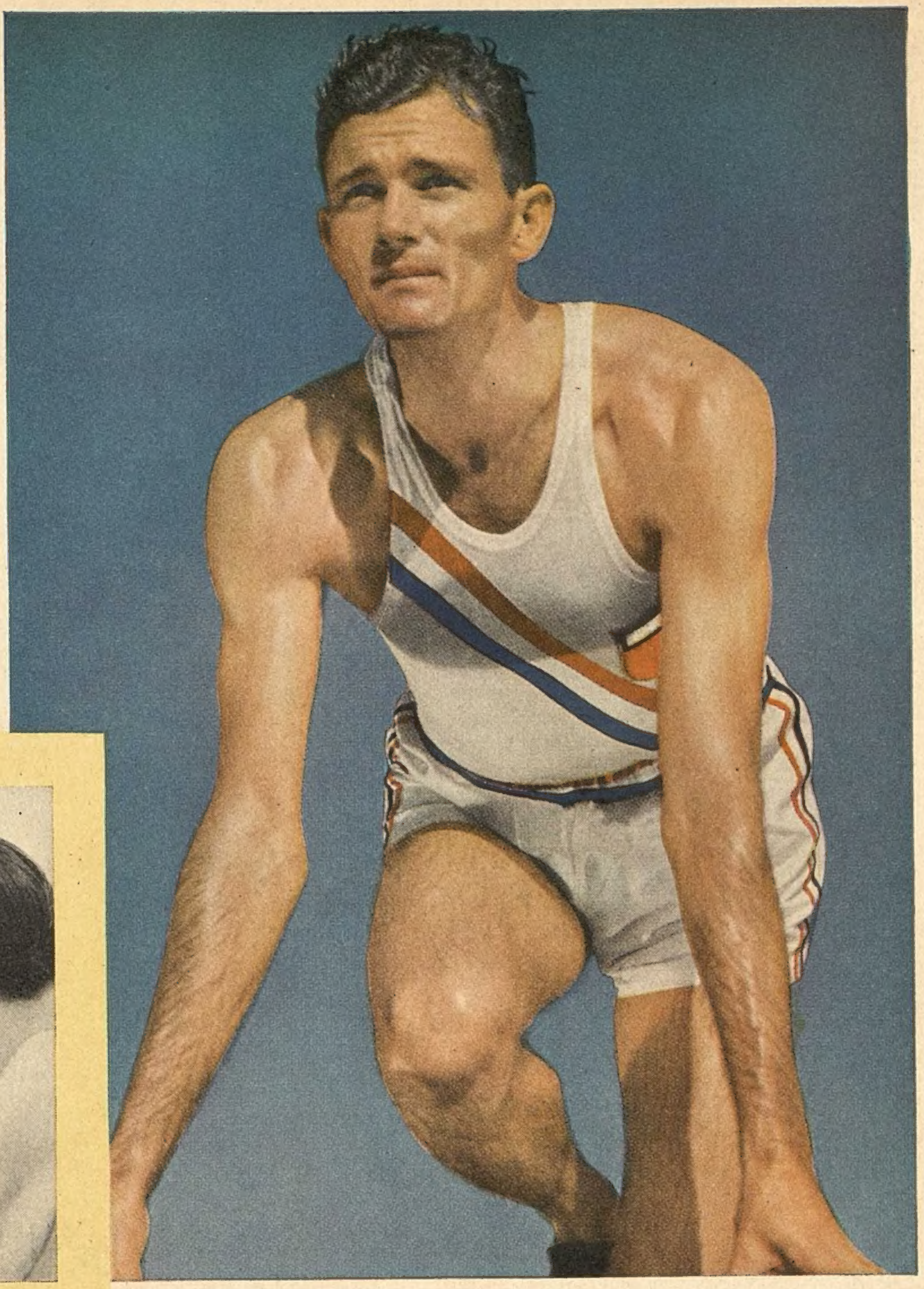
POLYGAMY ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

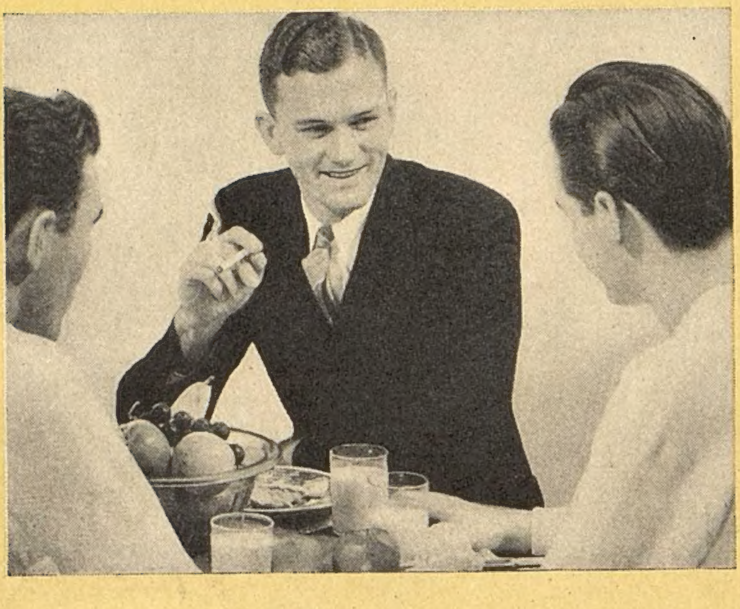
Revelation of a Strange Social Problem

by Edward Doherty

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE . . . SMOKE CAMELS

"That's what I do — and my digestion goes along O.K.," says Glenn Hardin, world's champion hurdler





"I'M A GREAT BELIEVER in the way Camels help to ease strain and tension," says Glenn, one of America's great athletes. "It's no wonder Camels are the favorite cigarette of athletes. Take my own case. It wouldn't do me much good to eat and not digest properly. So I smoke Camels with my meals and after. Camels give me an invigorating 'lift.' And you'll notice, the same as I do, that Camels don't get on your nerves." Camels set you right! Choose Camels for steady smoking.

A feeling of well-being comes after a good meal...and plenty of Camels

FOR that luxurious feeling of ease so worth-while at mealtime — light up a Camel. Fatigue and irritability begin to fade away. The flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids — speeds up. You get in the right mood to *enjoy* eating. Camels at mealtime and afterwards help to keep digestion on its proper course. You'll welcome Camels between meals too! They are milder — better for steady smoking.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, of the famous Philadelphia family, has won international recognition for her charm and grace as a hostess. "Camels are a bright spot in my entertaining," she says. "I think a meal is not complete without them. And Camels are so mild — so gentle on my throat that I smoke as many as I like. They never get on my nerves."

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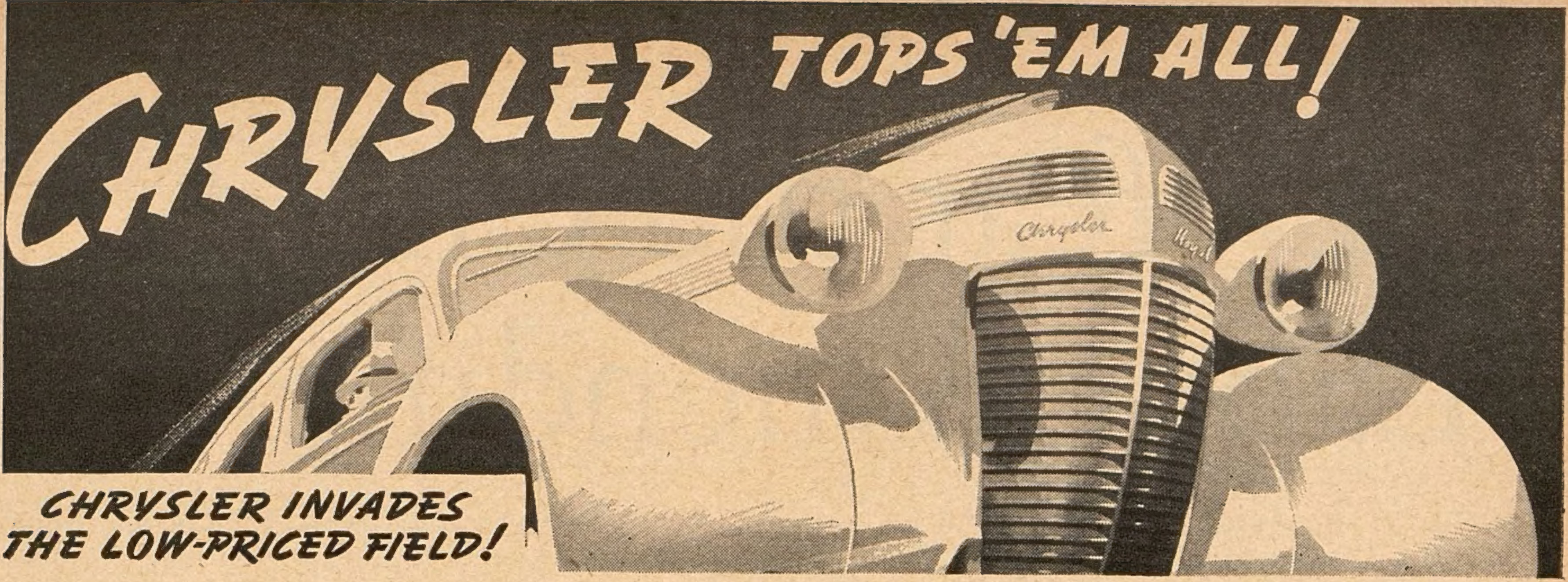
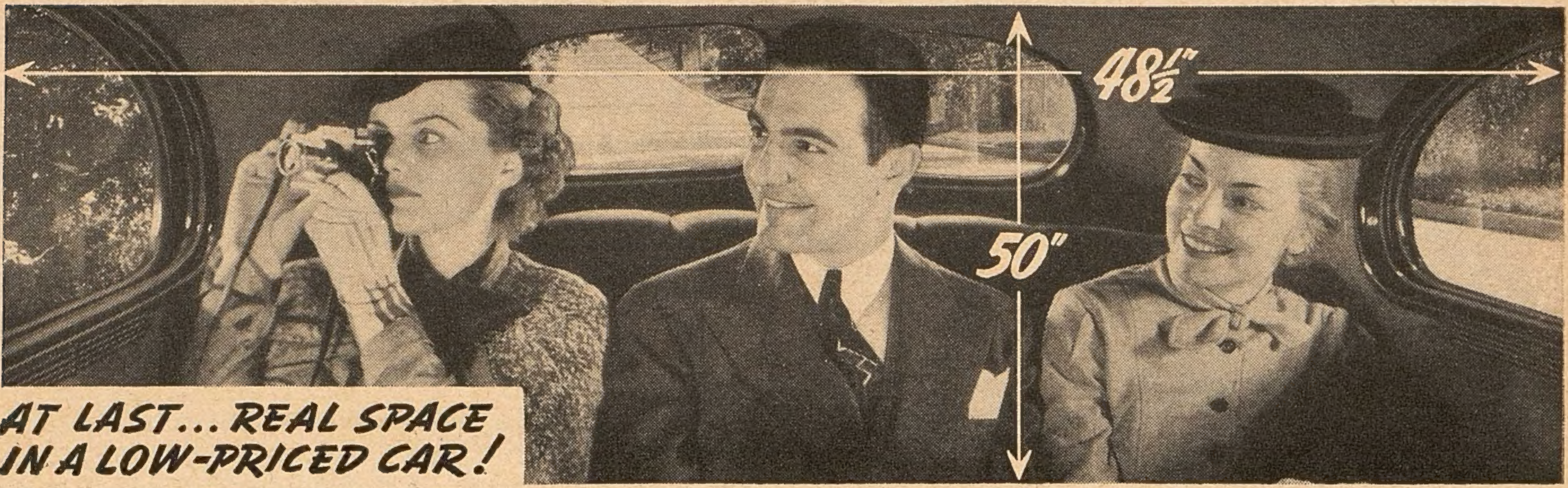
CHRYSLER TOPS 'EM ALL!



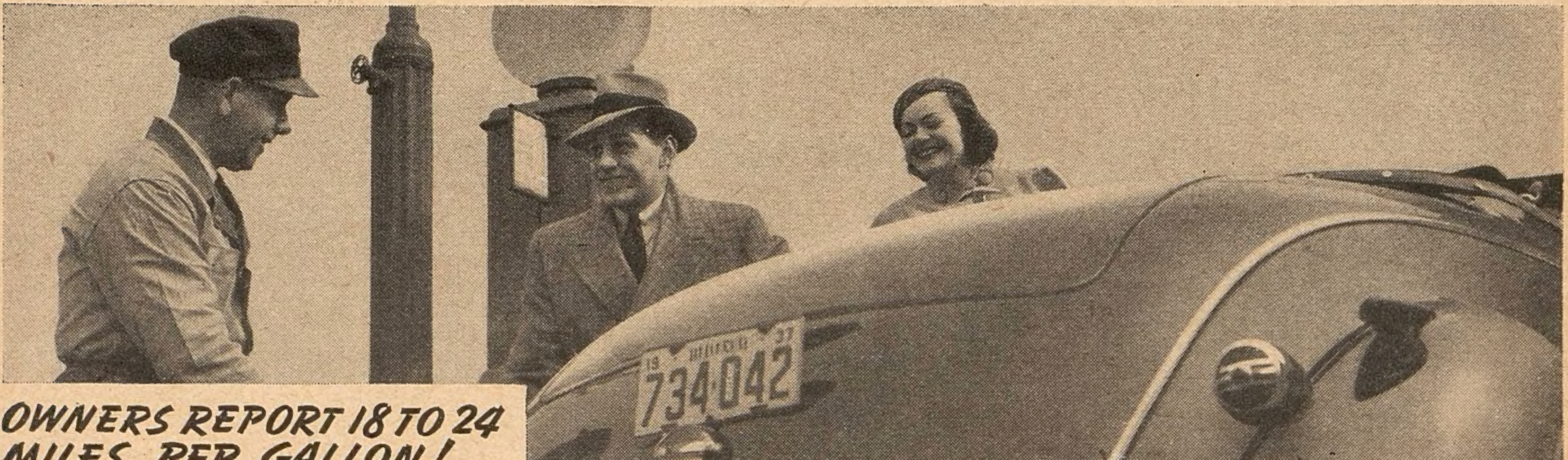
CHRYSLER INVADES THE LOW-PRICED FIELD!

Something new in the low-priced field! A Chrysler! Smarter, bigger, finer . . . than any low-priced car you ever saw before. Built side by side with the higher-priced Chryslers in a great plant where only Chrysler cars are built . . . where only Chrysler's highest-quality standards prevail. Listen to Matthew Smith, who has been building engines since 1904! "I've had a hand in building every Chrysler motor since Chrysler started. The Gold Seal engine is a wonder . . . the best-designed, best-balanced, smoothest of them all. No wonder Chrysler sales are soaring this year!"



AT LAST... REAL SPACE IN A LOW-PRICED CAR!

"First car I've seen with room enough," says J. A. Want of Mountain Lakes, N. J. "It's great to find a really roomy car that's also outstanding in economy." "I'm a salesman," says D. L. Gilbert of Glendale, California, "and I need a lot of room in my car for samples. My new Royal certainly fills the bill. I average a thousand miles a week, and the easy riding and handling mean a lot to me." "The safety features sold me," says Dr. Nicola Gigante of Detroit. "There's nothing to compare with Chrysler's wonderful hydraulic brakes and safety all-steel body."



OWNERS REPORT 18 TO 24 MILES PER GALLON!

"I get 18 miles per gallon in city traffic," says Miss Lois Brandt of New York. "I drive 30,000 miles a year in my business," says W. G. Magnuson of Chicago. "On my last trip, even with winter driving conditions, I averaged 21 miles per gallon." A. W. Widman of Detroit experiences as high as 24 miles per gallon. And from California, Charles C. Young reports, "The economy of the overdrive is remarkable. Day after day, I average 19 miles per gallon." See the new Chrysler Royal and the other 1937 Chryslers today. Every Chrysler dealer also displays the brilliant 1937 Plymouth. Convenient time payments to fit your purse on the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

APRIL 10, 1937
Liberty
VOL. 14, NO. 15

BERNARR MACFADDEN,
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Defeat the Child Labor Amendment!

BERNARR MACFADDEN

FOUR states, North Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, and New York, already have defeated the vicious Child Labor Amendment.

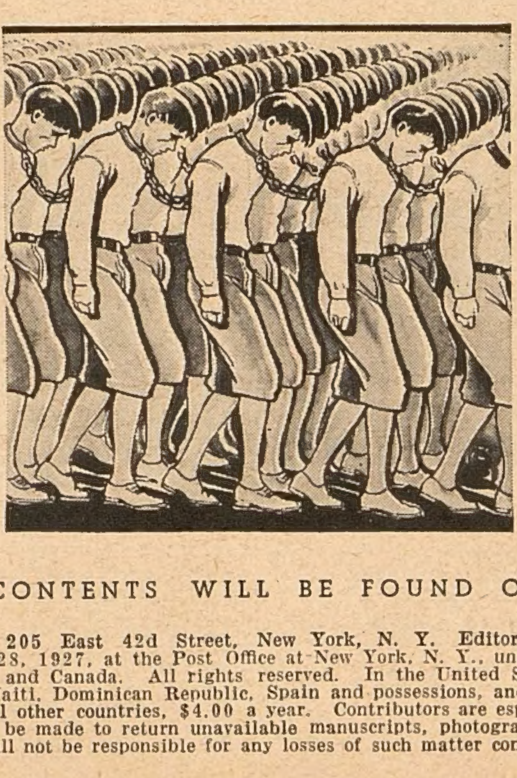
If the national government can acquire control of the children under eighteen years of age throughout the nation, then we might just as well bid good-by to the American system of government. Any influence that can dictate in the rearing of our children up to that age would become a dominating influence in our national life.

A Child Labor Law should be passed in every state to suit the requirements of its citizens, but it should not be a federal amendment.

This nation seems to have gone to sleep on the subject of state rights. We are borrowing our own money from Washington and bowing in subjection to the edicts of this overwhelming force. But we ought to try and retain a little of our self-respect. The only way that Washington can pay our bills is to take the money from the citizens of the various states, and when Washington officials deny the states assistance they might need from their own cashbox, they are open to severe criticism.

For years the national government has tried to pass the Child Labor Law. Legislatures in numbers of states have steadily resisted this effort on its part; and let us hope that these states that have retained their independence will continue to put thumbs down on this law.

Unquestionably there is some misuse of the labor of children—and this in states which already have adequate laws. But that can be stopped without a national edict which will put the control of every child under eighteen years of age in the hands of the federal authorities. We want the right to rear our own children in accordance with our conception of our duties and responsibilities, and there should be no government interference.



There are state laws at the present time that severely handicap many parents who hold unconventional views, and they present sufficient difficulties without our being compelled to bow down to the edicts of Washington officials. If the various states in the Union are forced to give up their independence, we will soon sink to the level of those European countries which, in recent years, we have outstripped, commercially and otherwise, far beyond the wildest dreams of our forefathers.

Child labor is unquestionably an evil. But why try to stamp it out with a much greater evil—that is, official dominance over the rights of parents in the rearing of their children? At the present time, in every state, we have to send our children to school at a certain age. They are vaccinated and experimented on by serums of various kinds which in some cases are of doubtful value.

In the past individualism was an outstanding factor in American life; but if we are restricted in all phases of life, we will be turned out like shoes in a factory, all of the same mold, with no outstanding feature to differentiate one from the other.

Our great business executives, who have made the world resound with their fame, would never have been developed under a system that stifles the individual. Personality is developed as a result of following the bent of one's reasoning. When our thinking is controlled, many of us will ultimately become mediocre incompetents.

Let us hope that our state legislatures will stand firm to retain the liberties that have come to them through the rights given them by the Constitution as individual states. We may be in a new age, and certain changes may be desirable; but there should be a limit to our subserviency.

Bernarr Macfadden

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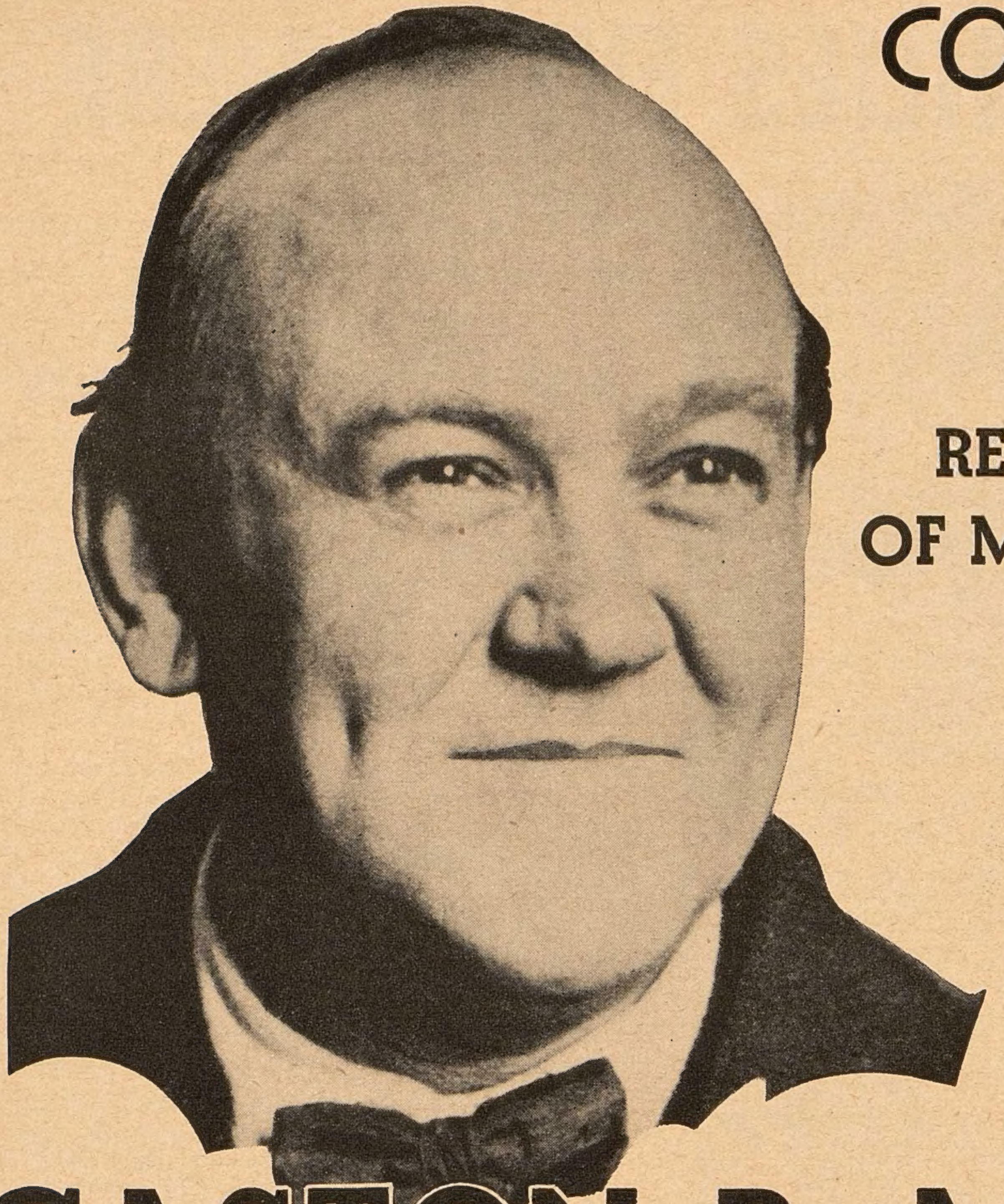
FACING DEATH, WHAT HAS HE CONFESSED?



UNTOLD REVELATIONS OF MRS. McLEAN'S LOST $104,000 RANSOM CASH

GASTON B. MEANS MASTER BAD MAN

Gaston B. Means is the Master Bad Man in the history of American crime, says Anthony Abbot, whose famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt crime stories are broadcast on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3.00 P. M., E. S. T.

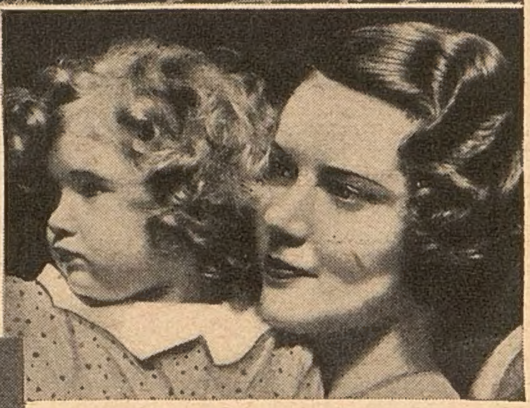
Liberty

ON SALE
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7

MAY DIXON THACKER, co-author of THE STRANGE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING, a writer who has been behind the scenes in the life of Gaston B. Means, tells the inside story of Mrs. McLean's lost ransom money—gives new angles on the Lindbergh case from the nation's capital—and the famous, much discussed love affair of Nan Britton, leading character in the best seller titled The President's Daughter. May Dixon Thacker has assembled startling material never before put into print. Be sure to read her amazing findings beginning next week in Liberty.

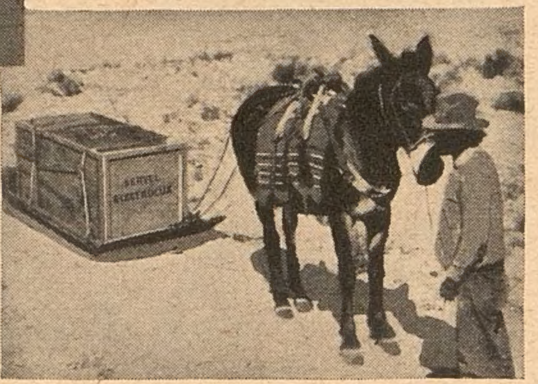
"ITS SILENCE MEANS SAVINGS" SAY FAMILIES EVERYWHERE

"TROUBLE-FREE IN SPITE OF JUNGLE HEAT"—When Mrs. Martin Johnson, noted explorer, traveled a year ago to the jungles of Borneo, she took with her two Servel Electrolux. She reports that in spite of the heat and humidity, the refrigerators were "free from trouble and worked fine!" Kerosene replaced gas as fuel.



"IT ACTUALLY PAYS FOR ITSELF WITH SAVINGS" report women from homes the country over. They've found that the simpler, noise-free operation of Servel Electrolux means savings on running cost, upkeep and food bills that are important enough to pay for this refrigerator in an unusually short period of time.

9 YEARS' SILENCE AND ECONOMY—"Nine years ago, I purchased my Servel Electrolux Refrigerator. Today, it's still as silent and economical as the day I bought it. The expense to run it has never exceeded a few cents a day," writes George J. Nelson, of 34-15 Ninety-Seventh St., Corona, N. Y.



WHITE MAN'S MAGIC GUARDS RED MAN'S FOOD—Deep in the recesses of Arizona's Grand Canyon lives a tribe of Havasoupis Indians. To reach their reservation, a Servel Electrolux had to be transported by means of a crude sled from the rim of the canyon down a twisting, tortuous trail to the bottom.

SILENT REFRIGERATION FOR A "TALKIE" STAR—Like so many other famous Hollywood players, lovely Una Merkel, popular Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, chose a Servel Electrolux Refrigerator for her home. She likes the comfort of its silence for herself and for her guests. And, being a woman, she likes a bargain. The greater savings offered by the gas refrigerator make it a real bargain for any home. Today, nearly a million families enjoy the exclusive advantage of this refrigerator.

10 YEARS OF EFFICIENT SERVICE IN WASHINGTON APARTMENTS—"We have roughly more than 600 Servel Electrolux in our properties, bought during the last ten years," write David A. Baer and Robert O. Scholz, well-known builders, of Washington, D. C. "Today, the 235 units we installed in our Alban Apartments back in 1926 are doing just as good and silent a job as our most recent purchases." Simplicity of operation accounts for this efficiency.

SERVEL ELECTROLUX *owners enjoy exclusive advantages with this modern refrigerator that*

HAS NO MOVING PARTS

Read why its noiseless, different operation saves you money throughout its long life

WHAT FAMILY wouldn't enjoy the *comfort* of permanent silence in a refrigerator? Yet, even after you've considered *this* advantage of Servel Electrolux's silence, you've only begun to appreciate its real importance. Actually, it's your assurance of lasting, money-saving service, too!

That's because the *reason* for this noiseless operation is a basically different refrigerating system that has no moving parts! A tiny gas flame circulates the refrigerant that produces steady, food-preserving cold and cubes of ice. There are no moving parts to wear, none to become inefficient!

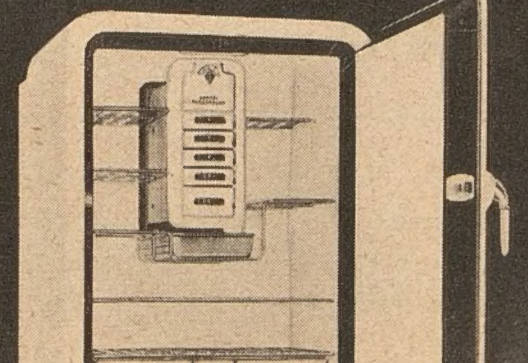
This matchless simplicity quickly sets Servel Electrolux *apart* from every other refrigerator. And because of it, you enjoy longer, more satisfying performance—continued savings on food bills and leftovers—the same amazingly low running cost year after year.

But examine the new 1937 models for yourself—at any gas company or dealer showroom. Ask about the easy purchase plan. Remember, the great American gas industry has tested Servel Electrolux and recommends it to you. Your local gas company backs and services every one it installs.

For farm and country homes, it runs on kerosene or bottled gas

Though you live miles from the gas mains, you can *still* enjoy the same modern refrigeration that Servel Electrolux brings to city homes. Write for details. Servel, Inc., Evansville, Indiana. [Servel Electrolux is also sold in Canada, Central and South America.]

SERVEL ELECTROLUX
THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



Polygamy ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBIN HENNING

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

SOME years ago, as the governor of Arizona was touring the northern part of the state, his car stalled in the deep sands near Lees Ferry. He couldn't make it go forward or backward. He could get out and walk, or spend the night in the car. He hadn't time for either alternative. There were pressing matters of state across the Colorado River. He must hurry.

Into this emergency strolled Price Johnson, his three wives, and his numerous children.

"Help!" shouted the governor.

"Comin' up," said Johnson.

"Comin' up," cried the children, boys and girls with blue eyes and sandy hair; tanned, healthy children who all looked alike.

They hurried away, all of them, and hurried back, carrying slabs of wood, branches of piñon trees, and bunches of rosinweed in their arms. Johnson had a shovel.

The man and the boys went to work, Johnson shoveling away the sand to clear the wheels, the boys spreading the branches and the weeds and the wood slabs behind and in front of the tires.

"There she be," said Johnson proudly. "You got a clear passage now, sir."

"Thanks to you," the governor said. "Do I—can I give the children a little money?"

Johnson shook his head. "Glad to help."

The big car rolled on its way to the ferry. "Did you know that was Price Johnson, a notorious polygamist?" one of the governor's friends asked him later. "He has three wives living with him there at Lees Ferry. You ought to do something about that."

"Do something!" the governor said. "Any man who is willing to live at Lees Ferry can have all the wives who are willing to marry him, so far as the State of Arizona is concerned."

Today, at Lees Ferry, at Moccasin, at Pipe Spring, at Short Creek, at Fredonia, and at other spots in and near the so-called Strip Country of Arizona and Utah, there are little colonies of polygamists.

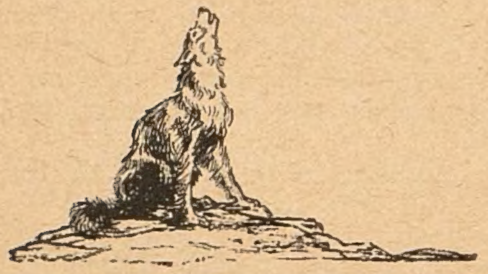
For that matter, there are thousands of polygamists all over the West—so many that monogamous citizens are demanding a federal investigation.

There are more polygamists today, they declare, than there ever were. They abound in Utah and the six states around it, and in parts of California. And their numbers increase and multiply with the years.

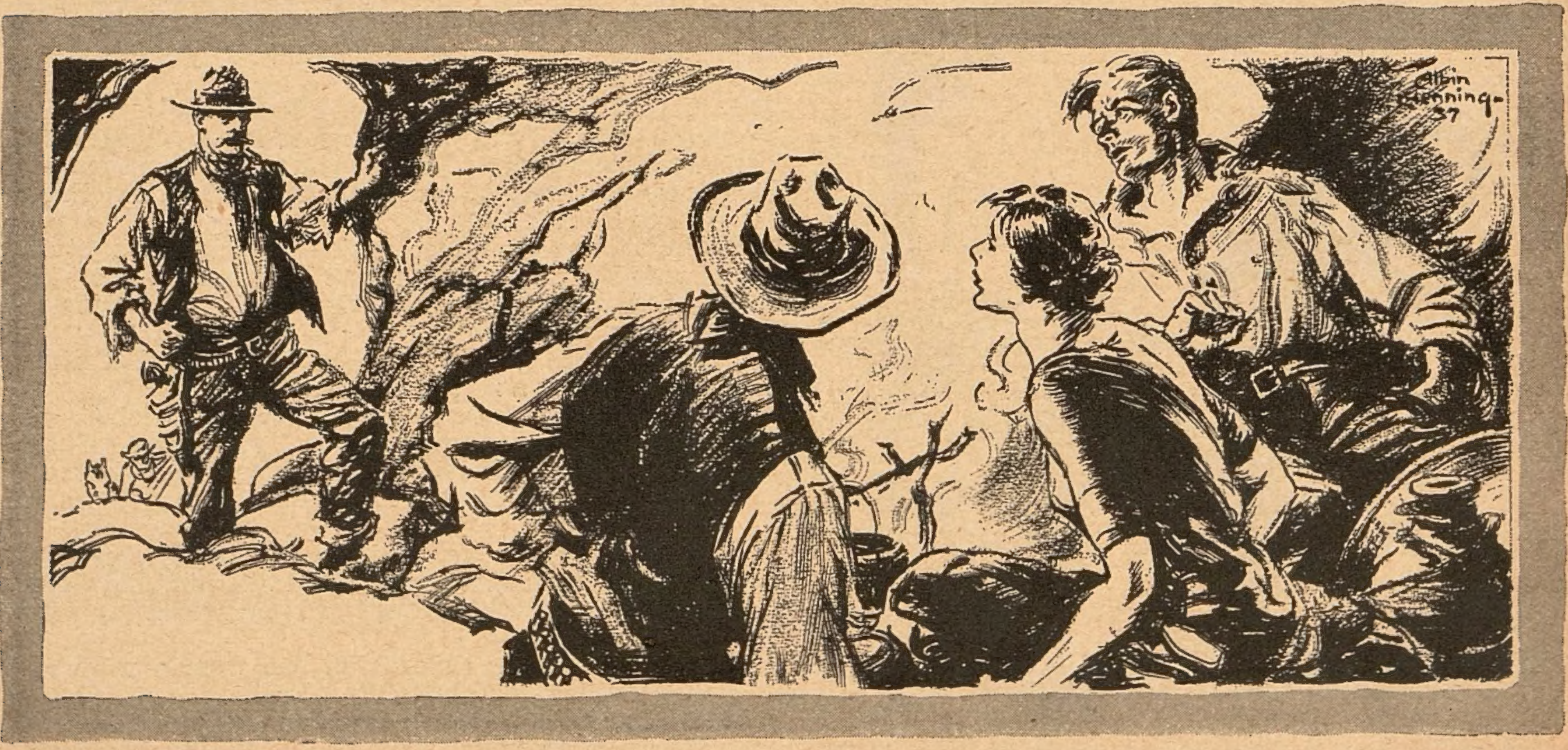
Polygamy came into Utah in the covered wagon. It came singing in the deserts, fighting the Indians on the plains. It conquered a wilderness. It peopled a great state. It drew thousands from all over the world, who came across the continent of North America as the first settlers came, in covered wagons drawn by horses, oxen, and mules; and other thousands who came on foot, pushing handcarts. Banjo On My Knee might as well have been written for them as for those bound for the gold fields of California.

Polygamy throve. And then, overnight, it died. Long ago it was killed—but it has never been buried, and it flourishes today as though it had never known death.

Leaders rose up here and there to preach the doctrine. There was, in later days, Moses Gudmunson, who insti-



A revelation for America!—a strange social problem rears its head again



tuted a system of polygamy called "sacrifice of wives"—a free-love cult wherein old wives were traded for new. When the scandalous doings of his colony at Manti were learned, he and his followers were publicly disavowed.

During the World War, Nathaniel Baldwin claimed he had received a revelation which enabled him to construct a radio receiving set far superior to any on the market. He built a factory, and required all his employees to marry additional wives. The community on East Mill Creek grew rapidly. Baldwin made a million dollars, and was sent to the penitentiary, convicted of using the mails to defraud. He was cast out. He was ruined. His employees were impoverished. Some of them remain in East Mill Creek, and are said to be still married to their plural wives.

Lorin C. Wooley founded the "Sanhedrin," which openly and boldly practiced and taught the doctrine of plural marriage. He too was cast out—though, when he died in 1933, he was buried with full honors.

Wooley's work was carried on by J. B. Broadbent, John Y. Barlow, J. W. Musser, and others, all polygamists. They conducted themselves quietly; but their people were poor, and that brought on the trouble. One of the Sanhedrin disciples had four wives and thirty-some children. His income was forty dollars a month. His wives and children cried for government relief. Federal investigators began to ask questions. There was imminent danger of prosecution.

The Sanhedrin had to get out of Salt Lake City. One of its leaders remembered the story of Price Johnson and the governor's car.

"We'll go to Arizona," he said. "We'll go to the Strip Country. We'll be safe there."

THE Strip, lying between the deep impassable canyons of the Colorado to the south and the Virgin River to the north, is the real hell-roaring West—a land of towering ridges that burn with glory at the rising of the sun, of jagged peaks, of forests, of gorges, of sagebrush and cactus and rattlesnakes. There are few more isolated regions in the world, few more majestic.

The Kaibab Forest is close by; the Grand Canyon, Boulder Dam, the Petrified Forest, and Zion National Park are not far away. These are tourist spots—but tourists never go into the Strip. The few roads are clogged with dirt and sand in summer, and piled with snow in winter.

Some of the Sanhedrin "brethren" settled in Short Creek, which takes its name from an anemic stream that trickles out of a canyon and loses itself in the desert. The place has only twenty-five or thirty homes, little cedar-log cabins chinked with mud. The floors are nothing but dirt and sand. The fuel that heats them is wood burned in grates. Only one building boasts of paint. That's the schoolhouse. There is no gas, no electricity, no plumbing.

J. M. Lauritzen, the first settler and now the justice of peace, had visions of building a dam to impound flood waters; but the dam was never built. Nearly every house has its little patch of garden, however, irrigated from wells operated by windmills.

With the exception of three families, all the residents of Short Creek are polygamists. And all are on relief. They felt they could "make a go of it," raise what food they needed, sell what they didn't need, become independent. But it was impossible. The Strip is not located in agricultural country.

There were reports last winter that the colonists, snowed in, were on the verge of starvation.

Even before their first winter set in, the colonists knew hunger and desperation. They called on the government for help. Pitiful letters came into the office of John Cunningham and Howard Roarke of the FERA:

"I am a plural wife with fifteen children. For God's sake send us help."

"I have two wives and thirty children. I can't support them. They need everything."

"I've had three babies by my three wives last month. I can't feed them, nor the other children."

"I have wives in Mesa, Phoenix, Mount Trumbull, St. George, and Las Vegas, all in need."

Letters like that.

The government agents did what they could to help, and wondered.

"There was a family in California that never could afford a baby until they went on relief," one of them commented; "but here are families that keep on having babies, whether they can afford them or not, and plenty of babies too. What are we going to do?"

At the same time letters of protest began pouring in on E. Elmo Bollinger, Mohave County attorney, at Kingman, Arizona, four hundred miles away:

"The polygamists in the Strip are increasing every day. The people at Short Creek say they'll have 500 families from California soon. Must Arizona feed them too? Why don't you do something?"

Letters like that.

Bollinger thought that inasmuch as Uncle Sam was feeding the colonists, Uncle Sam should be the one to investigate their morals. He queried Washington, and was told that investigation and prosecution was the duty of the county attorney.

He searched the letters asking for relief, hoping to find evidence that would enable him to prosecute. The application of Price Johnson and his wife Esther interested him. They had married at St. George, Utah, in 1914. They had nine children. There was another in the household, they said—Helen Hull.

BOLLINGER found a letter from Helen Hull: "I am a plural wife with three children to support. My husband was able to take care of us before the depression, but now he cannot do so. Can you give me work, and clothing for my children?"

Bollinger found evidence against others in the Strip. He went to the region to complete his investigation. He called on Justice Lauritzen. The justice was apathetic. So was his wife.

"My grandfather had nine wives," Mrs. Lauritzen said, "and he was a righteous man."

Bollinger visited nearly every home in Short Creek. There were numerous children on every doorstep. There were several women in nearly every home. One of these women would be introduced as the wife, the others as sisters and cousins.

Price Johnson was living in one of the houses with Helen Hull. Esther, it seemed, had left him and taken her children. His other wives? No one would say what had become of them.

Johnson, four other men, and one woman were arrested on Bollinger's complaints. Preliminary trial was held on September 6, 1935, before Justice Lauritzen. The charge was unlawful cohabitation. J. W. Musser volunteered to represent the defendants. He was not needed. Justice Lauritzen held the complaints were defective and discharged the defendants. Bollinger prepared new complaints, and had them ready to serve within ten minutes after the justice had spoken. But in those ten minutes the defendants had all disappeared.

Not until a week later were any of them found. Then Johnson and Isaac Spencer and Sylvia Allred were discovered in a mountain cave. They had lived there seven days on dried corn. They were willing to go to trial, as martyrs to their belief.

Bollinger had their cases transferred to the superior court at Kingman. Judge J. W. Faulkner presided at the trial. Spencer and Johnson were convicted and sentenced to eighteen months each in the Arizona penitentiary. Sylvia Allred, Spencer's " plural " wife, was placed on probation in order that she might take care of her children.

John Y. Barlow, " bishop of Short Creek," who had just concluded a campaign " to combat the breakdown of marriage by those selfish egotists who favor only one wife for each man," testified for the defendants, pleading their right to practice polygamy on the grounds of religious freedom.

That was the only defense entered—that a man must live up to his conscience, must practice his religion, no matter what that religion may be, no matter what the laws of men decree against it.

Johnson and Spencer went to jail. Bollinger went back to the Strip—and found that polygamous conditions were worse than before. So many new converts had now joined the colony that they couldn't find shelter. Most of them cooked and slept in the open desert.

A community center had been built just over the Utah line. The main building was partitioned into small rooms—where plural wives could sleep, if need be. Raiding Arizona officers would find the husbands in Arizona, the wives in Utah. What could they do?

I talked to Bollinger recently in his new—and amazing—office in Kingman. It's a one-story structure built of great stones. It contains two rooms and a bath. Inside it glitters with great chunks of gold and silver ore, tungsten, molybdenum, copper, and other minerals, inlaid at intervals in the walls. Over the fireplace is a tiny rock broken off the great red cliffs that look down on Short Creek.

" It's like the Blarney Stone," Bollinger said. " Only it's different. Whoever kisses the Blarney Stone will have a facile and nimble tongue. Whoever rubs his nose on my red rock will have at least two wives."

" I understand," I said, " that the trial of Johnson and Spencer made numerous converts to polygamy."

" Something in that, maybe," Bollinger answered. " But not at Short Creek. Plenty of people went there after the trial. Transients, most of them—people of no substance. They didn't last long, couldn't endure the savage country, the scorching sun, the red dust blowing, the gritty, sandy soil that'll raise nothing but cactus and sage. Families can live there, of course, and have supplies trucked down from St. George. But it isn't much of a life; and people who aren't backed up by a stern sense of religion won't sacrifice themselves to it.

NO, we're not afraid of any great number of polygamists coming into Arizona and putting an extra burden on the taxpayers. Yet there should be a thorough investigation of these polygamists, and only the United States government can make such an investigation. How can the state act? A man lives in Arizona, say; but his wives live in Utah, or Nevada, or California. Polygamy is an interstate condition.

" If the United States should investigate it would send more men to jail for polygamy than the jails could accommodate. All these long-underwear people—"

I asked Bollinger what he meant.

" All true polygamists," he said, " wear long underwear—always. They never take it off. I don't know why, unless it's because the nights are always cold here. But if you search for a polygamist—man or woman—look at the ankles for evidence of woolly underwear."

Newspapermen and others in Phoenix, Arizona, confirmed Mr. Bollinger. There are many polygamists in Arizona. By their underwear you will know them.

This underwear is bestowed on a couple when they are married, or " sealed." It must never be taken entirely off. Some part of it must remain on the body even when the wearer is taking a bath.

From other sources in Phoenix, Kingman, Ashfork, Los Vegas, and Salt Lake City, from men and women, I learned a few more details regarding long underwear—and the sealing and marrying ceremonies as practiced by the brethren of the Sanhedrin and other cults.

These people, I was told, believe that a woman can be saved to everlasting glory only through a man. They hold that every man is the savior of his wives. The more women he has saved by marrying them, the more children —" little keys to heaven "—he has, the higher he will go in the hereafter.

A man with only one wife may get to heaven, though he's more likely to be damned. But men with two wives will outrank him. His bliss and his glory will be as nothing to theirs.

They believe, also, that even a concubine will have her rightful place in glory—provided she be faithful. But a virgin? That's very, very doubtful.

THEY believe a woman must be " sealed " to a man—for time and all eternity; or, if she be a widow and already sealed for eternity, she must be sealed " for time only " to her second husband.

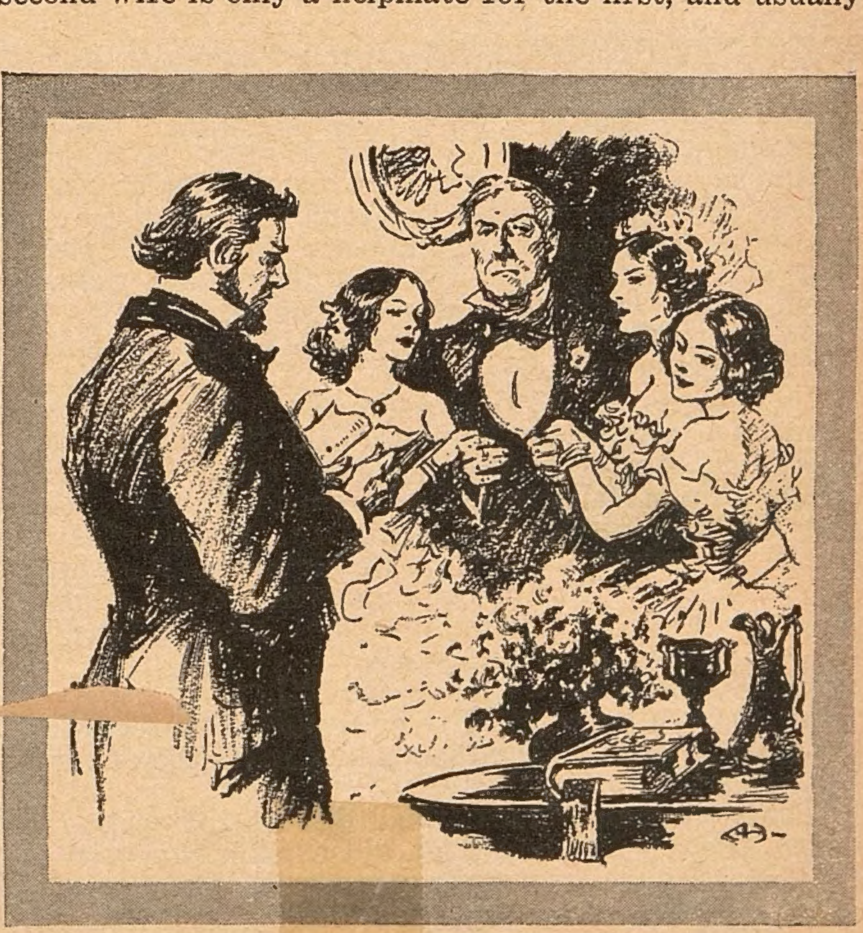
" What do you mean by sealing? " I asked the question dozens of times; and each time received a slightly different answer.

" It depends on who does the sealing," said an Arizona lawyer who has made a deep study of the subject. " And it depends on where the ceremonies are held. In a temple, now, the candidates for sealing would first be thoroughly washed and anointed. Then they would be clothed in these woolen garments and led into an anteroom representing the Garden of Eden.

" A troupe of officials would enact the story of Adam and Eve and the serpent and the angel with the fiery sword. Then the place would be plunged into darkness, and the candidates would be led through a doorway or a veil of some kind. The man would pull his woman after him—signifying thus that he was saving her soul from damnation.

" Then, before an altar on which were the figures of a ram and a bull, the two would be married, and sealed to each other.

" All wives must be sealed, in some communities. In other parts of the country the first wife isn't sealed. The second wife is only a helpmate for the first, and usually



isn't sealed. But the third and all succeeding wives must be sealed.

"Sometimes children are sealed to their fathers. To seal a woman to a man is to insure that man's happiness with her in heaven.

"In some places the man is naked when he pulls his bride-to-be through the veil. And so is she. Neither is 'sewed up' until after the marriage, or sealing, has been accomplished.

"In still other places the marriage must be consummated in public before the garments are bestowed. I mean, some of the high priests, and the immediate families of the man and the girl—she usually is a girl of sixteen or seventeen—must witness the consummation to make the sealing 'orthodox.' Orthodox, that is, in the eyes of the cultists."

"I don't believe it," I said. "It's fantastic."

"Granted," the attorney answered. "Nevertheless, I know it's true. There are other rites that last from five days to a week before this marriage ceremony—rites intended to lash the girl into a religious frenzy, to whip her emotions into such a state that she's not only willing to sacrifice her modesty, but even eager. Afterward—well, many a girl goes crazy.

"These consummation ceremonies are usually held late at night in some isolated barn or shed, a place that is as carefully guarded as the scene of a fanatical voodoo sacrifice."

Further revelations concerning the present-day prevalence of polygamy in parts of the West will be made by Mr. Doherty in an early issue.

In Salt Lake City I met Charles Kelly, author of a number of books on related subjects.

"The sacrosanct garment," he said, "may be cut to knee-length. Its sleeves may be shortened. It needn't be of wool. It may be made of cotton or rayon. But the old-time garment is still popular, especially with those who believe in polygamy and practice it.

"Plural wives, when they come to some of our maternity hospitals, absolutely refuse to undress. Nurses have to give them ether to get their underwear off them. And there's always a terrible scene when such a patient wakes to find her garment gone. She feels irreparably damned without it.

"About the sealing ceremonies I've heard the same stories you have. I can't vouch for them. I never met anybody who would swear he had witnessed such a ceremony. But I do know that women are being sealed to men, with all sorts of rites and ceremonies, in all sorts of out-of-the-way buildings, all over the West."

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, federal relief administrator in the Strip Country, asked by Helen Starr, Los Angeles author, how "plural" wives differed from "sealed" wives, made this reply:

"Plural wives are married in barns late at night. Sealed wives are added to the family flock at the end of five-day ceremonies. An audience of legal and plural wives and priests witness the rites to sanction the new union. I have heard that some of these sealed wives are young girls. Worn to frenzy by the five-day ceremonies, they sometimes go insane."

J. W. Musser, one of the leaders of the Sanhedrin cult, publishes a magazine called Truth. In this magazine he advocates the principles of plural marriage. He openly preaches that a man should have from two to half a dozen wives and from five to thirty children. But he does not discuss the matter of sealing. He champions the women of Short Creek. They do not engage in birth control, he says. They have no immoral sisters among them, no childless wives, no social disease.

"Their only offense," he asserts, "is to make sexual virtue a crowning point in their lives." But regarding the secret rites that make them plural wives the editor of Truth is silent.

Nobody at Short Creek would discuss the sealing of women, though Mr. Lauritzen did explain that when a man wanted to marry it was necessary for him to get his wife's consent.

"He always asks his wife, or his wives," he said, "before he takes another woman into the family. If his wives do not like the girl they let him know about it. Be sure of that. And while he may be a lovesick swain for a time, he eventually forgets her. That makes for congeniality in the family."

But there's a rule that takes care of the man's interest, too; for the Sanhedrin cult is nothing if not male. If the wife, or wives, refuse unreasonably to give their consent, they can be damned to everlasting fire and the man may marry the unwanted woman anyhow.

Many a wife has seen her man come home with his hand in that of a younger, prettier, healthier woman. Many a wife has heard her lord and master say, "Darling, I have brought you a new sister; I shall marry her soon, with your consent."

Many a wife has rebelled. Many a wife has been thrown out of her house because she cried that her heart was broken, because she was jealous at seeing her husband married to another, because she was old and ugly with work and childbearing.

Life in the bosom of a plural family is not always serene. That's why so many polygamists marry sisters when they can. Sisters will get along together better than strangers.

PRICE JOHNSON didn't ask any of his wives if he might marry Helen Hull. She was sixteen when he brought her to his first wife's home in Lees Ferry. Esther objected strenuously. So, apparently, did the other two wives. Johnson had to establish his new wife in a shack three miles away.

Two wives left him before he went to Short Creek with Esther and Helen. They left him, or they died. People in the Strip speak of these two women vaguely, as though they knew nothing of them.

At any rate, Johnson had only Esther and Helen with him in Short Creek. He built a home on the main street for Esther. Helen and her children had to live in a hut outside the town.

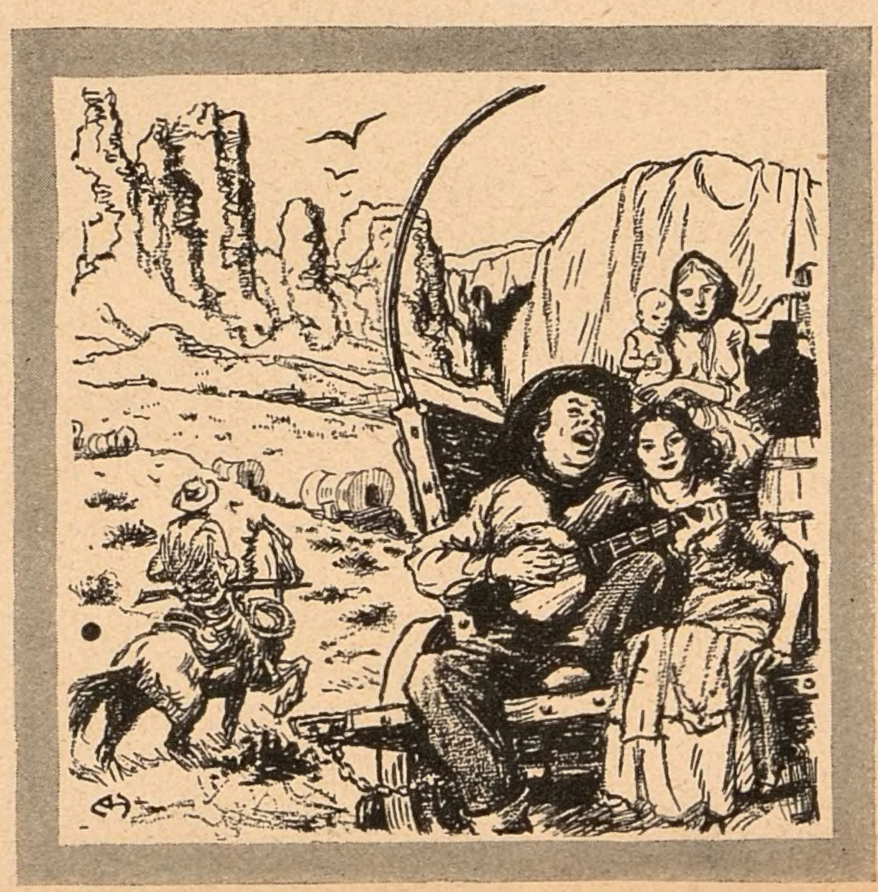
Esther left her husband, perhaps because of Helen, and took her children with her. She's living with her brother, a cattleman in Moccasin, Arizona.

In order to avoid arrest, Helen had to flee with her children into Utah.

Price Johnson didn't have a wife to his name when he went to jail. Now that he's free again—

"I'll obey all the laws, within reason," he says. "But I'll obey my own conscience too. I'll live according to my religion. And I'll worship God in the way in which I believe."

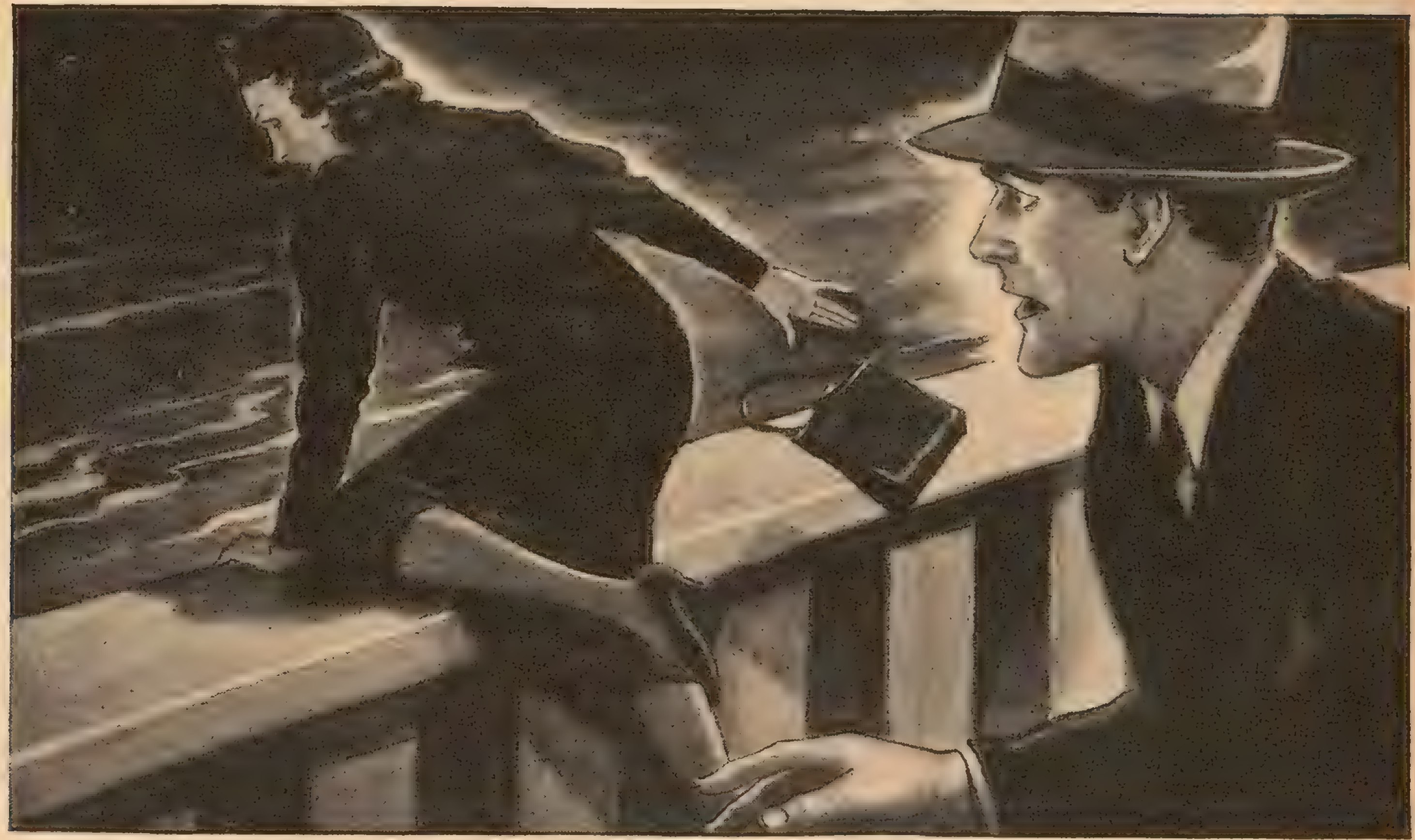
THE END



Liberty's SHORT SHORT

WHAT'S *Good* FOR YOU

BY ELEANORE CONSTANCE MACKEY



Kneeling there, she looked downward where the water flowed.

READING TIME
3 MINUTES
15 SECONDS

HE had just flipped his half-smoked cigarette over the cement parapet into the river below when he heard a faint tap-tap, uneven but brisk. Incongruous, that sound, penetrating the fudge-thick fog that enveloped the bridge like a giant tent. It was quite close now, and suddenly the meaning of its shaggy rhythm was clear to him. A woman. A woman's heels.

A sob crashed unmusically through the velvet curtain of fog, and noiselessly he moved in the direction of the sound. Unperceived himself, he was able to see the figure of a girl climbing to the top of the parapet. Kneeling there, she looked downward where the water flowed tortuously beneath the floor of the fog.

"You little fool!" His arms were around her now, lifting her to safety.

They stared at each other in silence, until her momentary self-control dissolved into slow, painful tears. He stood beside her motionless, giving her time to pull herself together.

At last he murmured, "Why?"

She averted her face.

He tried once more: "I'm a stranger. It might help to tell some one. At any rate, it can do no harm." His voice was gentle, persuasive.

"Oh, you don't know!" Her face contorted. "Let me alone. It's my business. You have no right . . ." Her voice rose thinly.

"Every one has a right to call a coward a coward."

"How dare you!"

"It takes courage to see things through. Obviously you haven't that." He spoke quietly, insistently. "Won't you tell me why you want to destroy yourself?"

"Why? I'll tell you. Because I'm going to have a baby. I'm not married. Oh, don't you see? It's all such a mess!"

"But a mess that can be worked out."

"You don't know the circumstances. My mother isn't well. She . . . she'd die of shame."

"Do you think having your body found in the river would do her any good? You're crazy! The shock might kill her; and that would be murder."

"But I can't escape hurting her, either way."

"You can't be certain of it. But you could go away, perhaps. Get work in another town. She need never know. It's a chance, yes; but it's worth a gamble. This way you don't hold a single card. You're licked from the start." His voice, low and vibrant, compelled her attention.

She whimpered, "It's easy to talk."

"Some day, when you know the value of life, know its sweetness, you'll be glad I talked." He smiled at her.

"You're not the first woman in the world to have a baby this way, you know. The others have been brave enough to start over again. Why not you? You're young. You're lovely, if I'm any judge."

She smiled tremulously. "Oh, I don't . . ." Her voice wavered.

"Please promise one thing."

"Why should I promise anything?"

"No reason, but you will." He placed his hands on her shoulders and waited for her eyes to meet his. He spoke forcefully. "Promise you'll do nothing rash until you see me again."

She did not answer, and he said urgently, "Please. You won't be sorry. You have nothing to lose. Now tell me . . . Your name? Where do you live?"

She told him, and then she whispered, "I promise. Until I see you again."

She walked away swiftly, and in a moment her form was lost in the fog.

He watched her disappear from view, and he smiled, because he knew she wouldn't be able to bring herself to try it again. Then he hoisted himself to the parapet and jumped headlong into the swirling waters below—as he had intended to do all the time.

THE END

MASTER VILLON ASKS FOR *Kindness*

By JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

LIBERTY presents herewith another adventure in the gusty life of that erstwhile poet, rogue, and thief, François Villon. In a previous story, Villon, heartsick when the jade Catherine was surprised in his attic bed by his sweetheart Louise, took to the open road, fleeing not only the scene of his humiliation, but also the provost, who sought him for a robbery at the College of Navarre.

On the road to Blois, Master Villon encountered Duke Charles, a former patron, who charitably took Villon to his castle. There, as luck would have it, came the lovely Louise and her father. François clandestinely managed to win forgiveness from his sweetheart, but faced the future and her father with misgivings. Now follow him to further adventure!

BEFORE dawn Master Villon was standing in his bare skin, examining in the half-light first one suit and then the other. The Duke would perhaps expect him to grace the company, so long as he remained a guest, with the clean silken things the steward had provided. Yet his own dusty breeches and jerkin were part of himself, and if he should have to leave the castle suddenly, because of the seigneur, he could move with comfort in no fresher wrappings. A foot traveler in court dress! They'd arrest him at the next village.

When he looked for Louise downstairs, he found her in the garden, with a lace over the shoulders of her gown to keep off the morning mist. But Lady Marguerite was there too, dispensing beauty and mischief.

THE APPEAL OF FRANCOIS VILLON

Only say yes,
My noble love, my own!
One syllable alone
Will cure and bless!

Oh, kind beyond belief,
You could not turn away,
Could you? The word is brief—
Easy to say.

Faithful yet torn with fear,
My soul waits for a sound.
See from what lowly ground
I look up! Do you hear?
Only say yes!

Master Villon kissed Louise's hand. "The day begins well," said he. "We have a clear sun."

"You may kiss my hand too," said Marguerite, holding it out. Louise laughed.

"Ask him," said Marguerite, "what you just asked me."

He glanced at Louise and saw the smile go out of her face. "Nothing, François—nonsense!"

"She wished to know," continued Marguerite, "what special reason the provost has for hating you."

Master Villon restrained his temper. "The provost does what he thinks is his duty."

"In your case," said Marguerite, "he does it with enthusiasm. . . . Louise, did you ask the provost's wife?"

Louise brightened. "I wanted Ambroise to come with us, but her husband wouldn't let her. She adores that man."

"It's chilly standing," said Master Villon. "Shall we walk?"

Marguerite stepped away. "You take one end of the garden, I'll take the other."

"No, Marguerite—" Louise protested.

Master Villon drew her arm through his. "Manners take time! I'm leaving today—will you come with me?"

She disengaged the arm. "Do you want father to see?"

"Behind that arbor, then! . . . Now, will you come?"

She faced him with her clear honest eyes. "I was ready to run away with you before, when that girl came—"

"My sorrow," said he; "my punishment!"

"It doesn't matter," said Louise. "I've thought it down; trodden it out of my mind—"

"You brought it up last night, and now again!"

"François—would you want me not to care?"

"Come with me!" he cried. "We'll hide in the south—I can work in the vineyards—there'll be a ship for England now and then—the Duke has seen them—with barrels from Bordeaux!"

"I'm to sail with the wine, am I?"

He stared at her. "You are right. I can promise nothing. Hungry, peril, my bad name—nothing else!"

She put her hand on his shoulder. "I told you—I love you!"

When the seigneur came upon them, they were midway in their kiss.

"Have you found each other so soon?" he asked. "Master poet, reassure me—am I here in time?"

At her father's courtesy, Louise looked frightened.

"Seigneur, I asked your permission to speak with your daughter alone—"

"So you did," said the seigneur. "And I see what you meant by speech. May I have a few words with you now? I mean words."

"At your service, seigneur."

Louise's father turned to her with a bow. "Lady Marguerite says you keep her waiting, daughter."

Master Villon knew she would have looked toward him before she walked away if the seigneur's eyes had afforded her a chance.

"Now that we can give each other our full attention," said the old man, enjoying his control of the moment, "shall we sit down? These narrow garden benches—the Duke might give us better furniture!"

"If you please, seigneur, I prefer to stand."

"Ah, yes—young legs—to be sure! Well, Master des Loges—"

"The name is Villon, seigneur—François Villon."

"Of course—pardon! The provost said Villon, clearly enough. The warrant says so too. Master Villon, you are, in effect, my prisoner."

Master Villon inclined his head.

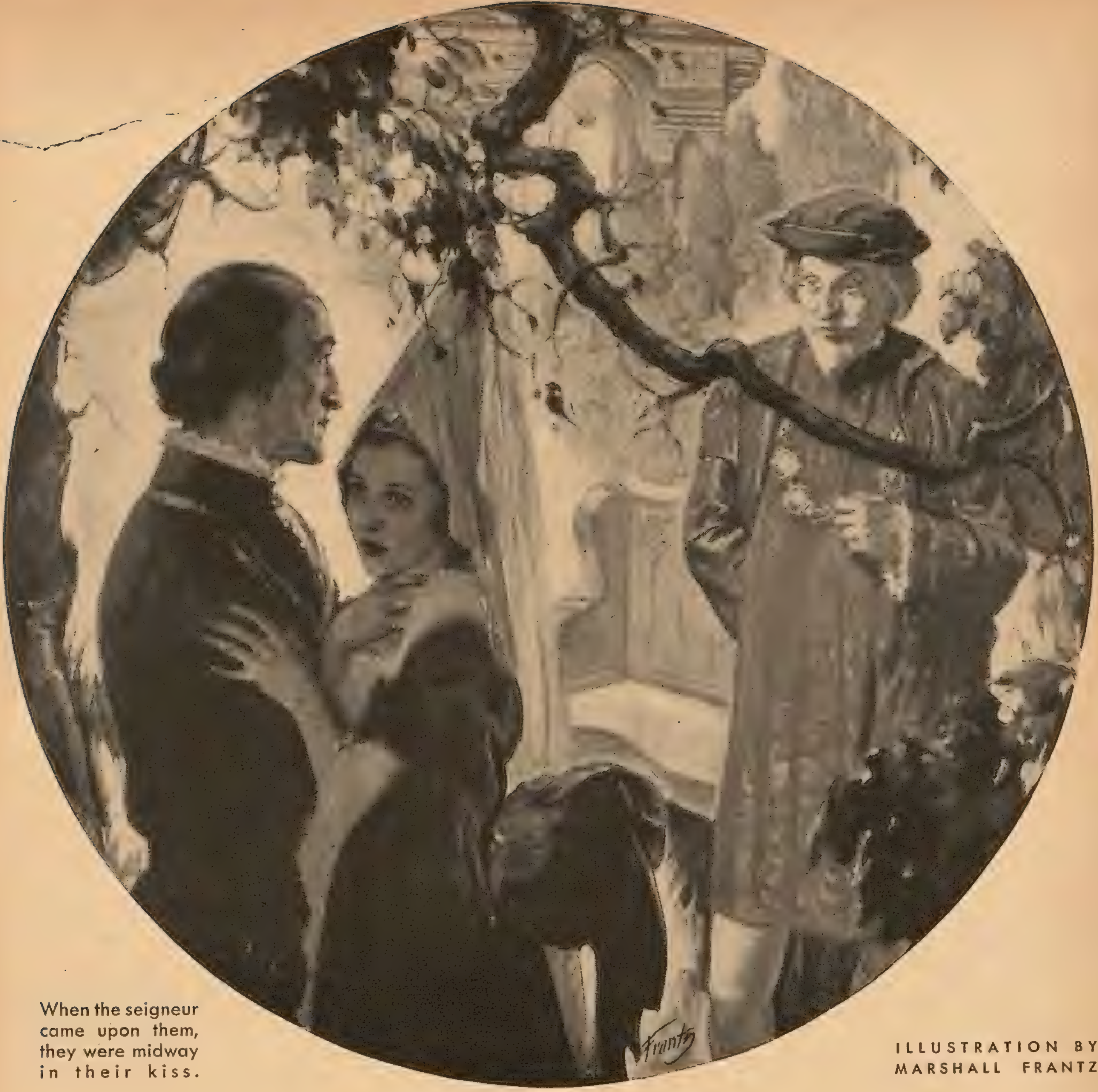
"Since we agree on that point, I may proceed. Forgive my rudeness last night, not to ask for your preference—whether you wished to meet her alone or with me."

Master Villon's tongue wouldn't move.

"I appreciate your embarrassment at such a question—any reply would cast upon me or her an unintended slight. You have met her alone. Now, Master Villon, my daughter does not bestow her kisses so prodigally as some women you may have known. Don't take offense—I pay you a tribute. You are the first she has honored—or that is my belief. My pride in her is such that I see you now allied, in a remote sense, to my house. There would be a blot on the name if you were hanged."

"Put your mind at rest," said Master Villon, stung beyond patience. "I shan't insist on the hanging."

"I was sure you wouldn't," said the seigneur. "After



When the seigneur came upon them, they were midway in their kiss.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

her arms around your neck—the rope! Impossible. Yet the warrant with which I am supplied calls for an execution."

"You can't—the judge must hear my side of it!"

"I'm no lawyer," said the seigneur, "and I avoid arguments. The warrant says nothing about a trial. It is for my protection, not for yours. Shall we return to the subject? Hanging won't do. How may I dispose of you?"

☆ **A tale of peril in the lure of a lady's lips — the poet-rogue wins a brush with death and loses one with love**

Master Villon met him with a steady eye. "Seigneur, you are a gentleman. Also, you are her father. I am in your hands."

"Well said!" exclaimed the seigneur. "I like your tone. Since you leave it to me, I'll think out something satisfactory to us both." He rose from the garden bench. "Bless me, I've been keeping you from the ladies."

Master Villon watched him stride off toward the castle, and in his heart admired his implacable foe.

Then he shook off melancholy and went to rescue Louise from Lady Marguerite.

But they had already joined the other guests in the hall, where the Duke was making himself gracious to the whole company. Louise was standing at an open window, looking down. She might have seen him come in from the garden. Marguerite was in the midst of a story.

They both greeted him with a smile that shut him out of their world.

"How lightly we sit on your heart!" said Marguerite. "First you take Louise from me, then you send her back. We'd all prefer to be wanted permanently."

He would have defended himself if the Duke hadn't seen him.

"Ah, there you are, François! Have we another poem? Give us what you were reading when de Grigny interrupted last night!"

The seigneur heard his name and crossed the room.

"Are we hunting today, Charles?"

"Why not?"

"You haven't a boar needs killing, have you?"

"With these womenfolk along? It's too dangerous, de Grigny! Unless these ladies will amuse themselves at home while we men—"

The seigneur was firm. "I can't enjoy hunting without the ladies. Louise has long wished to see me stick a pig."

"Father! It never entered my head!"

"We might try for another stag," suggested the Duke. "How are you on a horse, François?"

"Very unsteady, my lord! I'll stay here."

"I too," said Marguerite. "Neither boar nor stag could get me on a horse today."

The seigneur never recognized opposition. "Louise and your poet, Charles, will ride with me. We'll kill a boar."

The Duke was plainly worried. "I'm short of good spearmen, de Grigny, and without safe men on foot, you can't ride down a boar."

"We have our swords."

"De Grigny! This can't be your first boar hunt?"

"It is not," said the seigneur. "Get your spears ready. I expect to kill the thing with my sword."

He followed the Duke out of the room, to look the spearmen over, and his incisive voice came back still taking charge and giving advice.

Master Villon, left in the window, tried to catch Louise's eye, but she avoided him, always with that defensive smile.

"I shan't ride," said Marguerite. "Not today."

"Come upstairs with me," said Louise.

Master Villon retired to his own room, having nothing better to do. His thoughts were not of de Grigny but of Marguerite, his other danger, who might be telling now, if she hadn't already told, the blots in his history. Since the night Marguerite had loved and then tried to drown him, she had made herself familiar with the record, he was sure. She wouldn't tell about that night, but she'd bring in Margot and Catherine—having seen Catherine, Louise would believe the rest. What else could Marguerite have found out? Not the robbery at the College of Navarre; if she had hanging evidence, she would leave Louise in peace and blab to the provost.

He forced himself to consider minor questions. If the seigneur wished him to ride, he must ride. No sign of fear—match him promptly, trick for trick! And if he rode, what clothes should he wear? There would be a horse—with a swift horse under him, at some moment of the chase—and Louise riding within whisper range—

MASTER VILLON changed to his old shoes and leggings, his breeches and his jerkin, and went downstairs for early lunch. Louise was there, on purpose to speak with him—he could read her white face.

He whispered, "We can leave the hunt together, while the horses are fresh! It's beyond all I hoped for!"

"François—tell me the truth. The provost's wife—"

His heart sank. "Ambroise?"

"Was she—did you once love her?"

"May she roast in hell! Marguerite, I mean!"

Louise turned away as though she would faint. When he caught her arm, she pushed him off and sank in a chair.

"It was long ago," he pleaded lamely.

"It's the end, François! I forgive, and then I learn something else."

Voices on the stairs made her stand up and put on a smile, and the company gathered for the hunt breakfast—all but Marguerite, who, having done her work, kept her room.

When the cavalcade rode out through the castle gates, Louise, by her father's wish, was at Master Villon's side, and the seigneur came directly behind them.

When they put the horses into a smart trot, Master Villon was bothered by his sword. The Duke himself had buckled the weapon on him. Master Villon knew how to manage a knife, but that weapon, adequate in Paris, wouldn't serve in a forest, not against a boar. The seigneur said so, and the Duke supported the opinion.

At the edge of the woods the Duke and the others broke ranks, scattering to find the footmen, sent on ahead in wagons with their spears and their dogs.

"We'll follow in good time," called the seigneur. "Find me a fierce boar!"

The Duke and his guests pushed on till the trees hid them.

"Rein in!" commanded the seigneur. "I've something to say to you, Master Villon, and my daughter will hear it. No, don't stop, just slow down—I'll ride between you."

They went the eighth of a mile before he spoke again.

"What day is this, Louise?"

"Saturday, father."

"Correct. I wish you to remember it. On Monday, Master Villon, that fellow—what's his name—the one we caught?"

"Montigny, seigneur?"

"Your friend Montigny will hang."

THEY rode in silence. Master Villon would have looked at Louise, but her father was between them.

"That other scoundrel who was trapped first—you don't by chance recall his name also?"

Master Villon knew this stripping of his character was meant for a lesson to Louise.

"Guy Tabarie, seigneur?"

"Your memory is sound. Tabarie would go to the gallows in the same cart if he had taken heed to his health. He was a sad drinker, was he not? His muscles are rotten, like leather, and his heart stops if you say boo to him. When we stretched him out on the rack, he came apart like wet paper. The provost must wait till he grows together again, or he won't be conscious of the rope."

They rode in another silence, Master Villon measuring the distance to the seigneur's ribs. One flash of his knife, and the old man would stop licking his chops over his victims. Master Villon had never expected to be sorry that Louise was by his side.

They could hear a shouting far ahead in the woods.

"Ah—quick work!" said the seigneur. "They found the boar!"

"If we are to see it," said Louise, "shouldn't we ride faster?"

"Time aplenty," said her father. "There is still much to do."

Master Villon, glancing at the seigneur, thought he saw a touch of madness in his face.

"Master Villon," said he, "you recall the man who tracked down these robbers for us?"

"What man, seigneur?"

"I referred to him last night—a very capable servant of the provost's who listened to Montigny and Tabarie when they were drunk."

Master Villon made no comment.

"I thought you might recall the name," said the seigneur; "but the importance, of course, lies in the incident itself. This man, Master Villon, assures us that you were with your friends when he met them. He doesn't say that you were in your cups—merely that Tabarie, being sodden with wine, named you, in your presence, as the leader of the band which robbed the College of Navarre."

The grief in Louise's eyes threw Master Villon off his guard. "Peter Merchant is a snake!" he cried.

"You do recall his name, I see," said the seigneur. "You were there. The story is true."

Master Villon pulled in his horse, and the others stopped with him. "Seigneur, I have met Peter Merchant, but I am not on that account a thief. My friends would not accuse me of robbing the college, nor would I accuse them. The provost is in haste to solve the crime—he depends upon the word of a spy—he will sacrifice the innocent!"

"Shall we ride on?" suggested the seigneur.

They put their horses in motion again.

"For the last few weeks," continued the seigneur, "the bottle has not touched your friend Tabarie's lips. His testimony concerning you, during this period—"

"Seigneur," interrupted Master Villon, "since I am at your service to discuss these matters when and where you choose, I regret that you embarrass your daughter and humiliate me by choosing this moment—"

Duke Charles came riding out of the forest looking for them.

"Why don't you follow more closely?" he called. "It isn't safe, de Grigny!"

"We're enjoying the forest as we go," said the seigneur. "I assured the young people we'd be in at the death. Your men found the boar after all."

"A big fellow," said the Duke; "but they let the beast get away. The dogs are baffled, and if you dawdle along here, the pig may chance on you."

"We'll join you in a moment," said the seigneur.

"Come back with me now," urged the Duke.

"I wish you would, father," said Louise. "Talk with Master Villon later."

Duke Charles glanced quickly from one face to the other, and Master Villon guessed he had ridden back for fear of something else than the wild boar.

"Don't hurry me," said the seigneur. "I am enjoying myself. Lead the way, Charles. We shan't keep you waiting long."

With plain reluctance the Duke wheeled around and trotted off to his other guests. The seigneur put a hand on Master Villon's bridle. "This glade is wide enough. Louise will hold your horse for you. Get down!"

"Father! What are you doing?" cried the girl.

The seigneur dismounted from his own steed and put the reins in his daughter's unwilling hand. "Get down, Master Villon! Step over to this smooth ground."

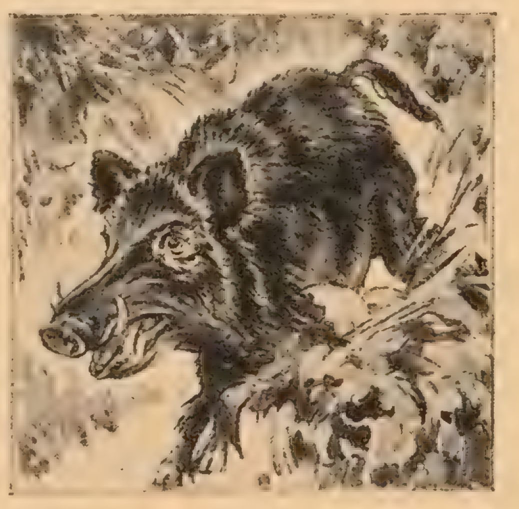
Master Villon slid out of his saddle, none too gracefully. When he handed the reins to Louise, he did not look up at her.

"You're rather slow," said the seigneur. "I regret you have not more courage."

Master Villon stood with his hands in his pockets.

"Louise," said the seigneur, "when you permitted this rascal to kiss you, you brought disgrace to all our line. The women of our family are known for their warm hearts, but they exercise their emotions a reasonable distance above the gutter. Do me the favor to remember this Saturday. Let it be a lesson to you!"

"Father!" exclaimed the girl, terror in her voice. The reins of the seigneur's horse had slipped from her fingers.



MASTER VILLON," said the seigneur, "will you do me the honor to draw your sword?"

"Why should I?" asked Master Villon, groping instinctively for his knife.

"I've already explained," said the seigneur, "hanging is now impossible. Since my daughter has in some sort involved herself with you, the gallows might seem to touch her name. For her sake, therefore, I offer you a courteous end. On our ride together, in her presence, I have called you a thief, a liar, and a coward. Please consider that I have slapped your face. On guard, Master Villon!"

The seigneur raised his sword in the best style, but Master Villon, with his hands once more in his pockets, turned his back and looked at Louise.

"Is it your wish," he asked, "that I fight your father?"

The girl was white as paper. She closed her eyes.

"If I kill him, will you marry me?"

"Draw your sword!" said the seigneur. "Another insult from you, and I'll slit your throat!"

"In any case," said Master Villon, "you'll probably slit it, seigneur. I know little about swords. Since I am to be dispatched with ceremony, shall we make a wager? Gentlemen do that, do they not? Suppose we say that your daughter goes home with the winner?"

Something like a smile showed under the seigneur's beard. "Master Villon, you maintain to the last your reputation for impudence. I accept the wager. We quarrel, not over your crimes, but over my daughter."

Since Master Villon could think of no further device to postpone his fate, he pulled the sword from his scabbard, saluted the seigneur, and said his prayers.

He was no swordsman at all. The old man might have finished him at a stroke, but he didn't wish his victory to seem too much like slaughter. After a pass or two he wounded Master Villon in the right arm.

"I've hurt you! Dear me!"

Louise was leaning forward.

"It's nothing at all," said Master Villon. "If you'll grant me a moment to tie my handkerchief around it—" He stuck the point of his sword in the ground and proceeded to bandage himself.

"François!" called Louise. "Let me tie it!"

"It's done now," said he, grasping his sword again.

"Will you kindly wipe the mud from the end of it?" said the seigneur. "There, that's cleaner! On guard!"

HIS daughter's offer to help with the bandage had put the old man beyond trifling. With a twist of his wrist he snapped the sword out of Master Villon's hand. It fell a foot or so beyond his reach.

Louise shrieked. "Don't kill him, father, don't!"

"My dear," said the seigneur, "it was your kiss that killed him."

He was balancing himself for the thrust at Master Villon's heart, when the boar, crashing from the bushes, made straight for the seigneur's buttocks.

"Look out!" called Master Villon. The seigneur feared a trick and didn't look around. Just as the boar reached his target, Master Villon recovered his fallen sword.

The boar drove his tusks in the seigneur's flesh and brought him down at Master Villon's feet. François shoved his blade into the nearest region of the boar, which happened to contain his heart.

"Seigneur," said Master Villon, "if you will permit me to disentangle you—"

"Catch that horse!" said the seigneur.

At sight of the boar all three horses had reared, and the one whose bridle Louise had dropped was now on his way home. Master Villon had no interest in catching him.

"Seigneur, if you will permit me to pull that animal off your leg—"

"If you hadn't saved my life," said the seigneur, anchored though he was, "I would kill you now! I'll do it the next time we meet. Keep your hands away!"

"You've a sweet nature—I always saw that," said Master Villon, "and I admire your conceit. I didn't save your life—I saved my own. Please to observe that I have my knife in my hand. You are lying on your sword, and the boar is on top of you."

Louise dismounted and came toward them, leading the unwilling horses.

"François!" she said. "Go find the Duke! I'll wait here."

"Your father is at my mercy. By our wager, you are mine. I haven't liked the Duke's hospitality. My fellow guests are too violent. Will you ride with me?"

"No."

He held the knife a bit ominously over the seigneur's head.

She looked him in the eye. "You will not harm him. I will not ride with you."

Master Villon bowed, put his knife away, and mounted his horse.

"Give my farewells to the Duke. I have friends who need me more than he does."

Then he found his way back through the woods and turned north in a hard gallop on the road to Paris.

THE END

WILL MRS. SIMPSON GO

No doubt she will, and yet—there are doubts, say those who know

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WILL Wallis Simpson marry Edward Windsor?

We'll know by the 27th of April. That day ends the probationary term of the divorce.

It's barely possible, of course, that the British government or the British legal system may find some reason why Wallis shouldn't be divorced at all. In that case she must remain the wife of Ernest Simpson. But, assuming that the divorce is granted, will Wallis and Edward carry their romance through, or will they go separate ways?

A visiting peer set me right on the matter recently. "He doesn't want her now. You'll find the affair's all washed up." The delightful man spoke with the tone of authority. God could not be surer.

I shouldn't be surprised if Queen Mary, the Archbishop and the Prime Minister, and all whose opinion they represent, think that any American girl would consider herself fortunate to marry into any royal family. Yet I notice that whereas those who think Edward won't marry Wallis are for the most part British, it's the Americans who think she won't marry him.

That's the way her friends see it. Mrs. Constance Coolidge, who knows her well, told me in Paris this winter that Wallis never was in love with Edward. It was he who had always been mad about her.

"From the moment they first met, he wanted her to divorce Ernest. I don't believe she will ever marry David." (Edward is known as "David" to his close friends.)

Constance Coolidge belongs to the so-called "exotic set." After three husbands she has gone back to her maiden name. She invited me to take tea with her one rainy December afternoon shortly after I arrived in Paris from Cannes, where Wallis Simpson was beginning her self-imposed exile.

"I'm afraid this will break her," she said, leaning back on a low divan spread with red-fox skins. "Wallis's charm lay in her gayness."

Wallis Simpson's other American friends in Paris agree with Mrs. Coolidge that her marriage to Edward would be the greatest tragedy in the world. "Can you imagine a more terrible fate," they ask, "than to have to live up publicly to the legend of a love you don't feel? To have to face, morning, noon, and night, a middle-aged boy with no other purpose in life than a possessive passion for you?"

These American friends of Wallis Simpson realize that she is on the spot. Whether or not she wished to marry Edward, the drama has now reached a crisis that if she doesn't marry him half the world will say she let him down; that when the throne was out of the picture she lost interest. To say no to Edward now will take terrific courage.

Mrs. Simpson's friends think she has the courage.

The courage is easier to understand if you assume the possibility, which she may be in a position to know as a fact, that she was not the real cause of the abdication.

There has long been a deep and growing difference of opinion between Edward, as Prince of Wales and as King, and the conservative group who control the Empire.

The last straw was his visit to the unemployed miners of Wales. Before that incident it was the fashion in the best London circles to say that Mrs. Simpson was a good influence in Edward's life. She encouraged him to take his responsibilities more and more seriously.

But when he saw for himself the conditions of the miners who had had no work for seven years, he burst into the generous and angry protest, "Something should be done about these people!"

With these words his place in the conservative scheme of things was blown away. From that moment Edward's abdication, as many English people believe, was in process of arrangement. All that was needed was a smoke screen. Mrs. Simpson served admirably.

Every sensational story about Mrs. Simpson that appeared in the British papers was printed with the consent of the government, and, according to one very prominent English publisher, these stories weren't released until the government gave the word.

When the news of Edward's desire to marry Mrs. Simpson was first published in the London papers, I went through the poorest districts of the city asking men and women what they thought of the situation. "Edward's the best we got," they said. "We want 'im, Mrs. Simpson or no Mrs. Simpson."

I called up a feature writer on the Daily Mail. "If Edward were told by the papers that his people didn't

By HELEN

THROUGH WITH THE MARRIAGE?

—a surprising look at a glamorous woman's sensational predicament

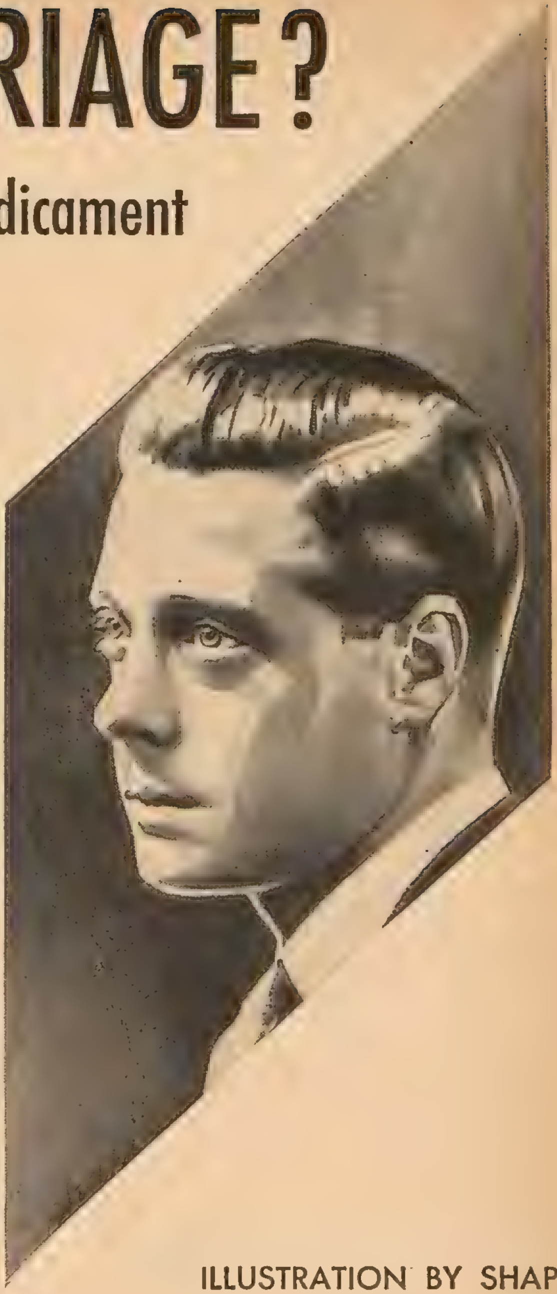


ILLUSTRATION BY SHAPI

want him to abdicate, it might save the situation," I said. "Can't you say so in your column?"

My newspaper friend almost shouted his "No—I couldn't possibly do that! We would be in hot water right away."

"But you are printing all the news about Mrs. Simpson," I protested.

"That's different," he said.

I think Edward was deliberately encouraged to believe he could marry Mrs. Simpson by the group who, fearful for their own position at court, were eager to shake him off the throne.

Once he sought publicly to declare that intention, the rest was easy. England's lifeblood is her colonies. Let them be warned that the King was dangerously liberal; that he was declaring his wish to make an American, whose second divorce had not become final, his wife.

The colonies' reaction would be secession. The thumbscrews were on.

WORDEN

Her Paris friends say it was only because of Edward's insistence that Wallis consented to apply for a divorce from Ernest Simpson.

"David wants to marry me," she told a friend the first summer she and the former King, then Prince of Wales, met. "But I don't love him." That was over two years ago. Is it possible that she has changed her mind? I doubt it, if she has half the power of decision both her friends and enemies give her credit for. "Wallis takes anything she really wants," they told me in Baltimore, London, and Paris.

On the other hand, it was repeatedly said in Paris that Edward had declared he would kill himself if Wallis Simpson left him.

Mrs. Coolidge told me that Mrs. Simpson made a special trip from London to Paris, last year, to see Meyerling, the movie about the Archduke Rudolf and Marie Vetsera, who were found dead in an Austrian hunting lodge outside Vienna. The Archduke had choked his sweetheart and shot himself. "Wallis had a presentiment about that story," said Mrs. Coolidge. "She felt her own life might end the same way."

Wallis's husband apparently encouraged his wife's friendship with the British King. The first Mrs. Simpson, who lives in New York, explained this tolerance to me by saying, "Ernest was always socially ambitious."

This woman whom the conservatives had dropped like a chestnut into the hot fire for Edward to fish out, cannot be dismissed simply as a waster type. She is far deeper than that.

I like Mrs. Simpson; but if I were married to a man who might be useful to her, I'd cross my fingers if she came to call. Which is just what the first Mrs. Simpson didn't do when one of her friends phoned and said, "Dodie, Wallis Spencer, a girl from Baltimore, is visiting me. I haven't got a place big enough to give a party. Can you do something for her?"

Of course the first Mrs. Simpson said "Yes." She gave the party and lost a husband.

After talking with this Mrs. Simpson I don't believe Wallis deliberately walked off with Mr. Simpson. I think it was just a habit. It's in the tradition of Southern girls to flirt. Wallis Spencer was not only a Southern girl, but she was also the ex-wife of a navy officer: a T. N. T. combination. Her life in exotic China probably explained the phrase, "a graduate of the Shanghai school," applied to her.

Whatever her education outside a young ladies' seminary and the Bachelors' Cotillion in Baltimore, the net result is a calm, reserved woman who is in a tight situation, not for the first time.

The story of herself and Edward Windsor is not finished. How will she end it?

"She is wise and full of experience," people say. "Edward has already told her much. He relies on her judgment."

But does he, in the last analysis? She implored him by phone, every day during the first week of my stay in Cannes, not to abdicate.

Can she stop him if he is determined to marry her? If she had loved him, I do not believe she would have given the tragic story that has been filmed as Meyerling serious thought.

"Do you think Wallis Simpson has ever been in love?" I asked Constance Coolidge in Paris.

"No," she said.

"Do you think women of her type ever really fall in love?" I asked the first Mrs. Simpson in New York.

"Yes," she said; "but only once. That 'once' hasn't come to Wallis yet."

THE END

All Clear

BY E. W. CHESS

A gripping tale of terror in the sky and in the heart—and what it did to a romance that had lost its way

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I KNEW it was going to happen when I left the radio room and started looking for Phillips. Outside, the weather was rotten. As I passed the spaces in between the hangars the wind caught hold of me with both hands, and once I slipped on the damp turf. Afterward I passed one of the boys, who told me he'd seen Phillips in the Airport Café. That's where I found him, sitting at a table near the phone booth, and he looked all shot.

He glanced at me when I sat down, and somehow I felt glad the place was empty. The second time he looked he said: "Polly's a tramp. I hate to tell you your sister's a tramp, only you've been around."

I started to say, "So what?" but all I could manage was: "She's supposed to be on the six-fifteen plane from Boston, isn't she?"

"I just wanted to tell you," he said.

"All right, you told me."

"You're not sore?"

I said: "No, I'm not sore. Only wasn't she all right when you married her? Wasn't she?"

"Yes, but that was two years ago," he said.

I offered him a cigarette and a light, and when he looked at me over the flame, I could see something wrong with his eyes. They held on to mine and then slipped away.

"The weather is lousy," I said.

After a while he told me he hadn't noticed the weather.

"You better call Jersey City and see if the six-fifteen is coming in all right."

"It'll be in all right."

"But the weather," I said.

"What about the weather?"

"It's rotten."

He said: "Polly told me she'd call here when she landed. She told me not to meet the plane, and to wait here. So I'm waiting. Anyway, Hamilton's the pilot."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Hamilton'll get through anything," he said.

I told him I'd just come from the radio room; and I told him Sparks and I had been listening, and Hamilton was fighting weather, and it was hell between Boston and New York. I said I was sure Hamilton would get through anything because Hamilton was a great pilot. I even said Hamilton had taught me how to fly, and that I liked him, and that I'd known him all my life. I don't know why I said all that. I just felt I had to say something.

When I was through, Phillips said: "Hamilton's the man."

"Hamilton?" I repeated.

He said: "Polly went on his plane, didn't she? And she's coming back on his plane."

"Well, if Hamilton is the man, she's showing damned good taste," I said.

When the wind started rattling a window in the café, I thought it was the door. I looked up, thinking maybe Sparks had come in, but the door was still closed. . . .

Maybe there's some good reason why I shouldn't have been damned good and sore at Phillips by this time. Oh, sure, she's his wife. Does that stop her from being my kid sister? It does not.

I didn't spill it to him, though. I waited a while and then asked if he'd seen anything definite.

"A husband just feels things like that," he told me. "One day you know your wife's all right. And the next day you know she's playing the field."

"And then what?"

"We started getting on each other's nerves. It got so bad, Polly told me she was going to Boston. She said it'd be good for both of us. She even said she wanted to go in Hamilton's plane because she liked him. Why, I even put her in a taxi and told her to have a good time, like I would some man! And that was just four days ago—just four days. . . . What makes it hell is when you've always dreamed that two people could go on being happy and faithful all their lives, like getting into a plane and waving 'All clear,' and expecting it to be a nice easy flight from dawn to dusk. And I'm not the suspicious kind. I was just asking too much."

I looked at him. I didn't say it, though. About her being my sister.

I was sure it was the door I heard then; when I turned, Sparks was walking up to us. He said:

"He put up—"

I could tell by the fright in his eyes he was stalling. I jumped up and cried: "What happened?"

"Hamilton went down. He put up a good fight. He—"

"Oh, my God!" Phillips said.

I put my hand on his shoulder. "What the hell is a crack-up but something to talk about tomorrow!"

"We heard the crash over the phones. It was awful. Awful! I guess they're all dead," said Sparks, and then

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

he turned like a frightened child and ran out of the café.

After that I lowered myself. I couldn't think about Phillips any more. All I could do was look at the wall in front of me. I felt sick—sick.

When I remembered Phillips again he was coming out of the phone booth and he was walking like a ghost. I couldn't hear the sound of his feet, and the pressure of his hand seemed unnatural upon my shoulder.

He said: "Give me a cigarette," and then he sat down. "I just called Jersey City. I had to tell them who I was. It's washed out all right. It's washed out, and nobody walked away from the crash."

"What a rotten, rotten game!"

He didn't say anything. I offered him another light.

"Thanks, Mack. Thanks," he said.

He sat staring at his hands. Finally his head dropped forward and for a long time he sat there without moving. Twice I thought I heard him sob a little plaintively, and I got to feeling he was thinking about his lost hopes of two people who could forever be faithful and happy, until death do us part. And maybe five minutes passed, and maybe more, before he stirred.

"Of course she wasn't a tramp when I married her. I taught her."

"Take it easy . . . take it easy," I said.

"I've been a tramp all my life. Why should I have anything better? What difference does it make anyhow? It wouldn't have changed her. She'd be just like she always was. She'd have the same face and the same eyes. She had the loveliest eyes I ever saw. There were times when she looked at me—".

When he paused I said, "Phil, I was only her brother."

"But you should have seen the way she looked at me when I told her, 'Good-by, and have a good time.' The setup is all wrong. It's always been wrong. She'd still have the same face, the same lovely eyes. She wouldn't have changed, Mack. She'd be just the same. Just the same. And I told her, 'Good-by, and have a good time.'"

I said: "Phil, did you ever do that to her?"

"What?"

"Leave her, and—"

I didn't finish. He went through hell, and he just stared at me, and I knew moments that were finished and done with were passing through his mind.

"Just—twice." His voice was almost a whisper. "Just twice, and each time she took me to a taxi and said: 'Phil, have a good time!'"

I didn't say anything, because he had to do his own suffering, and he had to do it alone. I sat listening to the rattling of the damned window, and thinking about that last moment before the crash, the terror, and the sudden blankness that must have come, and wondering how long feeling went on after you're smashed to a pulp. When I looked at Phillips again, I felt like screaming at him. I felt like hammering on the table and telling him what a fool he was. I guess I might have if he hadn't stirred and said, in a kind of whisper:

"I loved Polly, even if she was a—"

The ringing of the phone cut him off.

I said, "Well, answer it," and he went in. When he came out his eyes were staring.

"Polly! That was Polly," he whispered.

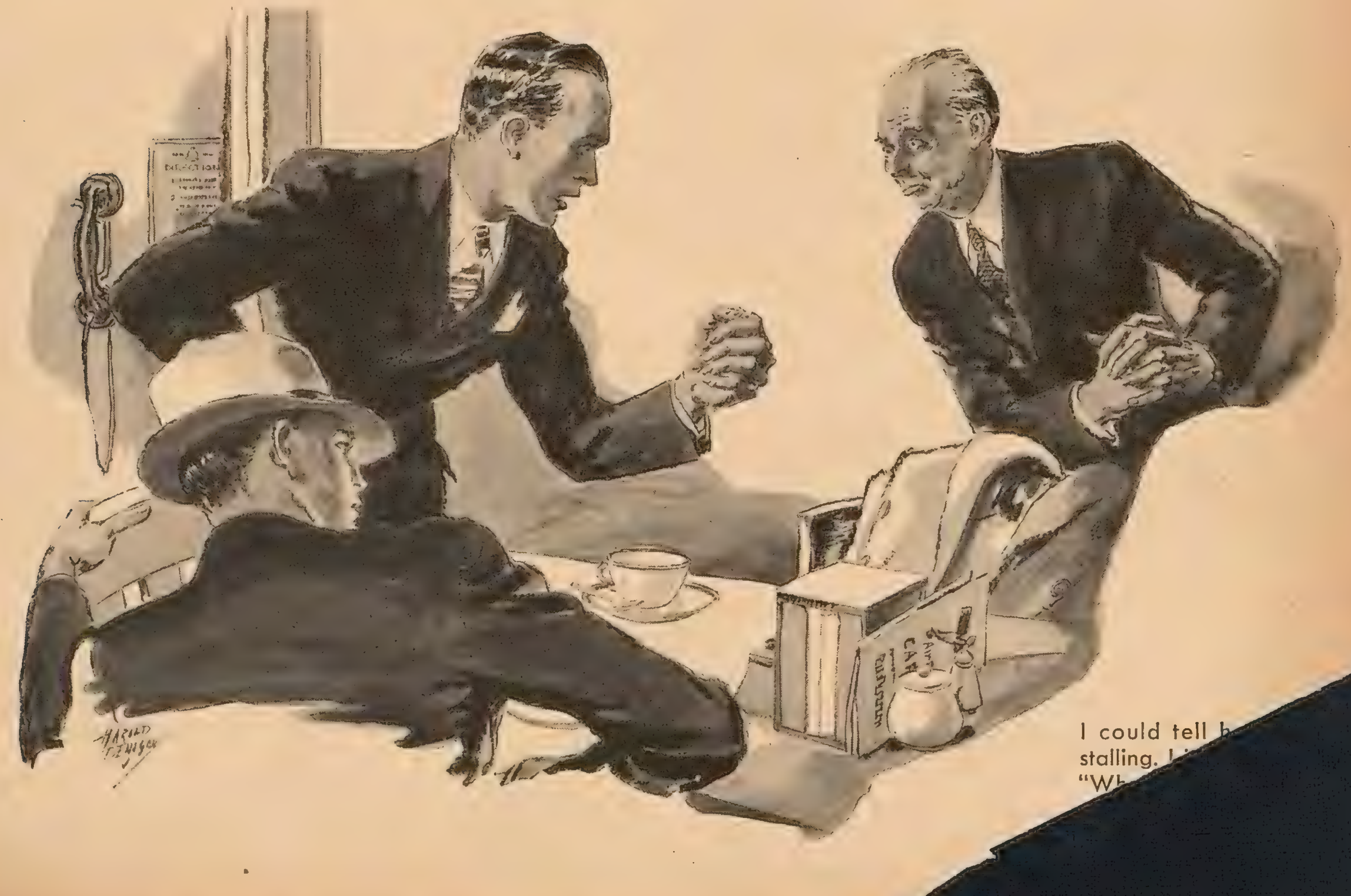
"Yeah, I know."

"She said she'd just landed on the six-fifteen."

I caught hold of his arm and could have screamed at him. Only I didn't. My voice just sounded a little tired when I said:

"Polly wasn't on the six-fifteen. She wasn't even in Boston. She's been staying at my place for four days."

THE END

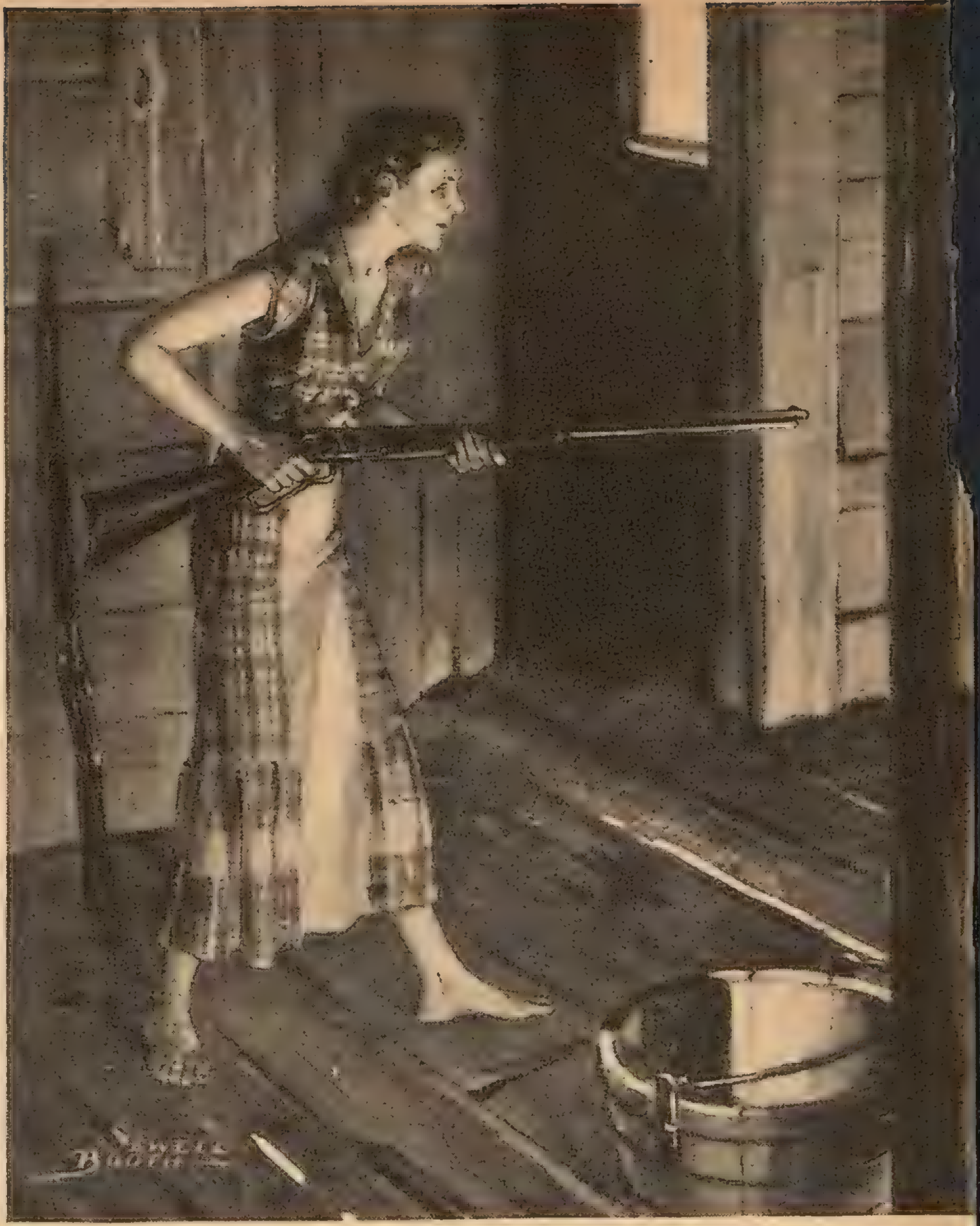


I could tell h
stalling. I
"Wh

WHILE THE BABY *Slept*

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



She braced herself, leaning toward Jess.

THE baby hadn't been taking his nap any too well during the hot spell that had come along with late spring; but finally, around two o'clock that sweltering afternoon, he was asleep. The cabin was already tidied up, so M'liss came out and leaned against the doorframe, looking down past the clearing. A segment of the broad beautiful Valley was in view through a gash in the pine timber: green fields all laid out in squares, and tiny white houses in groves of blossoming orchard, and red barns where fat cattle drowsed in the shade. Sometimes, when it was still and quiet, you could hear children shouting at their play, or a woman calling to her man across the fields at mealtime. There were other things, too, that you couldn't see. Churches and schools, for instance; good roads and neighbors and such.

M'liss always liked to look at that picture whenever she had a breathing spell like this. Most of the mountain women had the same habit, particularly the young ones. They had their men slash the trees that stood in the way, so they could see the Valley, if only just a corner of it. When you were old, of course, and the children were grown up and gone, it didn't matter any more. You knew then that it was no use looking beyond the hog wallow and the stony ground. Like Moses, you'd have had your glimpse of the Promised Land, but you'd be buried on the mountain, just the same.

M'liss was thinking about those things, her hands folded on her apron, when she saw the posse. They came around the bend, in single file: seven careless horsemen lolled in the saddle, with the black horse of Deputy Jim Snavely in the lead. Their cartridge belts were plain, even at the distance; their rifles sloped. Puffs of smoke trailed them above the tawny dust.

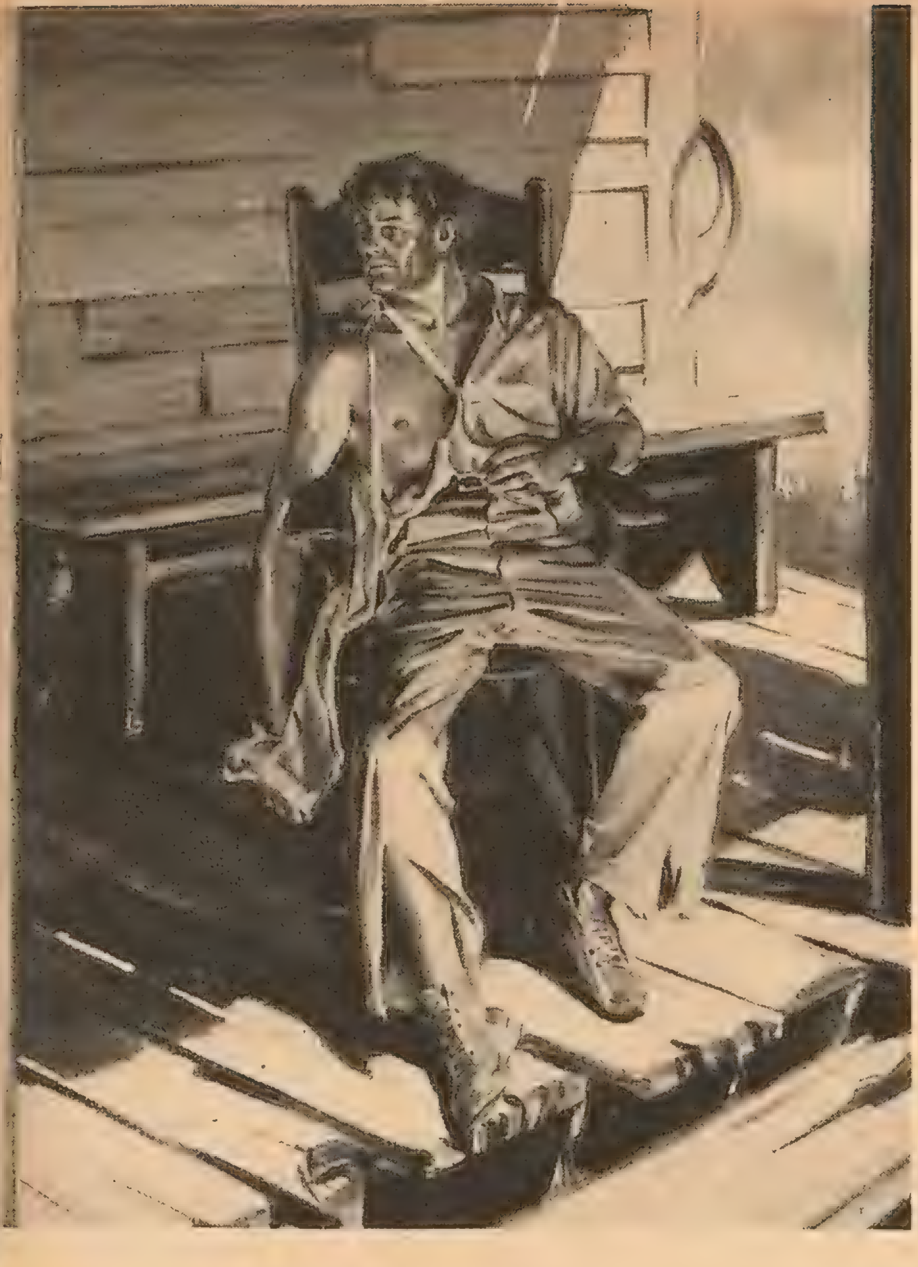
She glanced toward Clint, who was cutting wood on the south side of the clearing. He'd seen the posse, too, and was leaning on his ax, watching them. His shaggy head was lowered a little, his black unshaved jaw outthrust. It wasn't a confident pose, but sullen and glowering; pathetic, sort of, like a big overgrown boy who's squaring himself to make a stand, sure in his heart that he's outnumbered. He knew they weren't after him, of course; they were just cutting through this way to get up to the ridge where Jess Tolliver was hiding. But there were lots of things worse than bullets and hand- ffs and prison bars.

backed quickly into the cabin. She put on her nd smoothed out her gingham dress. As she the mirror by the window to pat her dark e, she saw that her cheeks were more th excitement. If only the posse o Clint! Clint could outride ot them all, if they'd just give him the chance. Mountain trails were as familiar to him as the lines of his own calloused palm. And it would mean so much to her and Clint—because of things that even the mountain folks didn't know—if Clint could help bring Jess Tolliver in.

But when she came out on the porch again, she saw that Clint had been disregarded, as usual. They'd only stopped to joke with him, probably, or ask about the lay of the land up above. They knew he was "shif'less" Clint Harkson. "Hard Times" Harkson, they sometimes called him, grinning. Now they were riding on. They'd split into two groups: Jim Snavely leading three of them straight up the hill along the south side; the others swinging north below the clearing. They didn't look back at Clint. One of those passing below the cabin saw M'liss standing in the doorway and waved to her, but she pretended not to see him. There wasn't any neighborliness or respect in it. He'd have waved that way at any mountain woman who was young and easy to look at.

Clint watched them go, leaning on his ax. For a long time after they were gone he stood there, motionless. Then he straightened up and the ax blade flashed in the sun. The thud of it echoed across the clearing. He left it, half buried in the log, and came striding up the slope toward the cabin.

He sat on the edge of the porch, leaning against the post. His shirt was open, and at the base of his powerful neck she could see the quick savage pulsing of a hidden artery. A dark flush stained his cheekbones and darkened the hollows under his eyes. When he looked up at her through his shaggy hair, M'liss knew that the thing she'd feared these five years past had caught up to her at last. There was a smoldering force in Clint. Now it had burst into the open, like hidden fires that had been eating and spreading all the while in the heart of a great tree.



He just lay there, relaxed, looking at her.

Things men die for...a memorable, tensely dramatic tale of simple lives and a lover's gallant gesture

ILLUSTRATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

“You hid that jug, M'liss. There was better than a pint left in it. Go fetch it.”

He'd never spoken to her in that tone before. It was one of the things that had been comforting; something to cling to.

“I can't. Not now, Clint. It's under the baby's bed. He'll wake up, sure.”

“Damn the baby! Let him yell. He's mountain trash too. Ain't you quit trying to make silk purses out of sows' ears?” He wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. “I got to have it, M'liss. Go in quiet. Or do I fetch it myself?”

She went in quietly and knelt by the bed. She fumbled under it and found the jug. She tried to be careful, but it was heavy; when she dragged it out it scraped on the floor. The baby was on his back, his fat arms and legs outspread. He whimpered a little and turned his head but didn't waken. She took the jug out and set it beside Clint; then stood back and leaned against the door.

CLINT rolled the jug over his shoulder and drank deep. He shuddered under its impact, and M'liss shuddered too. It was raw corn, like feeding fire with fire. When he stood up he kept his finger crooked through the handle. He looked at her with his smoldering eyes: at her hair, her clean apron, her bare feet. It was like a stranger was looking at her.

“There's posses north and south, and they're closing in,” he said, licking his lips. “Jess Tolliver's cornered up yonder. I offered to go with them and help hunt him down, but they laughed at me. You know why?”

M'liss nodded. It was just such things that had beaten Clint, like a schoolboy who'd been shamed before his playmates time after time, and shamed again, until he was desperate and didn't care what happened. “They think you're afraid of Jess. They figure you wouldn't face him if it came to a pinch. *I* know better, Clint.”

“That isn't all they were thinking. They all know Jess was sweet on you once. Jim Snavely said: ‘You'd best stay here, Harkson. Jess might swing down thisaway while you was gone.’ And the rest of 'em laughed.”

“He was joking,” said M'liss. She could feel her cheeks turning scarlet with anger and shame. “Jim's always that way. You know I've never looked at Jess since we were married. I've never even seen him. I hate him. On account of what he's done to you—and me and the baby—I'd shoot him on sight. You know that.”

“Maybe,” he said, and turned away.

“Clint!” she called after him; and again, not too loud, on account of the baby: “Clint!”

He stopped and looked back. “Well?”

“Aren't you taking the rifle with you? Part of what Jim Snavely said wasn't a joke. Jess might swing down thisaway if he's crowded.”

“Down him, then,” said Clint. “You're as good a shot as me. You're r'arin' to shoot him on sight, wasn't that it?”

“And if I don't,” she said, suddenly reckless and desperate too. “What then?”

“O. K.,” said Clint. “I'd just take another drink.”

He went on, his arm hanging straight down on account of the weight of the demijohn. Even when he got down to his woodcutting he didn't look back. He took a drink, a long one, and set the jug down in the shade.

There was an old rocker on the porch that Clint had made when they were first married. M'liss sat in it and rested her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands and looked out toward the Valley. It was quiet in the clearing. Crickets droned on the higher slopes. There was no wind in the timber that day; heat waves shimmered on the Valley floor. It looked green and blurred and far away. . . . Without turning her head she saw Clint empty the demijohn. He tossed the jug down, and for a long time stood motionless, leaning on his ax. Then he pushed the ax away and looked around him slowly. He found a shady place and lay down there, his head on his arm.

M'liss knew then that they'd lost the long battle. Clint had struggled on against odds desperately, with all the stubborn force of him, knowing that she was with him each inch of the way. That crack of Jim Snavely's had been the last straw, the final grain of sand. With his thoughts poisoned toward her, and his body and ambition feeding on corn, they were done for. The mountains had him and they'd never let go. They'd never make it to the Valley now.

Rifle fire shuttled among the pinnacles. She glanced at Clint, but he hadn't wakened. The echoes died. They'd flushed Jess out of his cave, or crevasse, or wherever he'd been hiding, plainly enough. They'd probably downed him, since it was dead or alive for Jess; and the county certainly didn't want him alive. There were too many holdups and killings and other wild, mad things against him. Jess wouldn't be taken alive anyway. He was too proud, too reckless, too high-spirited.

She knew it was sinful to hold revenge in her heart that way, but she couldn't help it. She hoped they hadn't downed Jess. Swift death was too good for him. It wasn't right that he should come to the end swiftly and mercifully, with a smile on his lips. Let him rot in prison for a while before they hung him. Let him look through bars at the blue sky, just as she—and Clint too, at first—had looked out through the timber at the Valley.

She might have forgiven Jess all things but one: the baby would be mountain trash too, now that she had given up.

It seemed that she couldn't sit still. She went inside and took off her apron and put it away. She probably wouldn't wear it again, no matter who came by; best to save it to be buried in. She tiptoed to the bedroom door and listened to the baby breathing. She was breathing hard herself, but she could hear him. He was sound asleep. She stood for a long time looking down at him. When she came out to the front door again, she didn't actually cross the threshold. She stood there, and she could feel her heart leap like a wild thing in a cage.

A man was sitting in the rocker. She hadn't heard a sound, which showed he'd come stealthily, like a creeping cougar. No board had creaked, and the rocker hadn't creaked. Yet there he was, leaning back restfully, his legs crossed, his rifle against his knee.

He wasn't wearing any hat or coat and his cotton jeans were darkly stained by the underbush through which he'd plainly been crawling. The right sleeve and shoulder of his hickory shirt had been torn off, so that the sculptured muscles of his upper arm and chest stood out. His face, turned toward her, was sunken and deep-lined, gray with starvation and sleeplessness beneath a stubble of tawny beard. His curly hair clung damply to his forehead.

He smiled up at her, leaning his head back. His teeth were as white and beautiful as ever.

"'Lo, M'liss." It was just as though it had been yesterday that he'd seen her last, instead of five years. "Hot, ain't it?"

She answered in the same matter-of-fact way, her finger raised to her lips: "Quiet. The baby's asleep. What you want, Jess?"

"Where's Clint?"

She pointed, without taking her eyes from him. "Down yonder."

WHEN he nodded, his glance flicking across the clearing, she knew that he'd seen Clint before. He'd probably been lying in wait, watching the cabin and the clearing.

"I see him. Drunk?"

"He's been drinking a little lately. He's a mite drowsy, I reckon."

"Let him drowse. We won't disturb him for a minute, till we've had our li'l' visit."

She shifted her position, facing him more squarely, her breast against the doorframe. Her left arm was inside the cabin. She slid her fingers across the stock of Clint's rifle, which hung on two pegs on the wall. Jess squirmed a little, turning more toward her. Finally he was comfortably settled. He kept his left thumb hooked in his cartridge belt, the hand outspread. His right hand rested loosely on the rifle, whose muzzle pointed toward the porch roof.

"Come out where I can see you better, M'liss. I've been yearning for a sight of you for a long time. Yeah—plenty long."

His voice was gentle. It seemed like every muscle in his body, except the left hand hooked in his empty cartridge belt, was relaxed and at ease. But M'liss wasn't fooled. She knew if she made a false motion that no animal in the mountains could move quicker than Jess. There were none more dangerous.

She shook her head. "Clint might see me. Or the posse. You shouldn't have come, Jess. They'll trail you down any minute now. You can't get away."

He tilted his head to listen. It was quiet in the clearing. The crickets he'd disturbed on the way down had begun to drone again.

"When they get here I'll be gone," he said. "You're looking fine, M'liss. Filled out some, but it makes you prettier than ever. There's a baby, eh? Name of Clint, I reckon?"

"Yes." Her hand slid farther over on Clint's rifle. "I swore there wouldn't be any until we'd made our stake—enough to make a payment on a forty down in the Valley. But when we didn't seem to be getting ahead, I thought it would give Clint a little more ambition. Something to work for." It tore her heart out to have to talk to Jess like this. So she added, smiling: "He's a fine baby, Jess. The living image of Clint."

But you couldn't touch Jess. There was too much iron in him. And he'd been too far and seen too much during the past five years. "Some folks have all the luck," he said. "Right up to the last deal. But in the last deal there's generally an edge for the house." He nodded, his eyes half closed. "I wonder—would you get me a drink of water, honey? I hear you got a fine well. I'm powerful thirsty."

"Of course," she said. "I wouldn't refuse a houn'-dog a drink of water. Wait till I get the dipper."

SHE stepped back into the cabin, taking up the rifle noiselessly. The water bucket was empty, and she scraped the dipper against it, just loud enough for Jess to hear. She left the dipper and came back to the door.

She hesitated and took a deep breath, then stepped out, bringing the hammer back with her thumb. It wasn't necessary to aim at Jess. It would look too much like a bluff. He knew she could shoot from the hip at this distance, like any mountain woman.

"Don't move, Jess. Don't you move a finger 'less I give the word. Understand?"

He was always a cool one, with nerves of steel. He didn't move a finger, or even clench his hand on the rifle barrel. He just looked up at her, his head leaned back, one eyebrow raised a little.

"I *was* thirsty, at that," he said. "But I could hear the rifle scraping against the wall. It was too heavy to lift, eh?"

"Move slow," said M'liss. "Lay your rifle down, pointing east."

He looked at her, and past her down at Clint.

"O. K."

He laid the rifle down slowly. He was even slower about straightening up. With his right hand he took hold of the rocker and pulled himself up, his teeth clenched. For a minute he lay relaxed, his face gray, his eyes tightly closed.

M'liss took a step forward, watching him like a hawk. She took up his rifle and backed away. She was sure now that he couldn't move fast, worn out as he was; so she leaned her rifle against the wall and worked the lever on Jess's, emptying it. There was only one shell in it.

"That was for Clint," said Jess. His eyes were open again. Half open, because his lids drooped. "That's what I figured when I made it through the posse and came crawling down. For five years I've been dreaming about ending it that way when my time came. But when I got this far—"

"Stand up," said M'liss. Taking up her rifle, she moved a little away from the wall. "Stand up, Jess."

"Why, child?"

"Because I can't shoot a man who's sitting down . . . 'less I have to."

He looked at her and shook his head. He was laughing at her inside. "You can't do it, M'liss."

"Why not?"

"It'll wake the baby, sure."

"Joke if you want," said M'liss. "Yes, it'll wake the baby. But let him yell. . . . You standing up?"

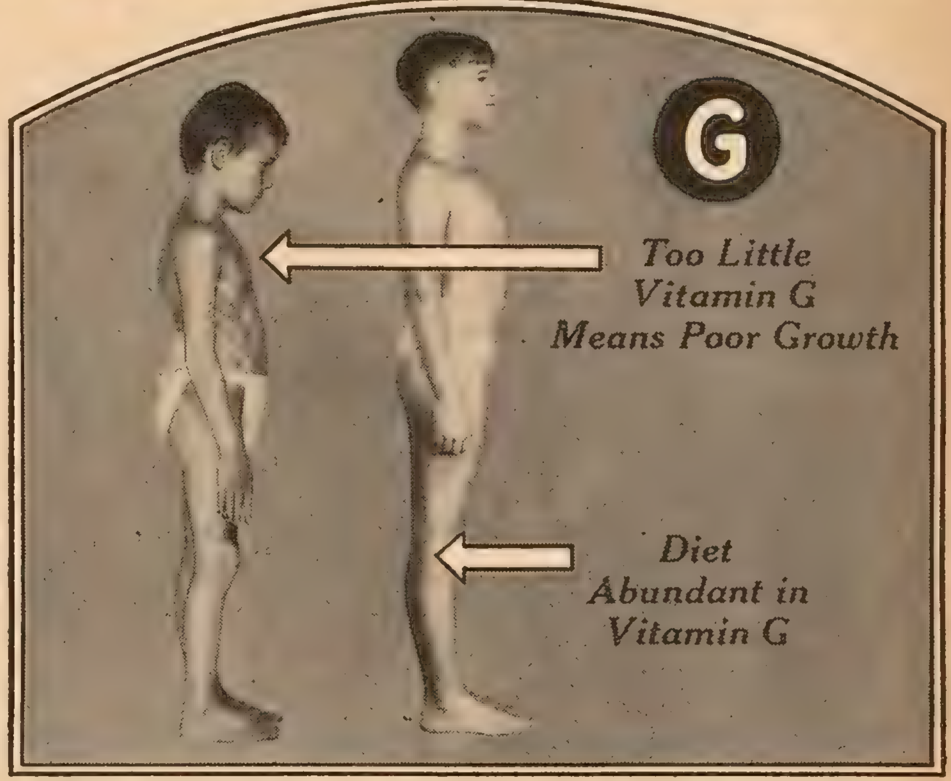
"No."

"All right, then." M'liss drew her lips tight. "This is to pay you back for what you've done to Clint and me. And the baby.

(Continued on page twenty-four)

Many Meals Fall Short On Vitamins

People Don't Know Whether They Are Getting Enough Vitamins — Until Ill Health Shows It. But Add ONE FOOD to Your Diet EVERY DAY and You Can Be Sure of a Regular EXTRA Supply of These 4 Vitamins


G
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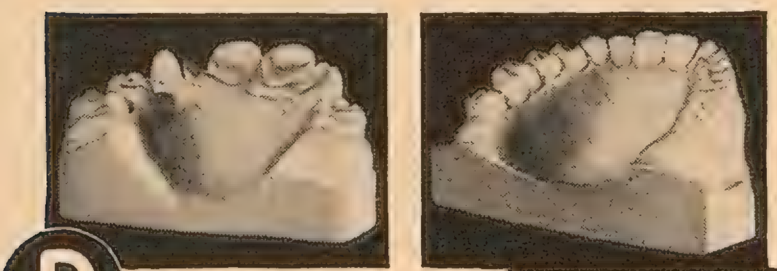
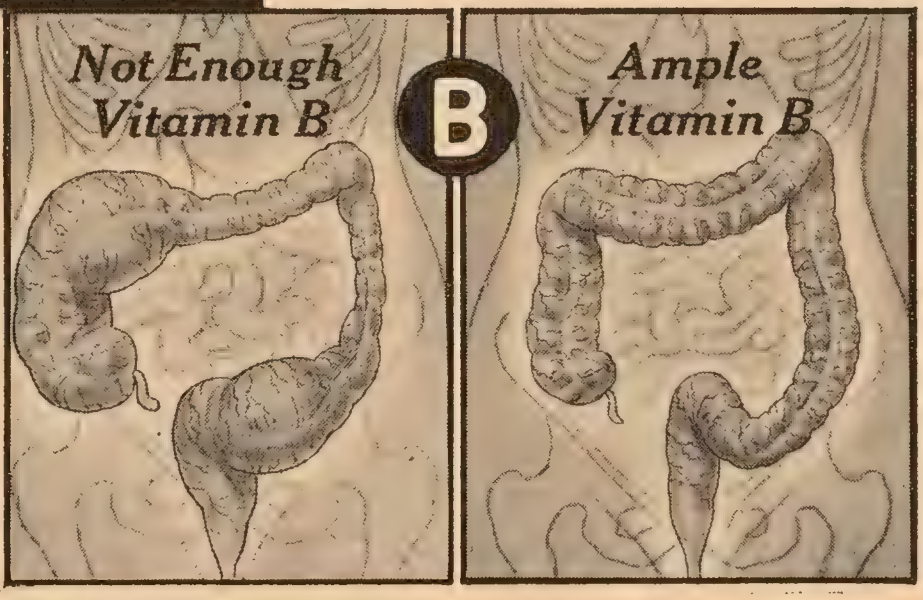
Diet Abundant in Vitamin G



D

MISSHAPEN, poorly formed teeth (like those in plaster cast at left) can come from a lack of Vitamin D—the BONE VITAMIN. Growing children, especially, need plenty of Vitamin D to help in the formation of strong, attractive teeth. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast provides a rich supply of this BONE VITAMIN. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes each day.

THIN, nervous children are often found to be undersupplied with Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN. A generous supply of this vitamin is needed by all growing children to aid in the proper development of a strong, healthy body. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.



DISTENDED bowels (see picture at left above), impaired digestion, sagging stomach may all result from too little Vitamin B.

Ample Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN—is needed to help keep your nerves, intestinal tract, stomach and bowels normal and healthy. Eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast to add to your daily supply. It is one of the richest known natural food sources of Vitamin B.

INCREASED SUSCEPTIBILITY TO COLDS can occur when you are getting too little Vitamin A. Lack of this vitamin weakens the membranes lining nose and throat. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to add to your regular supply of Vitamin A.

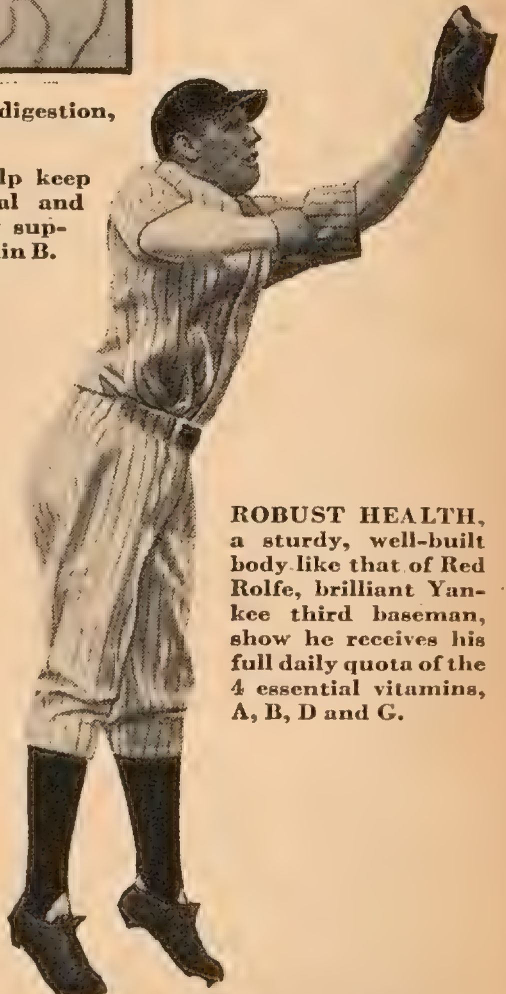
EVERYDAY MEALS are often uncertain in providing enough of all the vitamins the body needs to keep it *really* healthy!

As a result, there are many people today who suffer from some degree of vitamin deficiency.

By adding just *one food*—FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST—to your ordinary diet, you can increase your daily intake of these *4 essential vitamins*—A, B, D and G.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is the *only* natural *food* that gives you such a rich supply of these 4 *combined* health-building vitamins.

Eat 3 cakes *regularly*, every day—one cake about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it plain—or dissolved in a little water. Begin right now to secure an EXTRA supply of these important vitamins in addition to what your meals provide. It's a good plan to order two or three days' supply at a time from your grocer. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast will keep perfectly in your icebox.



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(Continued from page twenty-two) Particularly the baby. On his account I'm not letting the posse take you nor the courts hang you. Understand?"

She knew Clint's rifle had a heavy recoil, so she braced herself, leaning a little toward Jess. He just lay there, relaxed, looking at her.

"When you hate a man thataway," he said, "don't aim at his head. Or his heart. Shoot him in the stomach, dead center. Aim at his belt buckle. I've seen 'em. They're done for, but they always die hard. Some of 'em scream."

He had her, and he knew it. It seemed like she pressed the trigger with all her strength, but nothing happened. The rifle was too heavy to hold up long; she lowered the butt to the floor and leaned back against the doorframe. She bit her lip and tried to hold herself together, hard; but the tears came just the same.

She'd rather have died than have had this happen, so Jess could see it. Even Clint had never seen her cry.

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10.30 P. M. Each Weekday Night and Saturday

"Sho, honey," said Jess. "I didn't aim to pester you. Nor shame you. I'd have stood up when you asked. I'd do it now, only I can't."

"What you mean?"

"I'm done for," said Jess. "Losing my grip thataway. Even the best horse can be rode plumb into the ground. When he gives up, he's finished. The weariest lobo has sometime got to call it a day. For a month past I been hunted from all sides. I ain't et for a week. I ain't had a drink of water since yesterday morning. You know how it is up above. But I was getting closer to Clint all the while, and that kept me going. . . . Is that why you feel thisaway, M'liss? Because I saved that last shell for Clint?"

"No," said M'liss. "That wouldn't matter now. You'd already killed Clint. Five years since. . . . You mean you're passing out, Jess? Just setting there?"

"Sure." He raised his right hand and pushed back his hair so he could see her better. Then his hand fell again and hung limply. "Before I crawled out of the brush a while back, I saw you here. When I got this far, I saw Clint.

"I had a choice to make: Which would give me the heaviest winnings at the showdown—to down Clint and then pass out, or set here in the shade, taking my ease in the rocker which was still warm from your body, and see your face and listen to your voice? Maybe I'd get to see you smile once more. Maybe you'd fetch me a drink of water in the dipper. I'd dreampt about those things. . . . So I crawled up here. I made it, but it was a kind of—homestretch."

"And now you're dying," said M'liss, nodding. "Right here. It's the worst thing you could have done to me. On top of everything else."

"Why?"

"You robbed me blind before. When the posse gets here, and finds you in that rocker—and Clint asleep—it steals my last crust."

HE looked at her, his eyelids drooping, and shook his head.

"Nobody ever called me dumb, M'liss, but there's plenty here that *I* don't understand, seems like. Let's start from the beginning. Only talk fast, honey. . . . What did you mean—I killed Clint five years ago?"

"You know what I mean," said M'liss. "His self-respect. His confidence. When we were children together, you always fought him. And licked him. He was bigger than you, but you had the upper hand all the while. You ground his face into the dirt. And his soul. And the other boys laughed."

"Sho!" said Jess. "Boys fight."

"This was different. You knew it. When you'd jeered and taunted him and set the other boys on him till he was wild and desperate and crying, he'd come to me and I'd wipe his tears away. You never forgave him for that. You never could figure why I turned to him instead of to you. You were Jess Tolliver, whom all the girls were wild about, whom the boys followed like sheep. Clint was shif'less, yellow, no-account. You'd said so, and everybody believed it. Me take up with Clint when *you* had said I was your girl? Honoring me thataway? It couldn't be. . . . You can't understand it yet, eh, Jess?"

He shook his head. "I've wondered at it a thousand times. No complaint, you understand. But I *was* an upstanding lad then, M'liss. No blood on my hands. The world before me, like facing into the sunup. . . . Why was it, child?"

"Because I loved him. No, it wasn't pity. It wasn't only because I was proud and haughty as you, and figured to set you on your heels. I knew what Clint was inside. I figured to prove you were wrong, make him prove it, make the world see it."

"And you failed?" he said.

"I've failed. Everybody says he's shif'less, of no force, plumb no-account. He's 'Hard Times' Harkson. They've treated him that way in spite of all I could do, in spite of all he could do. The reputation you gave him couldn't be outlived. Even after you turned wild, and everybody could *see* who was the better man, as between the two of you, nobody would take him seriously or have faith in him."

"Except you?"

EXCEPT me. And even between us—after you'd ruined his life and turned the world against him—your shadow's fallen. Why, less than an hour ago, when the posse was here—" She broke off, biting her lip. "You're clever, Jess. But I'm not going to let you gloat over me. I'll tell you then—it's a thought to take with you when you die, to show you that there's one thing that was always beyond your reach, no matter what happens: I love him still. You hear me, Jess Tolliver? I love him still."

"'S all right." Jess squirmed a little, slumping lower. "Make it hard. I got to set here and take it. . . . But don't you cry, M'liss."

"I'm not crying," said M'liss. "Yes, I'll tell you. So you can die s-smiling. . . . You listening?"

"I'm listening." All the force of him couldn't seem to hold him up; he kept settling down, little by little. "But talk fast."

"When the posse came through, Clint wanted to ride with them, to help hunt you down. It was a kind of last chance for him. He'd have faced you and died to prove it, Jess. But they laughed at him. They did worse than that. Jim Snavely told Clint he'd best stay here, to keep an eye on me. He said you were liable to drop in on me, once Clint was gone."

"Sho!" said Jess.

"And it'll look like Jim was right. Clint'll never believe different." She shrugged. "But it doesn't matter. You've had your revenge. Better than if you'd killed Clint or me. Better than if you'd killed the baby. Because Clint's given up. I have, too. . . . So you can die now, Jess."

For a minute he sat, still as death. You never could tell what Jess was really thinking.

He said: "Doggone! I can't even *die* close by? . . . Help me up, child. I can get out in the open, anyway. So nobody can say—"

She didn't move. When he leaned forward and tried to draw his legs under him, he swayed to the side. It seemed like he would have fallen to the floor, except that he hooked his right arm through the back of the rocker. He looked up at her.

"'S all right, M'liss. You don't have to—to touch me. I can make it alone. You bet I can. . . . Listen. Never dreampt things had gone this way with you. Figured you were happy all the while, you and Clint. I didn't begrudge it on your account because nothing was too good for you, honey. Never dreampt there was a baby. *He* never harmed me none. . . . It was only thoughts of Clint that pestered me, out on those lonely trails. Clint could hear your voice all the while, and see you smile. You'd stand beside him at mealtime, your hand on his shoulder, whilst you poured his coffee—" He broke off, his voice husky. He licked his lips. "D'ye reckon you could fetch me—*one* drink of water?"

M'liss couldn't resist that. She couldn't help but soften a little. "Sure I will, Jess. I'll fetch you a good one, right out of the well."

She ran in and got the dipper and ran out again, down the porch steps. The well was to the north, past the end of the porch where Jess was sitting. Her back was to him while she let the bucket down. She turned the windlass fast, fetching it up again. She hurried with the brimming dipper. Some of it spilled, cold on her bare feet. . . . When she saw Jess, she stopped short.

He'd been playing possum, after all. He was leaning against the corner post, his right elbow clamping it, holding himself up. Clint's rifle was in his hand.

"You, Jess!" She felt suffocated with misery and shame. She threw down the water, dipper and all, and stood up straight. He clamped his elbow tighter on the post, hanging on. They stood there, looking at each other; and they could hear the posse coming.

"Sorry, M'liss. When a man's crowded thisaway, he can't be choosy. I had to think fast. But I got 'er figured." It wasn't the posse alone that was hurrying Jess; it was time and tide. "No, I won't harm Clint. Nor the baby. It's *you* that's been hating me all these years."

SHOOT quick, then," said M'liss. "Take good aim before the posse gets here."

"Sho, honey!" He was laughing at her again, inside. "You want a forty down in the Valley, so the baby'll have a chance. You want Clint to prove he's a man. You want to prove to Clint that you stand with him against the world. Most of all, against me. . . . Right?"

She nodded. "And I see what you mean, Jess. You know it'll hurt me the worst—just to go on living—"

She stopped when he raised the rifle, and stood up straighter. He didn't aim at her, but northeast, over the timber. For miles in that direction there was nothing that a stray bullet could hurt. It was a heavy rifle, and to raise it up he had to use his left hand too. The palm of that hand was red, but he only touched the rifle with his fingertips, holding it up. Where his hand had pressed all the while a great dark stain leaped forth instantly on his ragged shirt and jeans, spreading around. . . . The recoil kicked the gun from his hands.

Jess fell, sliding down the post, still clinging to it. His body turned out over the edge of the porch. He slumped on his back in the flower bed M'liss had planted between the steps and the corner, his arms outspread. He squirmed a little, nestling down, like he'd found him an easy, comfortable position at last, and lay still.

He was sinking fast. When M'liss snatched up the smoking rifle and stood over him, he said: "Did it rouse up Clint? Is he coming?"

She looked over her shoulder.

"Yes, he's coming. . . . Why, Jess, you're hurt. You've been shot."

"Through the stomach," said Jess. "The posse got me. But it ain't hard now."

Clint slid to a halt beside them.

"What is it? What th'—*Tolliver!*"

"That's me," said Jess. "You got a fine woman, Clint. I come down here to pester her. She shot me on sight."

QUICK!" M'liss leaned the rifle against the porch and knelt beside Jess. "Get some water, Clint. In that dipper yonder."

When Clint was gone, Jess said haltingly: "Before the posse gets here—that shot'll bring 'em on the run—fix up your story, you and Clint. Both of you swear Clint got me. He saw me coming. He took down the rifle. He met me in the open, outbluffed me, outshot me. He was thirsting for years for the chance. He was the better man. . . . And as for that forty down in the Valley"—he was losing his last hold now—"there's reward money in three counties—better than four thousand—"

"Hurry, Clint!"

"So long—honey." Only Jess could have joked in a minute like this. "Sho! . . . I done waked the baby."

"Oh, can't you bring that water, Clint?"

But it was too late for water when Clint came.

. . . . . .

"It beats all," said Sheriff Jim Snavely. This was years later, when the Harksons were prominent citizens of the Valley and Clint, Junior, was quarterback at State. "It beats all about folks. You remember when Clint Harkson took that Tolliver snake singlehanded? Up till then I figured that Clint was plumb worthless, and Jess would have been the real beef except that he'd turned wild. Look at Clint now. . . . And here's a funny thing: When me and the posse came fogging down from the ridge that day, Clint was standing there, leaning on his rifle. M'liss was in the cabin tending the baby, who was yelling blue blazes. Tolliver was toes up in the flower bed, right where Clint had shot him. You'd think a snake like him would have gotten wise to himself at the finish. Stopping to pester M'liss, whom he figured was practically unprotected thataway! No, he was bad clean through. I seen his face as he lay there. Danged if the critter wasn't smiling!"

THE END

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To the Ladies

by
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

DOROTHY PETERSON

TALKING with Dorothy Peterson, I picked up a number of Dionne-quintuplet items that were new to me and may be so to you. Miss Peterson played the part of Nurse Kennedy in the first quin picture, Country Doctor, and in the more recent film, Reunion.

Little Emilie, she said, fell head over heels in love with Jean Hersholt, who impersonated Dr. Dafoe for the screen. That was the only big romance. Otherwise the five famous kids coquetted indiscriminately with the movie people, changing favorites from day to day. "Of course," adds Miss Peterson, "*I* couldn't help believing that one of them showed a special fondness for *me*."

To encourage their interest in clothes, the quins wear dresses of the same cut but of different colors, and they are rapidly developing individual tastes.

"We gave them each a pair of rabbit slippers," Miss Peterson said. "Marie didn't like the rabbit ears on her slippers, so she pulled the ears off right away."

When a baby battle starts among them, Annette and Cécile combine against the other three. All five take turns, however, at trying to boss the entire gang. Their regular nurses claim the quins have invented a language of their own, talk it constantly between themselves. They have never yet tasted candy, but they managed to hijack a perfumed handkerchief from Miss Peterson one day—and all five went *wild* over it.

● A tragic mystery of international love has just been solved by a friend of mine in the shipping business. I must tell the story without names. Last spring in Rome a rich American lady, married but on the loose, fell in love with an Italian count, also married and rich. His wife had long been an invalid. Such was his love for the American that he persuaded her to give up her irregular life and return to her husband here. Then the count vanished. His family in Italy, an important one, never saw him or heard from him again. Started a quiet investigation. This is what they found: Unable to renounce his American love, he had followed her to New York, sailed with her secretly on a round-the-world cruise. In the Pacific he died. Terrified by her predicament, she fled home to her husband, who suspected nothing. The remains of the count, finally discovered, were sent to Italy for dignified burial at his family estate. His invalid wife said, "I can't blame him. He was a saint to me through so many bedridden years."

● *Science Note for Office Wives:* Sister, if you are the private secretary of a high-powered executive, don't fill his fountain pen full to the top when you pack him off on a business trip by airplane. The lower atmospheric pressure of the upper altitudes will cause the ink in his pen to expand, may make it spill and ruin his natty hundred-dollar suit.

I know a business man who had this experience, went to the pen company, told them his pen leaked. They gave him a new one, filled it full. He embarked on another air trip, spoiled another hundred-dollar suit. For airplane riding, fountain pens should be only half filled.

● Latest adornment in style among some of our radical ladies is a bracelet of genuine bullets from war-ravaged Spain. The bullets, about a dozen of them, are plated with gold or silver and joined by connecting links of the same. Women fighting in the Spanish armies launched the fad, which soon was picked up by their feminine sympathizers in Paris and London. Now it has spread over here. I saw a bullet bracelet in Chicago the other day. Was shocked and horrified.

● To apologize or not to apologize for a family gossip? A reader has asked me to discuss this delicate point. The reader says: "Living with us now we have a widowed aunt, a dear in many ways, but she *will* gossip. She repeats all the neighborhood rumors wherever she goes, and her busy tongue keeps us in plenty of trouble. It doesn't seem nice to apologize for her among our friends, and we hate to squelch poor auntie personally because she's so sensitive. Yet we must do something."

Indeed you must. Few of us can afford to be responsible for our family gossips. It has been my observation that they themselves are nearly always *sensitive*, although they care little for the feelings of others. I say, squelch them gently, if you can. If not, then by all means let the neighbors know you aren't a party to the troublemaking.

● If you want to know how a sultan's wives really lived in their secret seraglio, read N. M. Penzer's new book, The Harem. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

● The art of cooking eggs and vegetables together is a Latin-American specialty. Here's an excellent recipe from Costa Rica: In a large well heated fireproof dish place some potatoes freshly mashed with butter and hot milk. Surround with a ring of string beans, first boiled, then fried lightly in butter and mixed with chopped pimento. Form six hollows in the mashed potato. Drop an egg in each hollow, and sprinkle the whole dish heavily with paprika and grated Parmesan cheese. Put in moderate oven until eggs are set. Serve piping hot in the fireproof dish.

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CADILLAC (12 & 16 Cylinder)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
CHEVROLET	A	A	A	A	A
CHRYSLER	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DE SOTO	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DODGE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FORD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
GRAHAM (6 Cylinder)	AF	AF	AF	—	—
GRAHAM (All Other Models)	—	—	BB	BB	BB
HUDSON	A	A	A	AF	AF
HUPMOBILE	—	AF	AF	AF	AF
LAFAYETTE (Series 3610)	—	A	A	—	—
LAFAYETTE (All Other Models)	—	—	AF	AF	—

Make and Model	1937	1936	1935	1934	1933
LA SALLE	AF	AF	AF	AF	BB
LINCOLN	AF	AF	BB	BB	BB
LINCOLN ZEPHYR	AF	AF	—	—	—
NASH (Models 11-90, 12-90)	—	—	—	BB	BB
NASH (Lafayette Series 400)	A	A	A	—	—
NASH (All Other Models)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
OLDSMOBILE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PACKARD	A	A	A	AF	AF
PIERCE-ARROW	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PLYMOUTH	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PONTIAC	A	A	A	AF	AF
REO	—	A	A	A	A
STUDEBAKER	A	A	A	AF	AF
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ILLUSTRATION BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

WHEN William Marsden arrives at his employer's estate near Santa Monica Beach—an appointment he knows will result in his promotion to personal secretary for Roger Blaylock if he lives up to requirements—he immediately senses the strange atmosphere of mystery so long connected with the family.

To his employees Roger Blaylock has been an almost mythical figure. Most of them have never seen him. Gossip has pictured him as a combination despot and kindly genius. And the talk about his two motherless children, a son Jerome and a daughter Alice, has been equally mystifying.

Consequently, when Marsden almost falls over a child playing on the floor of Mr. Blaylock's study, he is dumfounded. Marsden is almost certain that neither Jerome nor Alice is married. Yet when Alice introduces him to Stephen Hunt, a guest at the house, and no one offers any satisfactory explanation of the baby Andrew, Marsden is left to his own conjectures. He accepts the new position and is asked to spend the night there.

A few hours after retiring, the burglar alarm sends every one scurrying downstairs, where they find baby Andrew prowling about, seeking his scooter. The nurse's negligence brings scoldings from Alice and her father. Later, when Alice and Marsden are together, she remarks that Stephen Hunt was the only one who hadn't been aroused. In a thoughtless moment she says: "How did I ever get mixed up with such a man! Not even knowing whether I'm married to him or not!" When she realizes what she has said, she asks Marsden to forget it.

This new problem is still fresh in Marsden's mind when he is having breakfast with Mr. Blaylock.

"About Andrew," Mr. Blaylock begins. But Marsden feels he knows the secret.

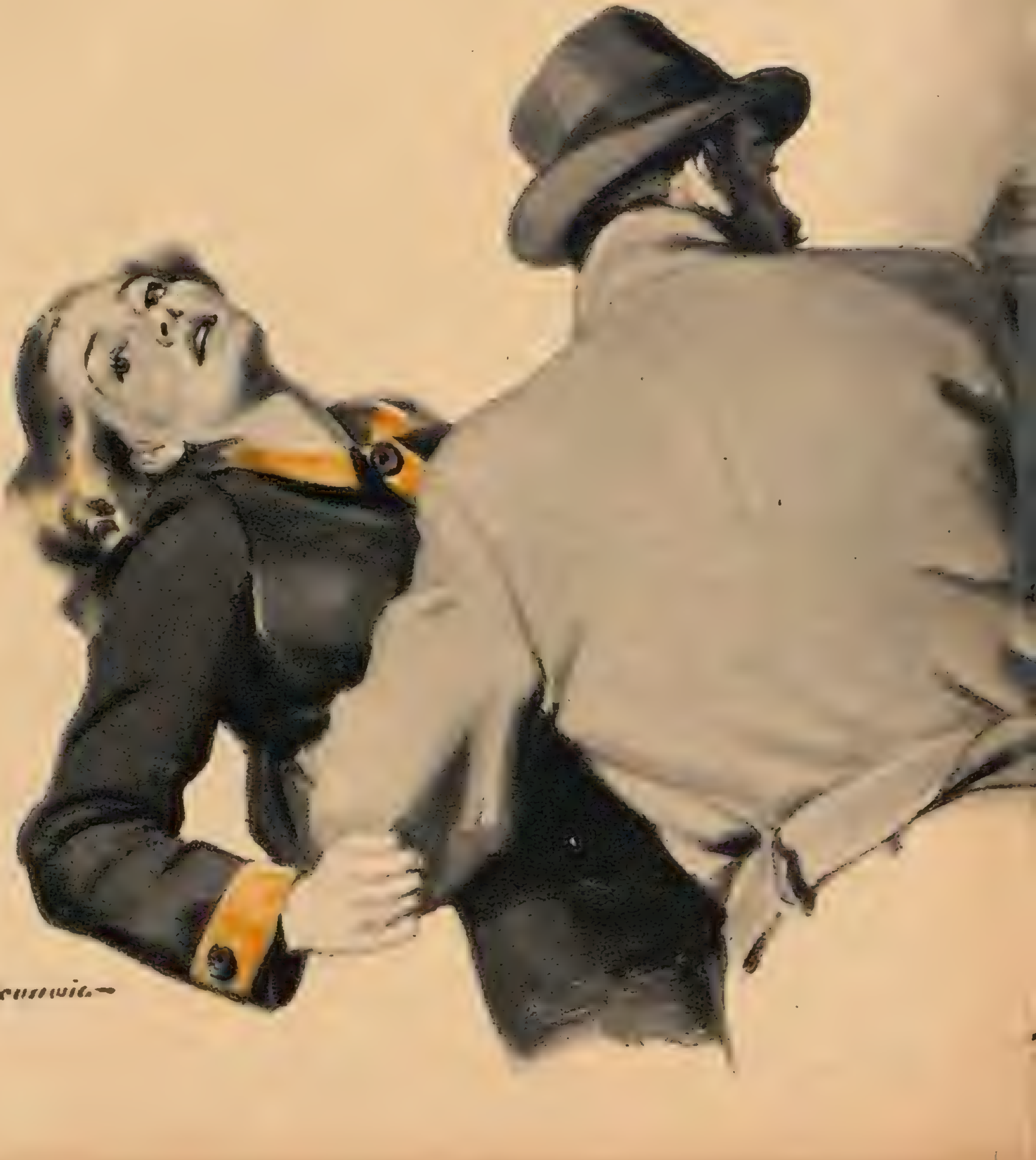
PART TWO—THE BLAYLOCK MYSTERY

MR. BLAYLOCK cleared his throat:

"About Andrew—" He met Marsden's gaze. "Andrew is my grandson. He is the child of my boy Jerome. The child's mother died at his birth. Except for my attorney and my son, no one except the employees on the estate know that Andrew is here. Only his nurse and Tupper and Miss Meeker know that the child is my grandson.

"My daughter, of course, knows everything. She has given up a great deal for Andrew, made herself virtually a prisoner in order to watch over him. I think it wiser for his father, my son Jerome, not to be here. You see, Andrew's maternal grandparents, his dead mother's par-

"By the time they reached the Owens house Rose was in a hysterical condition. The Owenses called a doctor."



ents, want him. I want him. Until a few months ago Andrew lived with them. Legally they have a stronger case than I."

There was again on Blaylock's face the look of hatred and sorrow that Marsden had seen the day before. In an instant it was gone and he said, "There is hardly one chance in a hundred that a court would rule Jerome a fit guardian for his child. Little more chance for me. The best and safest procedure is for Andrew to be kept under cover for a year or so, until he can no longer be recognized as the baby he is now."

"How do you dare trust the people who work here, sir?" Marsden asked. "After all, they aren't like members of the family."

"Tupper is. And Andrew's nurse. As for the others—" He looked at Marsden. "Who would pay them as much as I pay them to keep their mouths shut? And there is very little for them to tell. As far as they know, Andrew is the child of a friend of mine about whom I want nothing said. Furthermore, they know if they talk I might make it difficult for them to find further work."

"But, Mr. Blaylock, won't the other grandparents eventually trace you? I can't see why they haven't—"

"My son married under an assumed name." Blaylock's voice was calm.

Marsden's hand lifting his cup put it back on the tray.

"I'll get you the morning papers," Mr. Blaylock said, and Marsden saw that the subject of Andrew was closed.

Just then Allie came into the room. She was dressed in tennis shorts and blouse, a ribbon binding her black hair back from her face. Behind her came the Pekingese, and behind the dog walked Evans, the footman, carrying Allie's breakfast tray.

"Hello!" she said to Marsden. Her eyes regarded him, remembering what had happened a few hours ago, what she had told him and hadn't meant to tell.

"Hello!" Marsden tried to look as if she had never told him anything.

Intent, questioning, she looked at her father.

"I told him," Mr. Blaylock said.

Allie sat down and motioned to Evans to put the tray on the low table beside her, as Andrew walked in from the patio. He was singing.

"Oh, Jack Frost," he squeaked, "oh, Jack Frost! What a merry little elk, what a merry little elk is *he!*"

"Elf, Scooter," Allie interrupted him. "Jack Frost is an elf."

For reasons known only to himself, Andrew found this very funny. He gurgled with laughter and flung himself on Allie.

His grandfather and his aunt—to him they were "Roger" and "Allie." And the child couldn't be any happier, couldn't love any one more than he loved these two.

"When breakfast's been over long enough," Allie said to Marsden, "what about tennis with me?"

"I haven't clothes, any shoes." He gave the most obvious excuse.

"We've got clothes, and shoes—all sizes."

"But I've got to work." Marsden appealed to Mr. Blaylock.

"Oh, run along, play tennis," Mr. Blaylock told him.

"Don't you think I'd better use the time to go in town and pack my things and go by the office and clear out my desk?" Marsden looked from Allie to her father. "They'll need the desk. They'll be putting somebody in my place."

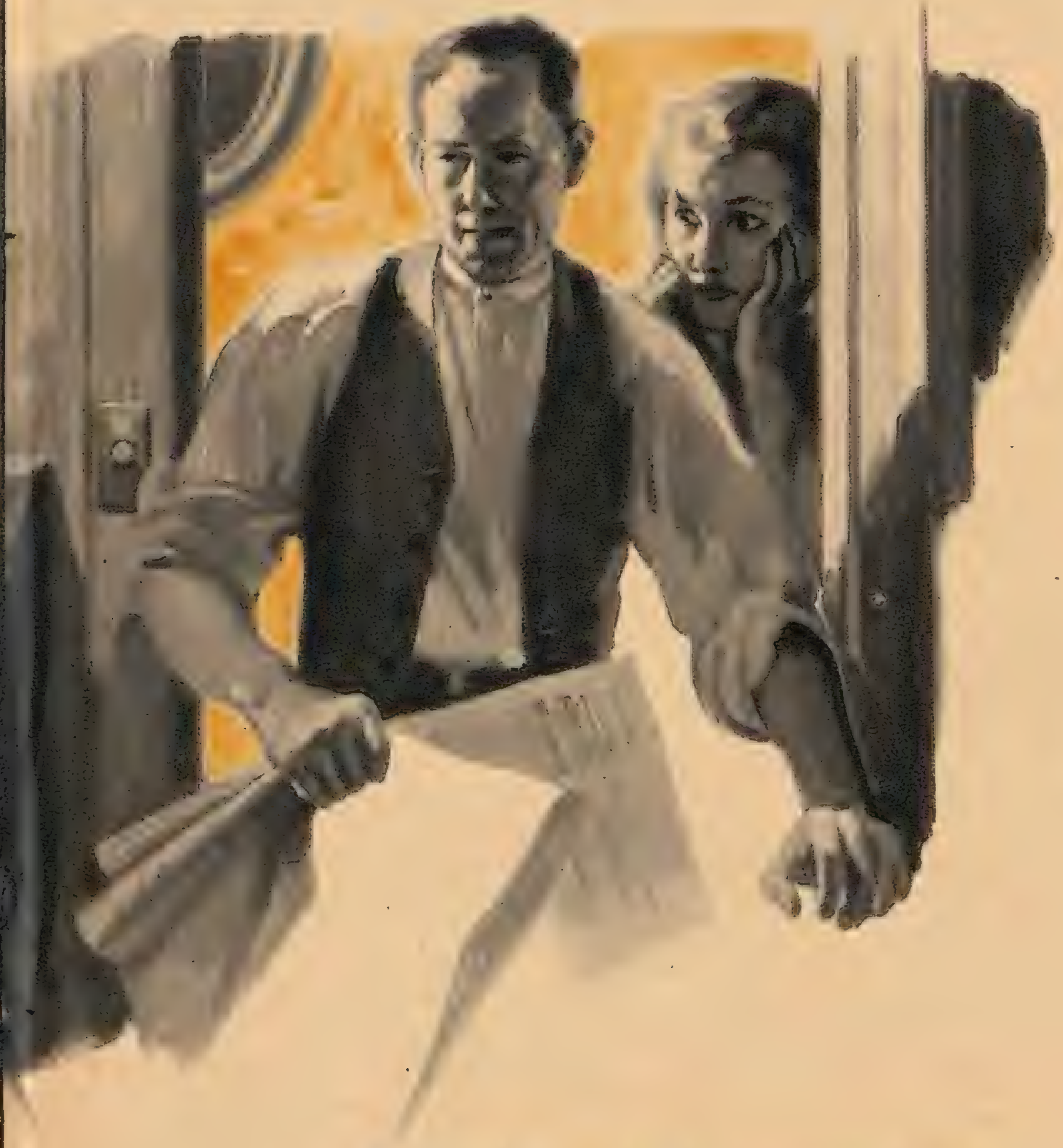
"That's worrying them now," Mr. Blaylock said. "I've sent word you won't be back." He added, "Telephone Crandall to buy another desk if he can't get along without yours."

Allie was staring past Marsden; he turned to see Stephen Hunt out in the patio, strolling toward the glass doors that opened into the room.

She put down her napkin and got to her feet. "I'll be back," she said. She walked swiftly to the door and before Hunt reached it she had stepped out into the patio. Marsden noticed that Hunt had on tennis shoes.

"There's a telephone in your office." Mr. Blaylock's voice brought Marsden around with a start.

His office was wood-paneled and curtained in damask. He was wondering if he'd ever become ac-



A vivid novel of groping hearts and love against strange odds customed to working in such luxury when his assistant, Miss Meeker, swept in from her quarters adjoining his.

Miss Meeker looked like an aging merry-go-round horse—flaring nostrils and a wide wooden grin. There was a faint neigh in her laughter and her unpowdered face was shining like new paint. When Marsden asked her to explain the routine of the office and what, roughly, his regular duties were, she answered:

"You have no regular duties. You'll write a lot of letters from his notes." She always spoke of Mr. Blaylock as "he." "But I take care of the files and most of the business routine. You'll have to sit in on conferences, interview people and go places he hasn't time for or doesn't want to bother with."

"Well, at the moment I seem to be having a vacation. I'm playing tennis," Marsden said.

He turned to the telephone and, dialing for the operator, gave her the office number in Los Angeles. After he talked to Crandall, he strode off toward the patio.

She fought him for every point and took two games from him in each of the three sets. Marsden had never played such bad tennis, or enjoyed a match more.

. . . . .

The sprinklers threw slow lariats of spray on the freshly cut lawns and the air was sweet with the fragrance of grass.

Marsden, who had left his desk to go to the gatekeeper's cottage, discovered James Smith sitting in the middle of the driveway and regally surveying the Blaylock domain.

"This is no place for a dog to sit," Marsden told him. "You'll get run over. Now move! Go on!"

Smith stared as if he must be sure to get each and every word, then yawned and flung himself flat on the gravel.

Marsden picked him up and carried him the long way around the house and into the patio.

Stephen Hunt lay sprawled in a long chair with a book.

"Damn dog! If you could call him a dog." He stood up and stretched his arms above his handsome blond head. "I'm going over to my rooms for a drink. Will you join me?"

"Thanks. I've got to go down to the gates and speak to Rawlins. He's getting careless about letting people through."

"This house!" Hunt muttered. "Like a Bastille to get into; and once you're in you buy your own liquor and drink it in your room!"

Marsden watched him as he crossed the lawn to the guest cottage on the other side of the pool. Hunt had been living there for weeks before Marsden had arrived, and Marsden had yet to hear him or the Blaylocks say anything about his ever leaving. What he did for a living, so far as Marsden could see, was nothing. His family lived in the East and was evidently wealthy; his father evidently an old friend of Roger Blaylock's, for Mr. Blaylock spoke of him often and with great affection—an affection which he seemed to feel as strongly for the senior Hunt's son.

MARSDEN imagined that Mr. Blaylock would be pleased if he knew that his daughter was married to Stephen Hunt. Or was she married to Hunt? Every time Marsden spoke the sentence in his mind, the question flared. Allie had said she didn't know.

She was with Hunt constantly and constantly quarreling with him. They seemed drawn together by an unholy desire to inflict embarrassment and pain each on the other.

Just now she walked around the corner of the house. The parrot was perched on her hand and she was telling him what a lewd and revolting fowl she considered him.

"Could I talk to you for a moment?" Marsden asked.

Allie spanked the parrot's tail feathers and let him flutter to the ground. Squawking, he rushed at her ankles. She jumped into a chair and pulled her feet up to sit cross-legged like a tailor.

"Can I," she asked, "call you 'Bill'?"

"Well, why not?" He grinned down at her. He saw she wasn't being naïve. This was a way of showing that, though he worked for her father, he in no sense worked for her. "I wish you would call me 'Bill,' Miss Blaylock."

"Well, I can't if I'm going to be 'Miss Blaylock'!"

This wasn't coyness, he realized. She was definitely annoyed with him. He felt suddenly very pleased with the world.

"Listen, you silly child," he began. "Somebody's got to go over this house situation with me. This morning a large chunk of plaster fell from the ceiling in the dining room. That was because nobody has called a man to fix the broken tiles in your father's bathroom, and he will forget and leave the water running. Last night the light over the entrance was out and there were no new bulbs of any size. There are no towels in the bathhouse."

"Don't tell me any more!" she begged.

"As I understand it, Tupper is in charge of the house. I know he isn't careless or lazy. He's just old, too old for the job. Why don't you let him go, pension him off?"

"Let Tupper go? Why, I can't remember when there wasn't Tupper. I love Tupper and he loves me—all of us. It would break his heart. Besides, the servants are all relations of his and he keeps them from getting too curious about Andrew."

THE child's safety regulated the life of the household. Few people called, Marsden knew; and they always telephoned first. On these occasions Andrew was kept out of sight.

"I haven't many friends out here," Allie explained. "We've only lived here for the last eight years, and I went to school in the East and in Europe. It just happened that the people I got to know from the West didn't live in southern California. I've never met many Los Angeles people."

"Aren't you ever lonely?" Marsden asked.

"Yes—sometimes." There was no regret in her voice; no hint of self-pity. She treated the matter with a surprising casualness. She added: "And before, I was just as lonely—sometimes." A gentleness, rare with her, came into her eyes. "Lonely for the life I have now with father and the baby."

She was studying Marsden as he studied her.

"It must be lonely for you here," she said. "You don't get many chances to get out and see your friends."

"I'm rather like you," he said. "I haven't any real friends down here."

"I should think you'd live in San Francisco."

"I live where I can work." He added lightly, "And very glad I am of the chance!"

"It was hard, then—when you first got out of college?"

"For a few years it wasn't easy." He didn't like to talk about himself. "Odd jobs, picking apples in Oregon, digging at Boulder Dam, road work. I supported myself"—he shrugged, smiling now at the memory—"after a fashion."

She said, "You must always have been thinking, 'Perhaps I shall never get my chance; perhaps this is all I can ever make of my life.'"

"How did you know that?"

"It's on your face," she said slowly. "In your eyes—back of them, sort of; and on your mouth."

The parrot clawed his way up the wicker of her chair. She slapped her hands at him. "Go away, bird!"

"Aw, let's go up to my room," the parrot leered.

"What's his name?" Marsden asked.

"Galahad." She smiled with no amusement. "He belongs to my brother. Jerome taught him to talk. It gives you a pretty fair picture of my brother."

"Not the whole picture," Marsden said. "For you're fond of him, aren't you?"

"Terribly. And father loves him. But father hates him, too. I can't hate him. Bill—did father tell you how it happened?—Jerome's meeting Andrew's mother and marrying her? And who her people are?"

"No, he didn't tell me that," Marsden said.

"They live in Long Beach—the Owenses. Old Owens—Joseph Owens—is a leader in some sort of religious sect down there. But I suppose, by copybook rules, the Owenses are what you'd call good people. Horribly good."

She looked up at Marsden. "Can't you see how a girl with a father like that, and a mother just like him, would do lots of things just as a sort of rebellion against them?"

Marsden said yes, and meant it. Allie went on:

"Well — Rose Owens, Scooter's mother, worked as a cashier in a restaurant. Jerome was motoring through Long Beach on his way to La Jolla. He was drunk. Not terribly—just drunk." Her lips curved mirthlessly. "He stopped in this restaurant. Rose was awfully pretty, Jerome says—Andrew has her yellow curls—and Jerome just stayed on in Long Beach for weeks. Over two months I think it was."

"You didn't know he was there?"

"Father and I, we never know where Jerome is. Not since he left college. His mother left him money; he doesn't even have to write home for that. We didn't see him for five months after he'd left Rose; for he met a man he'd known in college, and this man was going on some museum expedition down in the Malay Peninsula, and Jerome went with him. We did get letters from there, a few; but he never mentioned Rose.

"He didn't remember getting married. They'd gone on a week-end motor trip—she'd told her parents she was with a girl she knew—and somewhere in Nevada they'd gotten married. Jerome was just about out on his feet; but she—she'd been drinking too—didn't know. That's the way it goes with him. He drinks for weeks, heavier and heavier, till he gets in a sort of walking coma. He's coherent, but afterward he doesn't remember. On the voyage he sobered up for one of those periods he has, or I suppose he couldn't live at all. He remembered Rose then—a good kid who liked a good time; that was all."

"And she couldn't trace him, could she?" Marsden broke in. "Why didn't he tell his real name?"

"No reason, except that it amused him not to. It always amuses him when he gets to a certain point in his drinking. It's one way you can tell how far he's gone. It dates back to his college days. He was caught in a speakeasy raid and gave his name as 'Andrew Lovelace; occupation, glove salesman.'"

MARSDEN smiled, remembering his own college years.

"He came back from this Malay trip, and was passing through Long Beach on his way to La Jolla again. He was supposed to bring a girl down, but he'd forgotten about it. Then he remembered, and thought of Rose; thought it would be amusing to take her. He stopped in a drugstore and called her. Her voice sounded funny on the telephone, but all she said was that she'd meet him at the drugstore. When she got there she went all to pieces at the sight of him. For months she'd been living as Mrs. Andrew Lovelace. But nobody believed her—least of all her parents. They'd never even seen Jerome, for he'd always met

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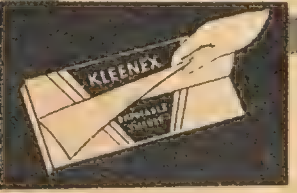

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her outside. And she didn't have a marriage license, anything; Jerome had had the license and lost it. And in two months she was going to have this baby."

"Andrew?"

She nodded. "Jerome was fairly sober and he was terribly cut up over what he'd made her go through. That's why, I suppose, he gets away with so much; he's always so sorry—afterward. He went with her right out to her parents' house."

"Poor kid!" Marsden said.

Allie pressed her palms against her eyes and Marsden saw her throat tighten. "Well"—she took her hands down from her eyes—"by the time they reached the Owens house Rose was in a hysterical condition from the shock of finding him. When Jerome got her into the house he saw she was really ill. The Owenses called a doctor; but before he could get there the child was born. Rose died an hour later. And the doctor said there wasn't a chance that the baby would live."

Marsden stared across the lawn.

"Jerome, being Jerome, didn't wait to be sure about the child. He just turned and ran out of the house, got in his car and drove—he didn't know where. He ended up in San Francisco."

She shifted in her chair and let her feet down to the grass. James Smith stalked to her, sat down by her ankle and growled at the parrot, who squawked derision and pigeon-toed off down the flagstone path.

"That's the way it went," she said. "The first year he couldn't get over it. The second year"—she shrugged—"he began to forget. Jerome will always forget. Then, at the beginning of the fourth year, he and some of his cronies decided to go down to the fair at San Diego and present the women in the nudist colony with a bouquet of cactus."

SHE laughed, but there was no laughter in the sound. "When they reached Long Beach, Jerome was just getting to the mellow sentimental stage. He remembered Rose and his child. He wanted to put flowers on their graves. He sent his friends on and went to the Owens house to ask where he could find the graves of his wife and child. When he rang, a child came to the door. He asked the child his name, and the child answered, 'I'm Andrew Lovelace, Junior.'

"Joseph Owens appeared then. Jerome didn't say who he really was. He took all the abuse—and certainly he deserved it. The old people heaped it on him. All he asked was that they'd let him stay and talk with his child. He came back the next day and they let him see the baby again."

"By then he wanted him," Marsden said.

"And the Owenses, of course, wouldn't give him up. They were pretty sure no court would rule Jerome a fit parent for the child. Jerome was sure, too. Though he was behaving well—for him. He hung around Long Beach, going to the house every day and begging them to give him the child. He knew better, though, than to tell who he really was. That would have made him even worse in the Owenses' eyes—being a son of the wicked rich. There's nothing they hate worse than money."

She got to her feet and stood looking down at Marsden. "So, when one day Jerome found Scooter alone, he left a note saying he'd take good care of Andrew, and brought Scooter here that same night. And that was the first we'd ever heard of the baby."

"Don't you ever feel sorry for the Owenses?"

"Yes, I feel sorry for them." Her eyes darkened with a look remembering and resentful. "I'm sorry for anybody who could be so self-righteous that he could treat a girl the way they treated Rose the months before her baby was born. But this house is a better home for him." She paused. "When he first came from them, he was frail and he wasn't happy."

Marsden believed her.

DO you know what the Owenses are doing about searching for Andrew?" he asked.

"They can't afford to hire detectives. They reported Andrew's disappearance to the police. The police haven't much to go on: a description of Andrew and one of Jerome. There was only a small paragraph in the papers. I suppose the case is just getting buried in the police records."

"But the newspapers!" Marsden cried, jumping to his feet. "Jerome is the sort that gets his picture in papers and magazines. The Owenses are bound to see a picture of him and they're bound—"

"I don't think so," she stopped him. "Jerome had a mustache when they knew him and his hair was cropped like a Prussian officer's in a movie." She smiled sadly. "He thought it made him look distinguished."

"Where is Jerome now?"

"Hunting in Alaska—we hope; miles from civilization. We want to keep him away from the baby. There is so much less chance of Scooter's being discovered if it isn't known even around the place here that Jerome is his father. I can't risk taking him anywhere else while he still looks so much as he did before we got him."

Stephen Hunt called to them, and they looked around to find him walking toward them from the guest cottage.

"Don't tell him any of this," Alice said softly, barely moving her lips. "He doesn't know everything about Andrew."

"Hi, Stevie!" she said to him as he strolled up to them. "Want to go swimming?" She smiled at Marsden. "You're going, aren't you, Bill?"

"Allie! I've got work to do!"

"Oh, no, Bill!" She put her hand on his arm.

Hunt spoke, his voice acid with disapproval: "Quite chummy this afternoon, aren't we?" His glance slid from Marsden to Allie.

Allie's smile disappeared. She said softly: "And aren't we disagreeable this afternoon!"

"If you'll excuse me—" Marsden said, and left them. They didn't notice his going; for they were off full tilt into another one of their quarrels.

. . . . .

It lasted for days—though nobody noticed, Marsden realized, but himself.

Mr. Blaylock lived in a mild vagueness where clarity of thought and vision were given solely to his business affairs. He was like two men to Marsden: concise and brilliant, impatient of small stupidities, when the two of them worked over policies and plans of his companies; terse in his approval when, having asked for an opinion, he would like Marsden's answer.

But, once business was forgotten, he was amiable and charming, making Marsden feel like one of the family. He was greedy for his family, and pathetically content when they were gathered about him and the talk was of the small happenings of the household. He did not notice the undercurrent of trouble between Allie and Stephen Hunt. The two of them, Marsden saw, did make an effort to hide it from him. And, absent-minded as Blaylock was, he failed to hear the dutiful note in their preoccupied gaiety.

THEN one morning they appeared in the blandest of moods—eager to please, as if they sought to make amends for their bad behavior, and acting as if each found the other the most delightful individual that had ever graced the earth.

Marsden encountered them down by the bowling alleys as he returned from his weekly inspection of the grounds.

"What about some tennis?" Hunt said.

Marsden thought he spoke to Allie.

"I think we'd get a pretty good game," Hunt went on. "I mop up Allie about as badly as you do."

Marsden, hiding his surprise, said, "All right; whenever you say."

Hunt had never suggested that they play, in all the weeks Marsden had lived on the place; and Marsden had never seen him watching when he had played with Allie. He wondered why this sudden cordiality. Allie was back of it, he thought.

Marsden didn't think Hunt could be a particularly good or pleasant opponent. But he was, Marsden discovered. His game lacked the pace that Marsden's had, though he showed he had been taught by a fine instructor.

"Gentleman and sportsman"—he was that, all right, Marsden thought as he turned on the force and brilliance of a game picked up on the municipal courts in Griffith Park, perfected on the Berkeley campus, and worthy of Forest Hills and Wimbledon had he had the time and money for tournament play.

He won the first set at six-three, a score that did not tell the fight Hunt had put up for each point. The second set came to match point, with the score in games five to four. Wanting to give Hunt every chance to deuce the set, Marsden served an easy ball to Hunt's forehand. The point went on into a rally, and Hunt finally, more by luck than skill, maneuvered Marsden out of position, and Marsden was forced to send over a setup shot.

Hunt never played safe—that was another trait Marsden had to admire—and he swung back to smash the ball across court. As his racket came up, the parrot, who had strayed over from the patio, clawed up the wire screen behind him and screamed.

Hunt's racket wavered and came down to the ball just in time, but only to send it into the net. No flicker of irritation showed on his face. He came forward with hand outstretched, saying:

"Thanks! That was swell. I enjoyed it."

"But we must play the point over," Marsden insisted. "That damned bird lost it for you."

"Good heavens, no. Don't be silly!" Hunt laughed.

"It's nearly lunchtime anyway," Allie said. She added: "Bill, you lied to me. You never played like that against me."

Her eyes, musing with some secret contemplation, lifted to Marsden's forehead. "Your hair gets all curly

"His wife was ill. He was rushing to her when BANG!... A Blow-out"

Read REX BEACH'S thrilling True Story of the man who is living on "Borrowed Time"

REX BEACH
well-known author

"HURRY! Your wife is ill!" Constable Stilling leaped into his car '20—25—30—35—40' read the speedometer. There was no time to spare. 'Faster! Faster!' And then—without warning—BANG! A blow-out! The car leaped out of control—swerved to the left—just missed crashing into a telephone pole!

Lady Luck smiled that night—and the extent of the Philadelphia Constable's injury was a wrenched shoulder. Some miracle saved him. As he, himself, says: "I feel that I am living on 'borrowed time'."

Just stop to consider what happens to your tires when you're skimming over the pavements at 50, 60 miles an hour. Naturally the heat generated is terrific. A tiny invisible blister may form between the rubber and the fabric. Just a little thing to begin with, this blister keeps getting bigger and bigger and the worst of it is that you don't even know it's there until suddenly, BANG! And then it may be too late.

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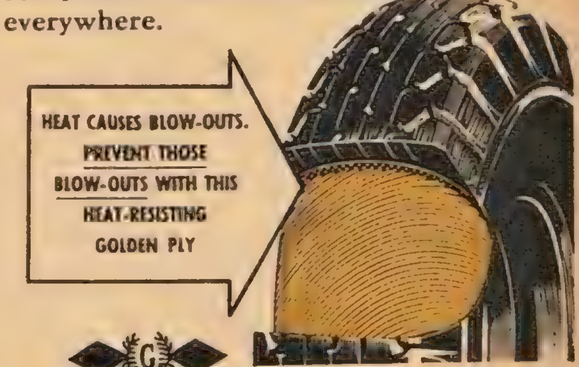
It seems to me that as far as tires are concerned, the greatest single contribution toward safer driving has been from the Goodrich engineers. They have developed a real protection called the Golden Ply. It's a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. You will easily see what this means. It means that blisters don't get a chance to form between the rubber and fabric inside your tires . . . and that means blow-outs due to this heat don't get started.

You can be sure that Constable Stilling doesn't take any chances with his tires these days. He's ready for any emergency and so are his Goodrich Silvertown Tires.

Why gamble on blow-outs when you pay no price premium for these super-quality tires? Remember, you can buy Goodrich Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.



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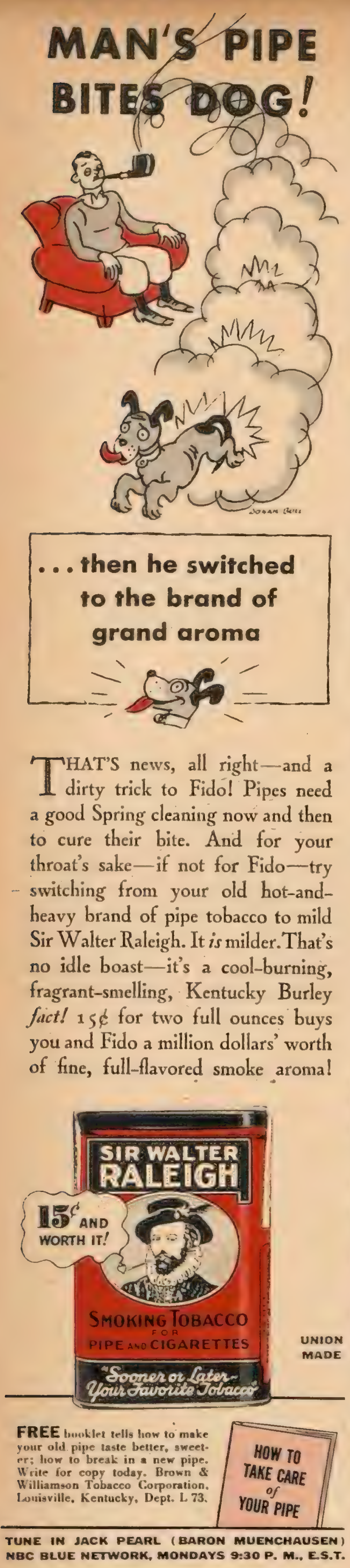

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"Sooner or Later-Your Favorite Tobacco"
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HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

. . . then he switched to the brand of grand aroma

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TUNE IN JACK PEARL (BARON MUENCHAUSEN) NBC BLUE NETWORK, MONDAYS 9:30 P. M., E.S.T.

when it's damp; I've noticed it before," she said. "It's fallen down in ringlets almost like Scooter's."

She reached up and brushed the hair back from his temple. Her hand was cool on his forehead, and soft. He had never felt her touch, not even so much as her hand in his.

He looked away from her, up toward her hand. He spoke jerkily; his breath was short. But that was nothing. Hunt was breathy—they'd been taking some pretty strenuous exercise.

"That ringlet business," Marsden said, "got me into quite a bit of trouble when I was younger—much younger. Fighting word it was then."

"You still don't like it." She laughed, and the hand that had touched him was pressed now against her cheek. "I bet you were a toughie when you were a kid—a toughie one minute and such a nice kid the next."

It startled him to hear her say that. He couldn't imagine her thinking about what he'd been as a boy, thinking about him at all as a person who had existed before he came to the Blaylock house.

Stephen Hunt came out of his towel and said, as if he had not even heard them:

"I'm hungry."

"So am I," she said. "You two hurry and change."

HUNT was still in his shower when Marsden, bathed and dressed, came out of the dressing room by the pool.

Allie, lying on the grass, held a long stick with which she was guiding Andrew's toy boat in circles on the water.

"Do you suppose the mail's come yet?" she asked.

Marsden looked at his watch. "Probably has; just come. It's always about this late on Saturday. I'll go down and get it."

"Oh, no; I can wait for Rawlins to bring it up. I'm hoping there's a letter from Jerome," she said wistfully. "If he would only write once a month anyway!"

"I'll go down to the gates right now," Marsden said. He hated to see her sad like this, wanting something she could not have.

"Rawlins will be here in a minute," she insisted as he started out. "Come back!"

But he paid no attention and went on.

As he rounded the corner of the house he discovered James Smith, up to his bad habits again, sitting in the middle of the driveway. And charging up the road was a long black roadster bearing down on the small creature.

"Get out of the road, Smith!" Marsden yelled, and ran for him.

Smith sat and stared at the onrushing automobile, calm in his imperial belief that nothing in the world dared harm him.

Marsden reached him just in time, caught him by the tail and jerked him clear as the car stopped in a spray of gravel. But not before a fender had grazed Marsden's shoulder and knocked him to the ground.

He stumbled to his feet and turned on the occupant of the car—a young man, a laughing dark young man with his hat on the back of his head and one lock of black hair hanging over his forehead.

"Awfully sorry!" he said, gaily sweeping off his hat. Marsden ignored this blithe apology.

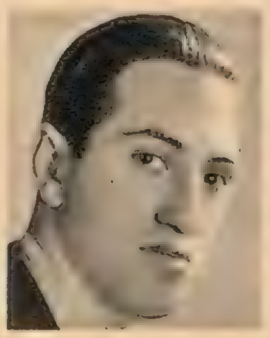
"Who are you?" he demanded. "How did you get through those gates?"

"When they opened I drove through; right slam-bang through—like that! It was easy!" He snapped his fingers.

"As for who I am—" He leaned over the door of the car. "To you, my fine unpleasant fellow, I am Andrew Lovelace the First."

Jerome Blaylock. What brings him here this time? Can it be love for his son Andrew? Has he made other plans for the baby? Some trying times are in store for Marsden and the Blaylock household. How they go about handling this delicate situation will be told in next week's installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—The subject of this week's early photo played the piano for Whiteman and created an irregular indigo composition. Born at Brooklyn, his alliterative name stands for symphonic jazz. Ira is his brother. Who is he?

2—What cartoonist originated When a Feller Needs a Friend?

3—Which town in Germany did Browning immortalize?

4—Who is the only Negro in Congress?

5—If Lily Pons weighs 105, what was the singing weight of Emmy Destinn?

6—Are Spanish bullfighters toreros or toreadors?

7—Photographs produced on silver plates were known as what?

8—Which relative of the chimpanzee is larger and fiercer?

9—What famous personages are classified as the Nine Worthies?

10—Who in the Bible was hanged on the gallows he had prepared for another?

11—A man who is decollated, loses what?

12—Who wrote Sentimental Tommy?

13—Does nota bene mean without money?

14—The home of which Confederate officer became the site of Arlington National Cemetery?

15—Who was Amen?

16—If there are two major leagues, how many minor baseball leagues are there in the United States?

17—What book, published in '96, sold eight million copies?

18—In London, a table napkin is called what?

19—Who was married to Pocahontas?

20—Which Australian-born pugilist was heavyweight, light-heavyweight, and middleweight champion simultaneously?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

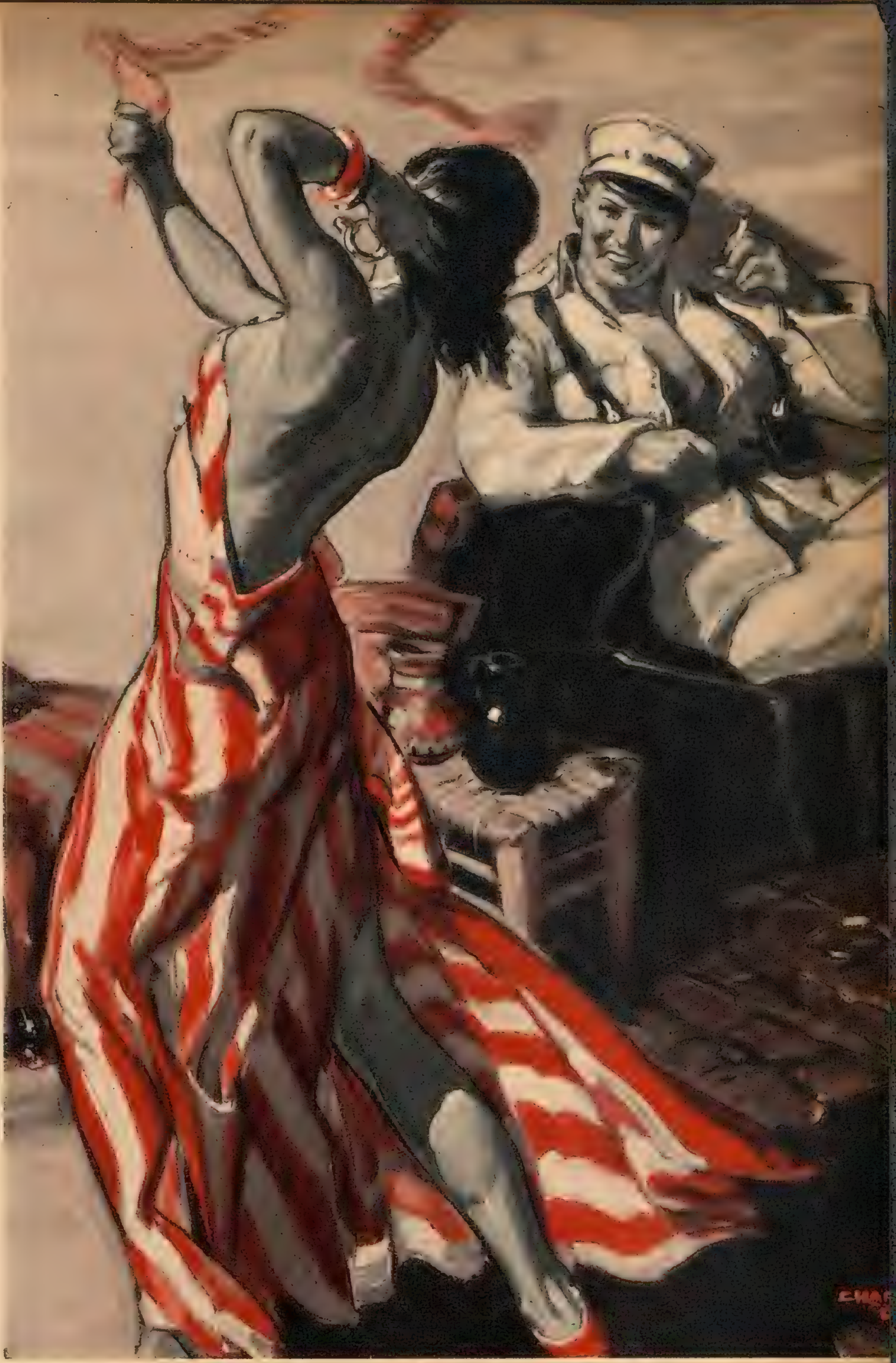
Massacre in Morocco!—
a soldier's thrilling story
sweeps to its mad finale

Marching DEAD MEN

By

TERRY BRENNAN
as told to
CAPT. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME
15 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



PART FIVE—CONCLUSION

She danced because she must, exulting in her own strength and beauty.

CAPTAIN FERNANDO pointed the blade at the fellow's throat, drew it down the front of his body with infinite care, so that one saw the clothes peel miraculously away from the sullen figure, baring the chest and exposing the thinnest line of crimson down the dirty torso. Neat, if a little painful.

More questions in that harsh clipped voice, a raising of the fellow's chin with the tip of the sword. Even then the only sign from him was a harsh breathing through the teeth, an instinctive animal shrinking from the glistening point.

It was still going on when I went off duty for a brief rest. When I returned to the scene after sleeping, they were using dragropes. The commander was stretched out on his blankets in sound sleep. He had given his orders before retiring. It seemed there were relays of torturers and baiters. But nothing happened.

We moved out at dawn and took the prisoner with us. He trotted ahead in the care of a couple of Moors, his neck noosed to the saddle of one of them. We rode for miles, searching, always searching. Apparently Captain Fernando intended to hang on to his prisoner until he did reveal the hide-out of the hostile force which was behind all this sniping.

The valley opened out to a wide plateau of arable land. In the distance was an Arab farmstead. We were riding toward it when the prisoner suddenly pitched forward, drawing the rope taut around his neck. But the Moor leaped from the saddle and swiftly pulled it loose again. The attempt at suicide had failed.

A pail of water was brought up and thrown over the prisoner. Rations were handed to him and a guard stood over him while he ate. He was not to die.

It was then that I noticed our commander's interest in the farmstead. What significance was there in the prisoner's attempt at self-strangulation just here? Fernando organized a search of the premises. The farmer was an aged Arab. There were three wives, a multitude of children, and perhaps a score of laborers. The women and girls followed us about, chattering, smiling, as we proceeded methodically from room to room. The captain had disappeared. Jenkins opined that he had a passion for females of school age. Maybe he was right. These smiling, gesticulating wenches were the very devil. But the more they clung, the more certain I became that they were uneasy; that this farmstead had something to hide.

Things warmed up when we entered a great rambling barn. The wenches redoubled their anxiety to please us. The barn was stacked with corn and roots, and the interior was somewhat dark after the glaring light outside. We stared at the produce until our eyes grew accustomed to the gloom.

Suddenly one of the women flung her arms about Jenks. He picked her up and threw her across the barn. I turned to Ahmad the Jackal and explained what we wanted done. He brought in a party of Moors.

They set to work on the neatly stacked produce. It was no light task, for the pile reached almost to the rafters. By this time the women were in a frenzy, all yapping at once, begging us not to destroy their means of livelihood. Their eyes betrayed terror.

" Now we know why that Spaniard tried to strangle himself! "

" Sure! " said Jenks. " He didn't want these folks to get the impression it was he who led us to this farm, huh? "

I nodded. At that moment the old farmer appeared in the doorway. When he saw what was happening he threw up his hands and swore before Allah that there was nothing in his barn to interest us. He was a peace-loving man who desired nothing better than the protection of the good Spanish soldiers.

Captain Fernando appeared. He nodded his head ever so slightly. The next moment the old man found himself tied to a post.

A pile of turnips and corn had been thrown aside, revealing neatly stacked rifles and cases of ammunition.

Somebody was doing a trifle of gunrunning around these parts. The place was a veritable arsenal. Here were Mausers, Springfields and Enfields, and the dismantled parts of French machine guns.

The women and girls had stopped screaming. They were crouched down by the wall, too scared now to move. They believed their hour had come.

Troopers brought up a wagon and the arms were loaded into it. The inhabitants were rounded up—a score of youths and men, fifteen women and children. Not one of them had a word to say. But when the old farmer was confronted with our prisoner he let out a roar, then cursed until foam speckled his gray beard. The prisoner merely stared sullenly at him, as if realizing that explanation would be useless.

The whole mob were turned into the barn and a strong guard was placed over them. Our commander felt that sooner or later, possibly during the night, a party would come along to draw stores. So he proposed to stay.

I GUESSED there was some scheme in his mind when he ordered one of the younger girls brought to him. I had not noticed her before, and I gazed now with interest. She was smiling. She was perfectly happy. One could imagine a girl walking up to a boy friend in the way she stepped up to the captain.

I glanced at Jenkins. His sly grin spoke volumes. This, then, was the little girl who had been responsible for the commander's absence. They certainly got along like a house on fire, those two.

She could not have been more than thirteen or fourteen, though in an Arab that is full maturity. However, she was no thoroughbred Arabian. She might have been from the Riff, or just a half-caste. But she was undeniably attractive.

The captain was conversing with her in her own patois. She was curled up at his feet, staring in fascination at the monocle—but obviously refusing to answer his questions. Presently she was seated in his lap. They chatted and laughed together in the most amicable fashion. Then the questioning would begin again. Captain Fernando was the soul of patience. But he did not appear to be making much headway.

At last he climbed to his feet and strode across the yard toward the farmhouse, the girl trotting at his heels. They did not emerge again until sunset, when Jenks and I were posting guards for the night. In a few concise sentences, our commander explained his plan of action. Not only had he obtained the information he wanted, but he had secured the girl for use as a decoy!

A bunch of Loyalists were expected about midnight. They would wait for a signal that all was clear, then march up and collect what they required from the arsenal. This time the signal would be given by Zarah—the little girl. As it was usually given by one of the women, they would be drawn into the trap without their suspicions being aroused.

All the inhabitants of the farmstead were stowed away under guard in the barn. The remainder of the squadron were posted in a wide circle around the farm buildings, each man lying concealed. The captain took up his own position in the farmhouse with Zarah.

It was a moonless night. There came a weird stillness about that shadowy cluster of buildings. I lay in a furrow some few yards from the cart track by which the visitors would approach.

SUDDENLY I sat up, peered through the gloom. Movement over there. Somebody was crawling on all fours across the cart track toward me. It proved to be Jenkins.

" Where in hell are you going? "

" Terry, if there's anything I hate, it's sitting around waiting for trouble. I'm fed to the back teeth—"

" What time is it? "

" Just after eleven."

We sat still, side by side, and thought. There didn't seem to be anything more to say. We were the only two English-speaking creatures in that mix-up. After he had returned to his post, there were moments when I felt I couldn't stand the strain much longer.

A distant sound, real or imagined, broke through my absorption. I rolled to my rifle. It was not imagination. My head was close to the ground. I could hear the muffled thud of many feet.

From where I lay, it seemed a march of the dead. It came on, that sinister column; it drew level with my eyes, stalked past, while I lay and peered at legs and feet. And some of them were women's.

I raised my head cautiously as they tailed by. There must have been fifty or more. They moved like automatons. Within six or seven hundred yards of the gate leading into the courtyard they halted.

I stared up at the shadowy farmhouse. Zarah appeared on the veranda, a slim white figure against the darkness of the house. She raised the flag, the flag of the Loyalists, blood-red with the hammer and sickle in the corner. She raised it, lowered it, raised it again, in a very definite sort of signal. Then she disappeared from the veranda.

Instantly the silence was broken. They thought there was no further need for caution. The whole party trooped into the courtyard, yelling greetings at the house, shouting for the farmer and his friends.

The door opened, revealing the towering figure of a man. A flash of light caught his monocle. There was a gun in his huge paw. A swift movement to his mouth, and a whistle rent the air.

The babble of the Loyalists was cut short. They saw a great circle of troops advancing upon them from all directions. Another blast of the whistle. We charged.

" We have been betrayed! " they shouted. " We have been betrayed! "

Yells of rage rose higher and higher. A woman's voice was screaming, " To arms! To arms! "

The Loyalists, rendered desperate, dashed this way and that. Only a few were armed, and these began firing blindly. Streams of bullets forced them back into a huddle that screeched with rage and pain. Hardly one of them escaped that shower of hot lead. They went down in heaps. It was murder en masse. Fire poured down from the balcony. A big man and a little girl were pot-shooting from up there and apparently were enjoying the bloody game. By dawn there was hardly a moan left in the whole pile-up.

And such a dawn! The farmyard had become an abattoir. Captain Fernando went around turning the bodies over with his foot. He discovered seven still alive and with only minor wounds. He had them dragged out, three women and four men, stood up against the barn wall, and riddled.

There they were, a mass of dead. Something had to be done about them. Fernando the Great had the prisoners turned out of the barn and lined up.

They came, the men sullenly, the women wailing, the children screaming at the spectacle of the farmyard. He told them they could either join his forces and live in peace under the new government, or follow the same route as the slaughtered Loyalists.

The old farmer told the captain where he could go. For that, he was immediately beheaded.

Then the other men walked over and offered their allegiance. Under eyes of an armed guard they buried the dead in long trenches. The entire contents of the farmhouse, outbuildings, and barns were stowed in carts for transportation to Arzila.

"By Allah! It is good to sit and watch these devils work," grinned Ahmad the Jackal.

He was seated by my side in the shade of the barn. The captain had disappeared again. So had Zarah. Jenkins was supervising the filling in of a trench.

"Zarah is beautiful, señor?" There was a crafty look in the eyes of Ahmad. "But there is one other, señor, who is even more beautiful."

"Indeed?" I said. "Where is she?"

"I bring."

He scampered off across the yard toward a group of women, and returned leading one of them by the hand. He presented her without a word. When I shook my head, his eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"But, señor! Is she not beautiful?"

She certainly was. Also she was as much amused by this pantomime as I. She had the face of a lovely bronze statue—all animal. She wore the clothes of the Atlas—voluminous gypsy skirts and, about her head, a bright yellow cloth. Decidedly interesting. Her name—so she said—was Fatima.

YOU like to see her—alone, señor? Then you see her very beautiful."

"I shouldn't wonder. What does she say about it?"

He stared in amazement. As if one ever stopped to consider what a woman would say or think! "By Allah! Would you ask the meat at your table if it were pleased, señor?"

"Ahmad the Jackal, you are the devil," I assured him.

He raised his black brows, shrugged his shoulders, pursed his thick lips. Fatima was still smiling.

"I am a poor soldier of Spain," I said; "a number on a muster roll."

Another shrug of Ahmad's shoulders, accompanied this time by a very miserable expression.

"I am bereft of speech, señor."

After that he subsided. *Inshallah!* He would rest until the lunatic señor gave orders. These white men from across the waters were all quite mad.

Somebody once said we are all faced by circumstances, not by moral precepts. The line came into my head during that hot afternoon. I bade Fatima be seated and plied her with questions about her home in the mountains. She talked freely enough. An ordinary story. She was one of fourteen children—too many mouths to feed in that poor mud village in the mountains, where I had seen just such homes. Like hundreds of her sisters from the Atlas, she had migrated in search of richer fields.

It pleased her mightily that I could talk of her home and her people away in the mountains. She had the greatest contempt for the Moorish Arabs; *her* folk were of sturdier stock.

LATER, when Captain Fernando had decided we should not start the trek for Arzila until the morrow's dawn, and we had settled down for the night, Fatima appeared again, still smiling. We found a corner of our own in that cluster of habitations. I imagine there was a lot of pairing off. It was always a relief to forget war and revolt and senseless bloodshed.

The bronze features softened surprisingly when she talked of the mountains; the black lustrous eyes came alive as they peered into mine. In the soft glow of that lamplit shack she became an entirely different creature. She had loosened her hair. It was luxuriant, like everything else about her, vital, black and glossy.

She smiled in a strange challenging sort of way, displaying teeth white and translucent as pearl, lips curled back like the petals of the hibiscus flower. She knew all the arts and wiles. She may have been forced into that way of life by economic conditions, but nature had seen to the supply of an adequate allurement.

Suddenly she jumped up, ran across the circle of light to a dusky corner. When she came into the light again she was like a statue in amber. She danced because she must, exulting in her own strength and beauty. To dance was to express her fiery needs. . . .

After a time, a shrill whistle smote our ears. I jerked to my feet with an oath. There could be only one meaning to that piercing blast: Captain Fernando was on the warpath. I picked up the woman's clothes and threw them toward her.

"Put them on! Quickly!"

As she was climbing into them the door burst open and Jenkins rushed in.

"Hey, Terry! Jump to it, for the love of Pete! There's another mob coming up the track!"

"Another? Who are they?"

"How in hell should I know! Bandits, thugs, or Loyalists—it's all the same to us, ain't it? Come on, buddy. Step on it."

We rushed out to our posts in the lightless courtyard. It must then have been around three o'clock. This mob, whoever they were, had sprung a surprise upon us. But the sentries had

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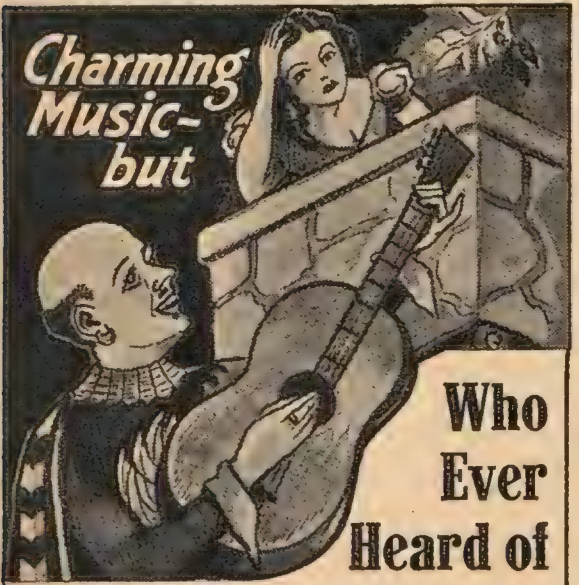

A Bald-Headed Romeo

Bald-Headed Romeos don't rate high with the ladies—more is the pity—So the moral could be—"Keep your hair, or don't try to be a Romeo".

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given the alarm and the captain had acted promptly. That blast of his whistle had warned the visiting party that all was far from well in this center of gunrunning activities.

They pulled up. There was a challenge. They replied with a flurry of shots. After which there could be no question as to the reason for their presence. Captain Fernando raced around, booting sleepy men into action.

In a few moments the battle was on. The mob had dropped into the furrows and were firing rapid volleys into us.

These were no Loyalists come to seek arms for the good of the cause. They were well armed bandits come to steal anything they could lay their claws upon. And they had settled down to fight. Fernando the Great, however, decided otherwise. Once let the devils settle in and we should waste precious hours and lose many men driving 'em out.

The whole squadron was turned out by this time. They moved automatically to the blasts of the whistle. Then the order was given to charge. We raced across the yard and into the fields, firing from snap. It was a crazy staggering charge over those furrows and ruts of the plowed fields, but a short one.

IN a few seconds we had engaged them, slashing, lunging, sticking, parrying—a perfectly putrid close-up with yelling men jabbing at each other in the darkness. I guess those bandits hadn't realized they were to face a full squadron of trained Moroccan cavalrymen. I don't know what they had anticipated. They certainly tried to stick it out, even when that they knew they were hopelessly outnumbered.

They had guts, those blighters who came out of the darkness to disturb our first promising night of pleasure and rest in weeks. But that didn't help them any. They faced a mob equally ferocious and of greater number.

In a few minutes we had them completely surrounded. Thereafter wholesale butchery, a fiendish slaughter, while the luckless devils called in vain to Allah for help.

We rounded up about seventy. A gory finale to a most promising night. I was by no means the only guy whose recreations had been rudely interrupted. . . . And when men vent their spleen with bayonets dipped in venom the resulting scene is not a nice one to describe. Such bloodthirsty savagery goes beyond the limits of description.

We rode away at dawn, with our women and wagons full of loot, leaving behind an empty farmstead—empty, that is, except for the mutilated dead lying about the fields, eloquent warning to other hostile forces who might pass this way in search of arms.

"Of all the crazy countries!" snorted Jenkins.

THE END

IF YOU WANT TO PLAY TENNIS RIGHT

A famous ex-champion tells you how to start

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN we grow up and find we can't wear Indian feathers any more, and shout, and run about playing Cops and Robbers, it is disappointing. I smile when I hear the question, "How old?" for I know that age cannot really be measured. I think that the play spirit of childhood is the same within me as it was when I used to be a circus tightrope walker on the top rail of our fence, or when I hunted for gnomes in the knots of the apple tree at the foot of our garden, or when tigers used to chase me over the rise on the hill right into sight of our house. The Emerald City of Oz could be found at any moment in our California garden, and mysterious messages came from the mushrooms and from the Mariposa lilies.

From a tree I would watch my father playing tennis on a near-by court. He and the people with whom he was playing seemed to be very serious, and the game would go on and on. *My* idea of fun, after the others had gone, was to see how high up in the air I could hit the ball, and then, dropping the racket, try to catch the ball when it came down. It usually hurt my fingers. Then some of the balls would fall into the hedge, and my cocker spaniel would make away with the rest, and tennis would be over for the day. It could not compete with all the other games that I knew.

I was about eleven years old then. I should have taken a dislike to tennis if my parents had forced me to take lessons or set aside time specially for practice. They had no idea that I would soon grow to love the game. I saw them playing in the garden. I learned how to count, and sometimes asked my father to play a set with me. But it was not until later that I became really interested.

We moved from the country to Berkeley, and here, while there were gardens, there were no fields where you could run, followed by your flock of gaily barking dogs. I missed the countryside and its space. No Indian feathers, no mad racing, no shouting, no hills to climb. I felt vaguely sorrowful that now I could no longer be a happy savage. Hereafter I could only walk about—never run. It did not occur to me to tell my parents how I felt. Children do not seem to know that it is possible to express feelings with words.

Then I found a tennis court near our house! I played tennis whenever I wasn't in school. When I was thirteen—that was during the last year of the war—I was at school in Vermont. Here I missed my tennis because the school courts were being rebuilt. Soon the snow came, and I had my first taste of winter sports.

In the spring we returned to Berkeley, and my parents gave me a membership in the Berkeley Tennis Club as a birthday present. My school day was over at one o'clock, and each afternoon I would play at the club, and on Saturdays and Sundays too. The older members were very kind about giving me games, and I had many matches with the junior boys. There were no girls my own age who played regularly.

Always I was playing against people more proficient than myself.

By

HELEN WILLS MOODY

My father would drop in in the late afternoon and give suggestions. Although not a good player himself, he knew what was necessary in a game. He explained about the strokes, standing position, possible angle of the balls, and so on. I believe he could teach any game if he studied its form and tactics.

From the time I was fourteen I played tennis regularly, and I entered my first tournament that year. Belonging to a club with a large membership means everything to some one who wants to learn tennis, because there are always people who want to play, and they offer a variety of games.

At the Berkeley Tennis Club, besides being able to find all kinds of practice, I saw outstanding players of the time in tournaments and in exhibition matches: Maurice McLoughlin, William Johnston, the Australian Davis Cup teams, William Tilden, and others.

At no time was I given formal lessons or told to practice. My father, being a doctor, was concerned because I might be playing too much, and made me promise to play only two sets in a day. So I promised, but often played more because I could not tear myself away from the court. But later on I found that two sets were enough, and that you played better the next day if you did not get too tired the day before.

It is difficult to answer the question: " At what age should a child begin to play tennis? " because the best age would vary, I should think, with the child. The best way would be to let a child watch older people playing tennis, and then, if he likes the idea, to let him try to play a bit, and hit balls up against a wall, in order to get the " feel " of the racket. Some people have interest in ball games born in them, and if they are given a ball and bat, they are fascinated by them. I can think of only a few good players whose games were " manufactured " because of their parents' ambition that they become " great " players. Practically all of the best players have become proficient because they adore the idea of ball and racket, and because they possess the spirit that delights in play.

This is something as old as the race of man. Explorers found savages in the New World playing games with a round black ball that *bounced.* It was made of a strange substance which we know now by the name of rubber. There were no rubber balls in Europe before explorers discovered the Western Hemisphere, in spite of the fact that ball games had been played from earliest times. The Egyptians were playing ball games 500 years before the Christian era, and the Greeks and Romans after them. There is, I have been told, a town by the name of Tennis on the Nile, but I doubt very much if the modern game of tennis owes anything to it! By the time of Henry II it was possible for some one to observe, " There are more tennis players in Paris than drunkards in England! "

WHILE most of us learned Chaucer's, " Whanne that April with his shoures sote "—do we all remember elsewhere in his writings, the line, " Canstow playen racket to and fro? " And Shakespeare mentions the game in his Henry V and other plays. The great sacrifice was given to tennis by Louis X of France, who died from a chill following a match—no doubt because he sat about in damp clothes instead of taking a shower immediately.

Actually, *lawn* tennis was not born officially until 1874, and it was then that it took its first step toward being the universally popular game that it is today. In my opinion it has not even approached the peak of popularity that it is destined to occupy.

When should a child begin tennis? Age, I have begun to suspect, can't be measured. At least, *I* feel about ten years old when I see Indian feathers, rolling hills, and a pack of happy dogs. And what is concentration? A most intangible thing. You may become impatient with some one who doesn't seem to have it, but how can it be encouraged? Also, there is a curious streak of obstinacy in us —both in grown-up children and in small children.

When I was small, if I thought some one wanted me to learn something, I was " against it." Now, learning to read, for example, is a necessity of which in time a sport may come; whereas tennis is a sport which should never be regarded as a necessity—at least in the learning. This is just where so much pleasure in sport lies—because it is not a necessity but fun.

Necessity may come, with care,
To be endowed with sportive air.
But sport itself, forever free,
Enjoys its freedom, through necessity.

If you see what I mean! This is why a child may be *forced* to learn to read but never to learn a game such as tennis.

If I had a child I hoped would learn to play tennis, I would arrange it so that he would *want* to. It would be his own idea to play, with his little friends, and to bat balls up against a wall so as to get the " feel " of the racket. Regular play four or five times a week is necessary, and against players better than the beginner. It is a waste of time to learn strokes incorrectly and *very* difficult to change them later. Advice from a good player is helpful, or lessons from a professional. Not all professionals are good teachers by any means. The best " pro " to choose is one who has a sound drive, and who has played in tournaments as an amateur.

I have sometimes helped friends with their games, and have found that it encourages them to have it pointed out that the strokes are fundamentally simple. The direct game, with forceful strokes and no fancy embellishments, is the one that brings the best results. For example, Don Budge uses simple clean-cut strokes which are executed with the minimum of effort, and which have at the same time rhythm and grace in movement. When you watch the top-ranking players, tennis looks easy. It is helpful if this idea can be implanted in the mind of the beginner, rather than that he should have to wait for years to discover it for himself.

I SAW a pieceworker in a factory, sewing. Her output was almost double that of the other women in her department. Why? Because she had discovered that only certain motions were necessary for her particular work, and she had reduced them to a minimum. She had a " swing " as she used her needle, and there was " style " in her stroke. She required a minimum of energy, therefore it was less tiring for her, and she could keep steadily at a certain pace all day long. The thought passed through my mind that if she had taken up tennis when younger she would have become an excellent player.

Whether it be work or play, there is an underlying principle that runs through all activity in which bodily motion plays a part, which is necessary for success. It is the ability of the person so engaged to eliminate waste motion and by this means to conserve energy. And to achieve the best results at the same time there must be grace and rhythm. A grown-up learning a game can understand this quite readily, but the ten-year-old must have it explained to him in simpler form.

I have spoken of " grown-up children " in sport, because it must be the play instinct of childhood carried over into adult life that makes grown-ups want to play games. We know some people who don't like sports at all. We feel sorry for them. Fortunately, I myself was able to exchange Indian feathers for tennis racket, and I am happy indeed that the game of tennis happened to present itself as it did at the time. I cannot measure the pleasure that tennis has brought me, nor can I imagine life without sport. To me it is a necessity, because it is, as I said in the little verse, " forever free "—free of the demands of everyday life.

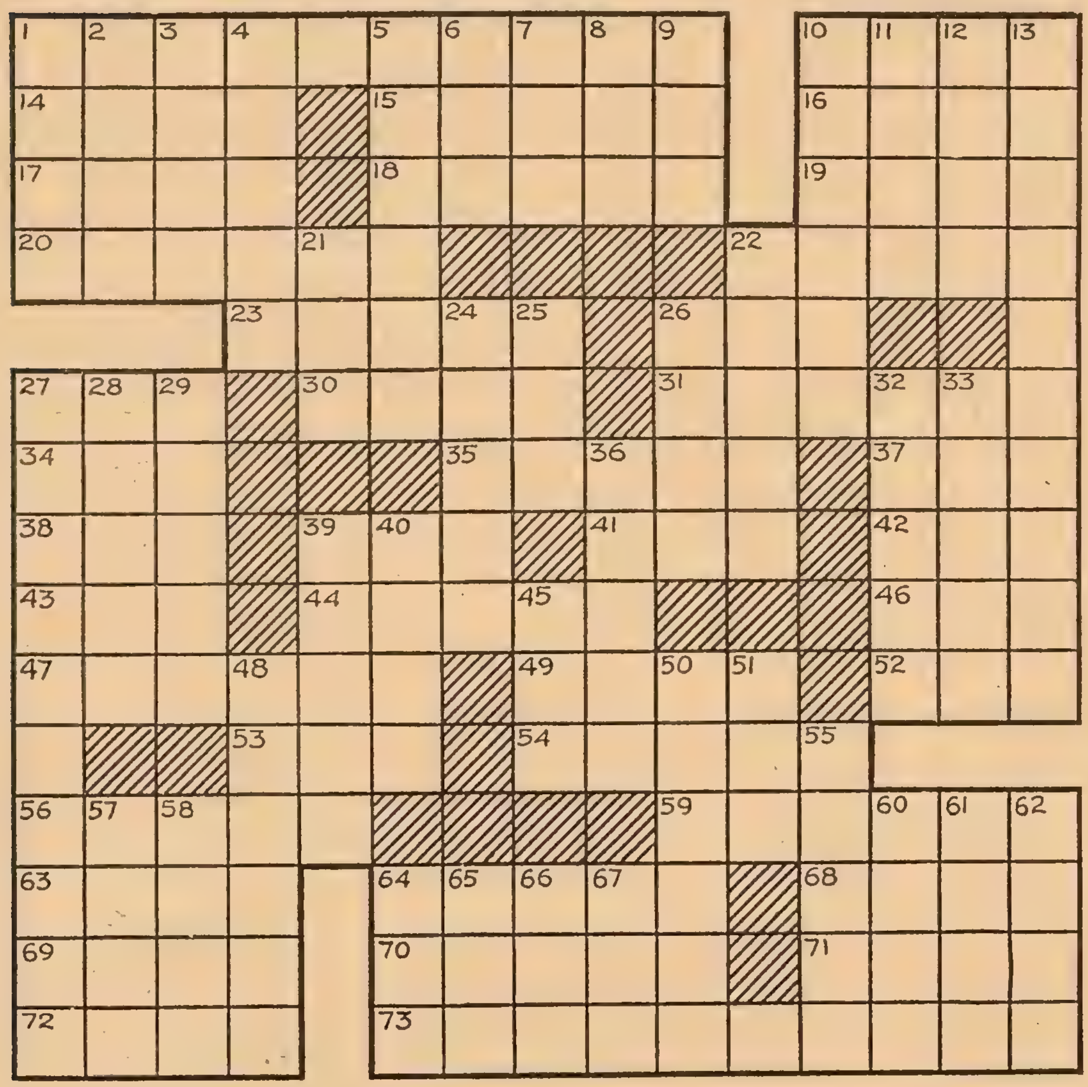
So, in answer to the question, " When should a child begin tennis? " I should reply, " At any age, from ten years on! " And then I should conclude with a bit of doggerel called Indian Feathers:

Sad indeed the grown-up child
Who has lost the spark of running wild.
Exchanged are games of youthful glee
For adult thoughts of misery.
Whate'er he think, where'er he be,
He's " grown up," it's plain to see.
For his beliefs I do not care,
Nor do I wish his views to share!

THE END

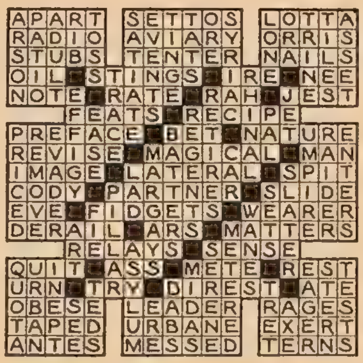
Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Dutch incinerator
10 Red looked up to by Hitler
14 Basso feminino
15 Duncan Squeeze
16 A shaky proposition that burns you up
17 How business is with the ivy growers
18 Eight dames in one can be a scream
19 Great lamb-chop center
20 Old-fashioned muscle man
22 What you can't see the woods for these days
23 They should make the best dentists if they come from jerktowns
26 Pantie worn on Old Baldy
27 Fount from whence the air waves gush (abbr.)
30 Bolshevictim
31 Frank and ——
34 How mosquitoes eat nudists
35 Party equipped with a Western necktie
37 What Caesar rolled at the Rubicon
38 Sturdy agreement
39 Society for the Prevention of Procrastination (abbr.)
41 It stands for the dumbest things (poss.)
42 There's been a lot of this about ado
43 This was O.K. for Euclid
44 He wrote poetry
46 Palace of King Leo
47 We all agree an extra $50 a week would come in this
49 A contracted stooge
52 A X-worder's worm
53 Hypochondriactive
54 The lies Antony told Cleopatra
56 It's been ribbed for years but suits a lot of people
59 His is the most unkind cut of all



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APART SETTOS LOTTA
RADIO AVIARY ORRIS
STUBS TENTER NAILS
OIL■STINGS■IRE■NEE
NOTE■RATE■RAH■JEST
   FEATS■RECIPE
PREFACE■BET■NATURE
REVISE■MAGICAL■MAN
IMAGE■LATERAL■SPIT
CODY■PARTNER■SLIDE
EVE■FIDGETS■WEARER
DERAIL■ARS■MATTERS
   RELAYS■SENSE
QUIT■ASS■METE■REST
URN■TRY■DIREST■ATE
OBESE LEADER RAGES
TAPED URBANE EXERT
ANTES MESSED TERNS
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Answer to last week's puzzle

63 Work that is work
64 Careful! It's a blind!
68 What the naughty kids called nurse
69 Canadian-American drink
70 "Some more" with a Southern accent
71 After this came a sharp drop, then the crash
72 Movable bed slats
73 These are not to be sniffed at around Chicago

VERTICAL

1 The densest part of Massachusetts
2 She sounds like a fella
3 Where & what young Englishmen are always going & doing
4 What we'd call a storm trooper in this country
5 These are going out of style in Europe
6 Song of the lark
7 Nonunion worker, associated with the underworld
8 What Scotchmen get out of old purses
9 What trains did before the crash
10 Speak a bad word for
11 Awoo-woo
12 What an earthquake leaves behind
13 They're terribly sensitive yet keep getting into the headlines
21 Playboy cereal—it drives 'em wild!
22 Pappies
24 A letter from Greece
25 No Parking Room Left Inside (abbr.)
26 This goes after Mae in the movies
27 Hash come to a head (plural)
28 Makes a lot of dough and puts it in a hot spot
29 This is popular in Sweden
32 To swivel hip the collector
33 The ins and outs of Dobbin
36 She male
39 What's beneath the hard-headed business man's hat?
40 That unloved doctor
45 What MacTavishes like on their beans (sing.)
48 Little French girls
50 You'll have to draw the color line to get this
51 This makes things particularly classy
55 Popular West Indies Cruz
57 The bane of the worker's existence
58 Four black eyes
60 What young salmon hope to bring themselves up to
61 Member of your idyll classes
62 Knock knocks you still hear
64 Save Shane's Sanity! (abbr.)
65 The most important thing on a congressman's mind
66 I love Latin
67 Just when you're down and out, he'll open up and give you a pain

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

HELP WANTED

MAKE THIS SHAVE TEST

Shaver...if you want to be helped to a better shave...just realize this all-important point: every man's skin (yours too!) tends to be either *oily* or *dry*. Mennen is the *one* manufacturer who has done something about it...by making *two* types of shaving cream: one to *remove* excess oil from the beard and skin, and the other to *conserve* oil. If your skin is *oily*, you need Mennen Lather Shave to wilt your oily whiskers and to flush out oil-clogged pores. But if your skin is *dry*, then you need Mennen Brushless; it not only wilts your whiskers but also relieves the tightness, rawness and discomfort which go with dry skin; and it's a cream, not a grease.

You owe it to yourself to find out which Mennen Cream fits *your* face. Send 10c for the Mennen Skin Tester Kit, containing liberal demonstration sizes of 5 Mennen Products—including both Lather Shave and Brushless (as well as Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men). Address Dept. L4-10 The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

for OILY SKIN
for DRY SKIN
MENNEN LATHER SHAVE
MENNEN Brushless SHAVE

DISCRETION

By ELMER

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

HER first day in Washington, D. C., looking for a job, pretty Sally Phimister runs into an attractive ex-aviator, " Duke " Williams, and a political lobbying crowd. Headed by Milton Soden, a powerful wire-puller in the capital, they are working to force a bill through Congress which will compensate Avis Charlton with $50,000 for the death of her husband during an uprising in Olorosa, a stormy Caribbean republic.

Though Sally has a beau in Washington, a young newspaperman named Phil Strang, she gets a sudden crush on Duke who, in turn, is madly in love with the beautiful widow, Avis. Like Sally, the fascinating ex-aviator needs a job. Without one he cannot marry his adored lady.

For its effect on sympathetic congressmen and for relief to her strained nerves, Mrs. Charlton seeks New Capri, Florida, while her bill is in debate. Quite out of the air, Milt Soden asks Duke Williams if he wouldn't like to act as his secret agent in a gunrunning project, with headquarters at New Capri. He offers Duke a thousand a month, which is accepted. Through their efforts a fresh revolution is to be fomented in Olorosa.

Sally, by her persistence, obtains the position as secretary to Duke, and goes with him to New Capri, against Phil Strang's wishes. Phil even proposes marriage to keep her in Washington. But the girl is determined to earn her own living and become a " person " in her own right.

When Duke and Sally arrive in New Capri, Avis meets their plane. The sight of the apparently happy pair together rouses her strongest jealousy, and she tells Duke that she withdraws in Sally's favor and wishes him all happiness. This leaves him in despair. But he won't yield to Avis's demand to send the girl back home.

Duke invites Sally to dinner at Mora's. They encounter Avis. " There's a friend of ours," he says to his companion. " We ought to speak to her."

PART FIVE—DINNER FOR THREE

AVIS smiled up at Sally and Williams, the perfection of cordiality; introduced them to her companions; accepted their excuses for refusing another drink. " Some evening soon," she said, " I want you two to come to dinner."

They said they would be delighted, but Williams was suspicious of the way she had said " you two." A man distracted Sally; he bent over Avis.

" You see I'm taking your advice," he whispered.

Her eyes were blank.

" Surely no apologies are needed, Duke. Any man might be proud to be seen with a girl like that." . . . So he hadn't persuaded her yet.

They got away from Mora's at last; got into a taxi.

" Goodness! " said Sally. " I must have met fifty people! I'll never remember all their names. And I don't know how many drinks we had—"

She felt like a child on her first trip to the circus. More than one woman, regarding her excited happiness, thought that she looked like a bride, and drew inferences

Adventure in 1937! — A novel of

Be Damned DAVIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRYSON

from the fact that she wasn't. But Sally didn't realize that, dining with Duke at a little table on the screened veranda, with darkness and the garden just beyond, and the fronds of palms shutting off the stars. Afterward, in rocking chairs on the terrace, his cigar glowed beside her cigarette as they listened to the rustle of palms, the slow swishing beat of the gentle surf.

" Now I know," she sighed, " what people mean by the romance of the tropics. It's all true, isn't it? "

He grinned.

She pointed to the eastern sky, paling with the foreglow of moonrise. " All this needed to make it perfect was the moon."

He choked down an acrid chuckle. To him, moonrise at this hour was only a reminder that in the third week from now the nights would be right for gunrunning—and he ought to see Ramon Vicente tonight, begin to get his organization together. . . .

DOWN the terrace came half a dozen people, pausing by their chairs.

" We're going to the Club Valencia. How about coming along? "

Sally sat up with unconcealed eagerness, and he was ashamed of himself for having to disappoint her on her first evening. But—

" Can't do it," he said. " I've got some business to attend to downtown. It's different, you know, when you work here."

" Perhaps Miss Phimister will come along anyway? " somebody suggested.

" No, thanks," she said loyally. " If Duke can't go, I won't either."

Their air of faintly congratulatory amusement told her they thought that if this wasn't a honeymoon, it would be soon. . . .

" If you've got business downtown, Duke, I'd better be going," she said presently.

" I'll drop you at your apartment. No reason why you should walk."

He dismissed the taxi at her door, waited in the shadowed entry till he saw that her key worked.

" I wish you could come up," she said candidly. " But if you've got things to do— Duke, I talked like a fool back there on the terrace, didn't I? About the romance of the tropics."

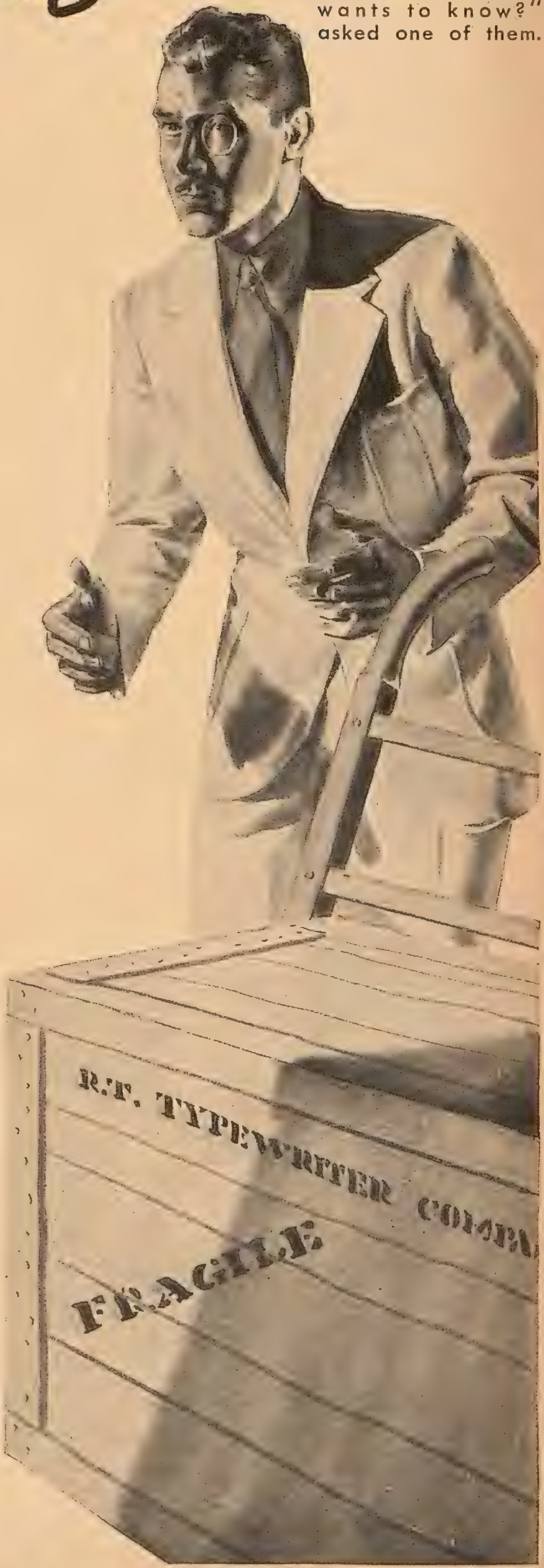
" Not at all, Sally. Everything you said was true—for you."

" Because I'm young," she said drearily, " with no responsibilities and not much sense. Just a nice girl—unfinished—"

There was only one thing that any man with the barest trace of tact could have done in that situation. He took her in his arms.

" My dear," he assured her gravely, " you're a very lovely—woman."

He kissed her—not too warmly, he hoped; but there



"What are you fellows doing here?" Duke demanded. "Who wants to know?" asked one of them.

daring men and lovely women

was no use perfunctorily kissing a woman whom you were going to kiss at all. And the sudden fervor of her response might be mere gratitude and reassurance. All the same, he knew as he walked away that he would have stayed—except for Avis. Damn this climate—but that wasn't fair to Sally; she could attract a man in any climate. I must be careful, he reminded himself, for her sake and for my own. . . . But Avis wouldn't want a man who had to be careful. . . .

. . . . .

In an unpainted room of a side-street café lit with oil lamps, half a dozen Latin youths were playing cards as Duke Williams walked in.

"Ramon inside?" he asked, nodding toward the inner door. One or two of them had risen to stop him—even since repeal, Ramon Vicente didn't let everybody walk in on him; but they were halted by a gesture from somebody who knew Williams. He went on in, shutting the door behind him. Ramon, brown and grizzled, got up eagerly to shake hands.

"Hello, Mr. Williams! I heard you was back. Have a bottle of Havana beer. That's about the only good thing that comes out of Cuba."

"Can't do it, Ramon; I want to talk business with you—very private business. Some place where nobody at all can overhear us."

"Outdoors is the place for that," said Ramon, rising.

They zigzagged down the shaded back street, came out into open ground, fenced and sidewalked, planted with ordered ranks of palms: a real-estate development that had never developed, with benches at the curb for the convenience of pedestrians who, as it happened, had never passed that way.

"Now!" said Ramon. "If anybody comes along, we see him. And what is this so private business?"

Williams talked, Ramon offering no comment but an occasional chuckle. And when he had finished—

"So that's what this trading company is for!" said Ramon. "Even with a lower overhead, you don't get no trade out of this town that can beat cheap freight rates from New York. In the old days, yes—when the railroad was running, when you could load your freight cars on to ferries and dump them off in Havana or Olorosa City. But now, with more cargo space than cargoes—" His white teeth gleamed bright in his brown face. "I thought you was taking some New York money for a ride. But this makes sense."

"It makes sense," Williams said grimly, "if you and I get away with it. You've got the fastest boat in town; we'll need you to take over an organizer of the rising. And then the guns—we'll need more boats for that."

"Three or four more," Ramon agreed. "Rifles you don't need; those fellows over there got rifles. But ammunition, plenty of it, and machine guns, and dynamite—especially dynamite."

"Why dynamite? We aren't going to blow anything up in the capital."

"No, but in the small towns you got to blow up the police stations. Even if the police have joined you, you got to blow up their stations so that people know it's a revolution. I know them fellows, I tell you," said Ramon, in candid appraisal of his fellow countrymen.

"ALL right; I'll pass that word on to the man in New York. But I'll have to get your advice on the men to pick out here to help you run the stuff over. You and I'd better talk to them together."

"And be damn careful who we talk to," Ramon added. "Any one of them fellows could sell us out, and Gutierrez makes a standing offer of twenty thousand dollars to anybody who tips off a revolutionary plot. . . . Still, I think I know two-three men, four maybe— Now, how do we get hold of the stuff? Hijack the trucks as they come across the Keys?"

"That won't do. Too much traffic in the daytime; no plausible reason for sending trucks out at night—and besides," said Williams, "you and I don't know just when they'll want this stuff taken over. But we've got to be ready to move fast when they do. The stuff must be here, ready—and that means a burglary of the warehouse. I've got a downtown warehouse; but I also leased, this afternoon, the old Valdez cigar factory. It's beyond the town, on the yacht channel—just the place we need. Get the night watchman drunk, or pick one of your own mob as watchman if you'd rather—"

"We'll figure that out," said Ramon. "Yes, I think that would work. And it covers you; nobody can blame you if you have a burglary."

"No," said Williams dryly. "I'm all clear. . . . I'm ashamed of that."

"Why should you be ashamed?" asked Ramon practically. "To get the stuff here is your business; to get it away is my business; and we both get paid for it. . . . How much do I get paid? I forgot to ask you that."

He hadn't forgotten, of course; he was only waiting to do some bargaining—but he got the promise of the price he asked, almost without argument. Let those fellows in New York pay through the nose, thought Williams; they get the profit, if there is one, and Ramon takes the risk. . . . But a phrase of Ramon's kept ringing in his ears—"your business; we both get paid for it." . . . Not precisely the business for a colonel's son, a general's grandson. . . . We'll just see, thought Duke Williams grimly, if the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation can't be made to show an honest profit besides.

NOT long afterward the Tropic Breezes Trading Corporation was doing business; a tramp steamer was already in port, loading a mixed cargo for Cuba, Olorosa, the Windward Islands; the downtown warehouse was full of goods, and the next time the fleet of trucks came down from Miami it would leave its cargo at the old cigar factory outside the town. Duke was always busy, always preoccupied. Sometimes he took Sally to a hasty lunch at a downtown restaurant, but she never saw him of evenings any more. At first that had hurt her a little; but she realized now that he was thinking of nothing but his business.

Sometimes, instead of going to Mora's after five, she went for a swim. She discovered a pool, with springboards, in a park near her apartment. One evening she got there just in time to see a slim brown woman do a perfect swan dive from the highest springboard, and was amazed, when the diver emerged from the water, to recognize Avis Charlton, whom she hadn't seen since the day she arrived.

"Beautiful dive!" Sally told her. "My teacher used to say that the trick was always to keep your body under control, even when you're falling. I never could do it; but you—"

Avis smiled; it was flattering to be complimented on your diving by somebody ten years younger, even if it was somebody you ought to hate. . . . Yet, she reminded herself, that wasn't Sally's fault. . . .

"You haven't been sick, have you, Mrs. Charlton?" Sally was going on. "I never see you at Mora's any more."

"I seldom go there—or anywhere else." To her surprise, Avis found herself sitting down beside Sally at the edge of the pool. "How's your business going?"

"Fast and hard," Sally sighed. "But I suppose Duke's told you—"

"Duke? I never see him. . . . Why should I?"

"Well, you knew him in Washington, and— I never see him after office hours," said Sally, "but I supposed somebody did."

There's no guile in this girl, Avis realized. . . . But if he isn't seeing her, when I told him he must—why isn't he? Is he afraid? . . .

"Not I," she said. "I see very few people. . . . I can't afford to," she found herself confessing, "when I'm professionally engaged in being a brave little woman."

Sally nodded understandingly.

They talked a little longer, and then swam; and then—again, to her own amazement—Avis found herself asking Sally to dinner.

They smoked on her balcony after dinner, and Sally told her all about the exciting life she was living in New Capri, without Duke. Avis knew candor when she saw it; but what counted had never been so much what Sally felt as what Duke might feel.

"I must go," Sally sighed at last. "I've been dancing till two or three every morning; and even in this climate, where you don't need much sleep, that's not so good when you have to be at the desk at nine."

"Do you have to stay out till two or three whenever you go?"

"Well, the crowd generally does. And if you want to go home some man has to take you. And if he kisses you good night, he usually keeps on; and if you stop him, it only convinces him that you're — preempted. And since I'm not—exactly—" she found herself qualifying.

"Exactly?" Avis felt as if the girl had thrust a knife into her. "I should think that's a thing one would want to be quite exact about."

"I do; that's the trouble," said Sally frankly. "There's a boy in Washington; but—I'm not sure he's the sort of man I want to marry."

"But one doesn't marry a sort of man," said Avis, with amusement that cloaked unspeakable relief. "He may be a sort of man to other people, but to his wife he's a unique individual. Don't confuse the two."

Avis had told her that she must come to dinner again soon, and bring Duke with her. Sally gave him the invitation the next morning, and had no idea how it upset him.

Avis— Well, he had to keep away from her just now, for her sake as well as his own. And now this invitation—

He left the office presently, and went straight out to her apartment. But she had gone to the beach—the hotel beach, the maid told him. Ten minutes later he appeared in bathing trunks on the little private beach where a dozen people lazed in the shade of a clump of palms. There she was, lying a little way from the others—the two strips of blue-green silk iridescent against her brown skin, her white hair bright in the sun. He came up to her, dropped down beside her. She sat up, her eyes opening—

TAKEN off guard, Avis's first glance showed a pure incredulous delight that brought him reassurance beyond words. Then—

"You?" she said severely. "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I live at the hotel; why shouldn't I lie on the hotel beach occasionally? . . . But what was the idea of asking me and Sally to dinner? You don't still think—"

"Why have you been keeping away from her, Duke? Are you afraid you might find you liked her better, after all?"

"I've been keeping away from her because I'm busy. And from you," he added, "for the same reason. I've got to make this business go before I've any right to talk to you. I know you think that's crazy—"

"You don't know much about me, my dear." She shook off that mood, came back to the casual. "So this dinner invitation," she said—"I like Sally immensely, and I thought if I asked you both together—"

Poor me . . . at 8 . . .

Waked up feeling so sickish and headachy, I thought I'd never get dressed for my big date at lunch. But mother brought me Sal Hepatica . . . two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water and . . .

Happy me . . . at 1 . . .

My head clear, my pep back, I must have looked good to Jim. For it was over the lunch table that he asked me the question I'd been longing to hear. Mother's right—it pays to take the laxative that counteracts acidity, too.

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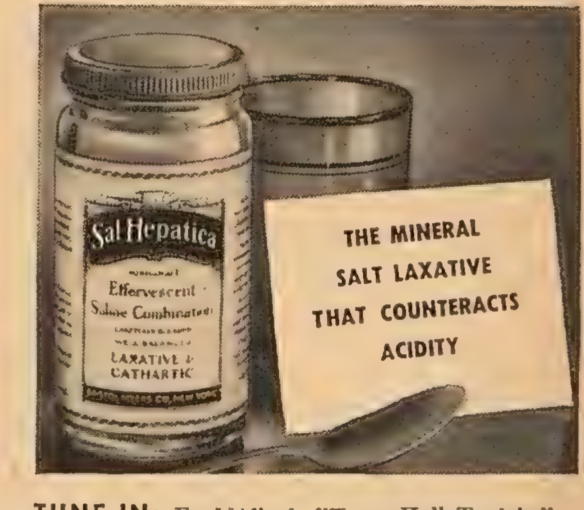

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“Why not ask me to dinner alone?”

“I don't dare.” For an instant their eyes met— And this is all, he thought in amazement. All settled—like that. “I'm still Jack Charlton's widow,” she reminded him. “Gertrude writes me that the Senate committee may report the bill favorably—and when she and so many other people have stood by me so long, I can't do anything that—that might deprive them of their triumph. . . . Do you understand that, Duke? It's their triumph, not mine; I don't care a damn about it any more. But when they helped me—”

“Of course. You couldn't do anything else.” Suddenly he grinned at her. “Avis, you're a sportsman, and a darling, and— If we weren't in a crowd, you'd be very thoroughly kissed. Absurd, that I've never kissed you!”

“Oh, darling . . . we'll have to wait. It won't be long.”

“And in the meantime—” he began.

She stood up.

“In the meantime—come to dinner with Sally as soon as you can. I suppose we—we'll be safe enough, with her as chaperon.”

. . . . .

The White House correspondent of the New York Record walked into the back room where the chief of the Washington bureau sat reading copy.

“The President's taking his annual fishing trip early,” he announced. “It looks as if next week would be fairly quiet, so he's ordered a couple of destroyers to meet his yacht at Miami, and he's going down day after tomorrow. And I'm damned if I like to go that far away from home when my wife's due to have her first baby any time now.”

“Who else could go, Parker? Everybody's busy—except Strang, who's laid up with the grippe. He staggered down here this morning to report for work, looking so rotten that I sent him home to go to bed.”

“Send him to Miami. That climate will cure his grippe.”

“Maybe. But Strang's new here, and that's an important assignment.”

IMPORTANT? Nothing to do but lie on the beach, and in the evening pass along the news that's been radioed from the yacht to the President's secretary in Miami—about whether he caught a sailfish or an amber jack, and suchlike weighty matters. It's an important assignment, sure—if the President falls overboard and gets eaten by a shark. But suppose he does, we still have to get the story by radio from the yacht. Strang can do a job like this as well as I can; and when my wife—”

“All right,” the chief assented. “I'll send Strang instead, if he's well enough to get aboard the train. He might be, with two days' rest.”

He was; but Phil would have got aboard that train anyway, even if he had had to be carried on a stretcher. Miami—only a hundred miles from New Capri! A man working in Miami ought to manage that somehow. . . .

Almost every evening, now, Sally swam with Avis at the pool, and often dined with her afterward. It's probably good for me, she reflected sagely; it keeps me from drinking too much at Mora's, and dancing too late at the Valencia. But it was good for Avis too. Sally knew now why she went to Mora's seldom, to the Valencia never; and she had been lonesome. To a girl who at first sight of Avis Charlton had felt that she would do anything on earth for her, it was a dazzling compliment that she could do a good deal for her by simply giving her company.

A FEW days later Sally and Duke went to dine with Avis.

“This is a celebration,” their hostess announced. “Gertrude just wired me that the Senate committee has reported my bill favorably.”

“Then it won't be long before it passes,” Sally concluded.

“Well—Gertrude thinks the Senate will pass it, but I'm not so sure. However,” said Avis, “we'll have a drink or two to celebrate.”

They had three or four before they sat down to a dinner Avis had cooked herself—about the best dinner Sally had ever tasted. Afterward they smoked on the balcony in the dusk—the moon rose very late now—listening to the rustle of palms, the swishing beat of low surf; looking out at strange constellations blazing bright in a sky darker in color, softer in texture than the night skies of the North.

“The first night I was here,” Sally recalled, “I talked about the romance of the tropics; and Duke laughed at me. But I stick to my story—it is romantic!” Even if the right man wasn't here—whoever he might be.

“It probably all depends on the way you feel,” Avis commented. “Perhaps Duke is something of a cynic.”

There was a teasing inflection in her voice—intimate, almost caressing. Why, good heavens! thought Sally suddenly. Those two—

Sally suddenly realized that she was a third person—in the way.

“I'd better go,” she said. “I've been losing sleep lately.” She felt, rather than saw, their eyes meeting. Then Duke rose too.

“I'll walk home with you,” he said, “and turn in early myself. The trucks are coming down from Miami tomorrow, with a lot of stuff to be put away in the old cigar factory.”

For a moment Sally wondered if she had let her imagination run away with her. . . . But of course—till that bill passed Congress, the widow had to be the widow; and even if she weren't going to be a widow much longer, she deserved that money after all this waiting. They had to be careful. . . . Walking home with Duke, she almost laughed at the contrast with the last time he had taken her home; she wondered if he thought he was expected to kiss her good night again—and if the other woman hadn't been Avis, she would have found out in pure mischief. But as it was, she turned away from him at her door with a lightly affectionate wave of her hand.

Sally turned on the light, found a letter under the door—a letter addressed in Phil's hand—but with a Miami postmark:

Dear Sally—

A dozen of us Washington correspondents are sitting around here while the President fishes. And to help us pass the time, the New Capri administration is bringing us all down by the morning plane day after tomorrow to look over your town—

She was trembling uncontrollably. Thirty-six hours more, and she'd find out whether Phil was anything but a sort of man.

: : : : .

One by one the trucks rolled up in the hot afternoon sun to the open door of the old Valdez cigar factory on the shore; their crews unloaded them carefully, for some of the boxes bore ostentatious red labels—EXPLOSIVES. Duke Williams, superintending the job, felt a good deal of relief as the last one was emptied, its load stowed away. This much of the job was done; now to keep the stuff safe a few days, then trust to Ramon—

Two men had got off the last truck; were lounging in the shadow of the wall. Latins certainly; Oloroseños probably—but their clothes were smart (in the Times Square style), their faces sullen, eyes malignant.

"WHAT are you fellows doing here?" Duke demanded.

"Who wants to know?" asked one of them, his muscles suddenly tense.

"All right, Steve," said the other pacifically. "The guy with the glass eye that Ramon told us about. . . . We're watchmen," he explained. "Ramon Vicente hired us in Miami. Said it would be O. K. with you."

"O. K.," Williams agreed. But when he had checked the shipment he went downtown to the side-street café that was Ramon's headquarters.

"Listen, Ramon. What the hell's the idea of bringing a couple of Miami gunmen into this?"

"They're all right, them fellows—Olorosa boys that used to be in the rum racket down here. They went to New York afterwards; and now they're on the lam. I see them in Miami and think maybe we could use them. All that stuff we got, we need somebody that will really watch it, won't let anybody snoop around. Also," Ramon added, "we might run into a police patrol across the water when we land the stuff. It won't hurt to have a couple guys that are quick on the trigger."

"But if they're on the lam from New York, we can't afford—"

"Where does everybody go that gets run out of New York in the winter? To Miami," said Ramon; "and they don't often bother them there. If they leave 'em alone in Miami, do they chase them down to New Capri? Hell! These New York detectives never heard of New Capri. . . . So now we're all ready to

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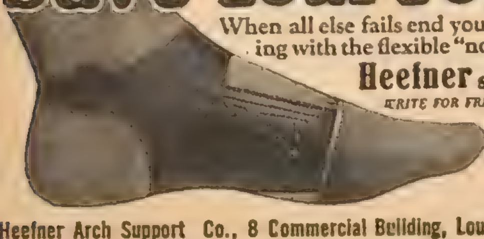

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go," Ramon concluded, "when they give us the flash. First comes a man who gets this organized on the other side—am I right? And I take him over. Don't know who he is, do you?"

Williams shook his head.

"We can't use names in our code. But some day somebody calls me up and tells me he's an old friend who brings me greetings from the boys who used to play pinochle with me. Since I never played pinochle in my life—" Ramon nodded. "And a day or two after he goes over," Williams added, "the stuff goes over. Evidently it doesn't take long to organize a rebellion against Gutierrez."

Ramon spat scornfully.

"All they need is some fellow to wave his hand and yell, 'Come on, boys!' But after they come on, then they will need all that stuff we got in the warehouse."

"Yes. . . . But I still wish," Williams persisted, "that you'd send those two back to Miami. Get a couple of local men as watchmen—God knows some of them are hard enough. But these fellows give the place a look—"

"What do we care how we look? All we want is to be sure nobody gets in there. You're new to this racket, Mr. Williams. When you been at it as long as I have, you'll know there's times when you gotta be tough."

"Tough?" Williams laughed irritably. "I was in the army air service for years. You don't think that's a girls' finishing school, do you?"

"The army, that's different. When you wear a uniform, you got a license to shoot whoever wears some other kind of uniform. But when you got no license to shoot anybody, and still might have to shoot somebody, then you need fellows like them two."

He's right, Williams realized. You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs—but I hope Ramon's gunmen don't do the breaking. They might leave shells around.

THE incoming plane wasn't in sight yet; but Sally, on her way to meet it, found herself breaking into a run. She had asked Duke for the day off to spend with some friends in the party of Washington correspondents that was coming down from Miami. But it was a busy morning, and the most he would concede was that she might go down and meet the plane, and tell her friends she would join them at lunch. She supposed he might have let her off for the day, if she had told him she wanted to meet a special man; but she had learned not to jump at emotional conclusions now; she was afraid that when she saw Phil she might discover that he wasn't a special man. . . .

Or he might discover that she was no longer a special woman.

Yet here she was running, in the hot sun, to meet him. She slowed down, let the brisk west wind cool her, came to the landing stage and found it packed; officials of the administration, leading citizens of the town, had all come down to welcome the correspondents who might (if they had nothing more urgent to do this evening) tell the world about the charm of New Capri and the achievements of its administrator. She fidgeted, waiting in a crowd too close-packed for her to walk off her nervousness. People were saying that the plane must have been delayed—and when it finally did appear, banking, gliding down toward the water, she almost screamed in an irrational fear that it would crash on landing.

But it came down perfectly and skimmed to the float; one by one, passengers emerged from the hole in the roof. . . . Phil, at last—looking so queer in white flannels. All her memories of him were set in Brushburg or Washington; he wasn't part of the Florida scene. His gaunt face smiled uncertainly; he still looked a little unfinished to a girl who was used to Duke Williams. . . . And what on earth does that matter? she wondered. I'm unfinished myself. . . . At the top of the steps he caught her hands, his eyes questioning her: Are you still the same? Are we still the same?

"My dear!" she said, glowing. "You did get here after all. I never dared to really hope— Look, Phil. In a minute they'll be hustling you off to see the sights—"

HE laughed. "I didn't come down to see the sights; I came to see you."

"And I've got to go right back to work!" His consternation was reassuring. "But only till lunchtime, darling," she added hastily. "So you might as well see the sights. They're going to pile you all into cars and drive you around town; and then there's lunch at the hotel, and people will make speeches at you till it's time to take the plane back to Miami. So the question is, do we lunch with the crowd at the hotel and listen to the speeches—or just have sandwiches and beer at my apartment?"

He laughed. "You know the answer to that one, don't you? What's your address?"

She was afraid she wasn't worth much in the office the rest of the morning, glancing at her wrist watch every two minutes; more nervous, even, than she had been before the plane came in. For he hadn't said anything. She had called him darling before all the crowd—gone out on a limb; and she was proud of it. He was a special man, and she didn't care who knew how she felt. But he— He had looked what he hadn't said; but still—

At last she was free—hurrying home, with a stop at the grocery; hastily setting her table, freshening herself—and just in time. He was on the stairs. He was at the door.

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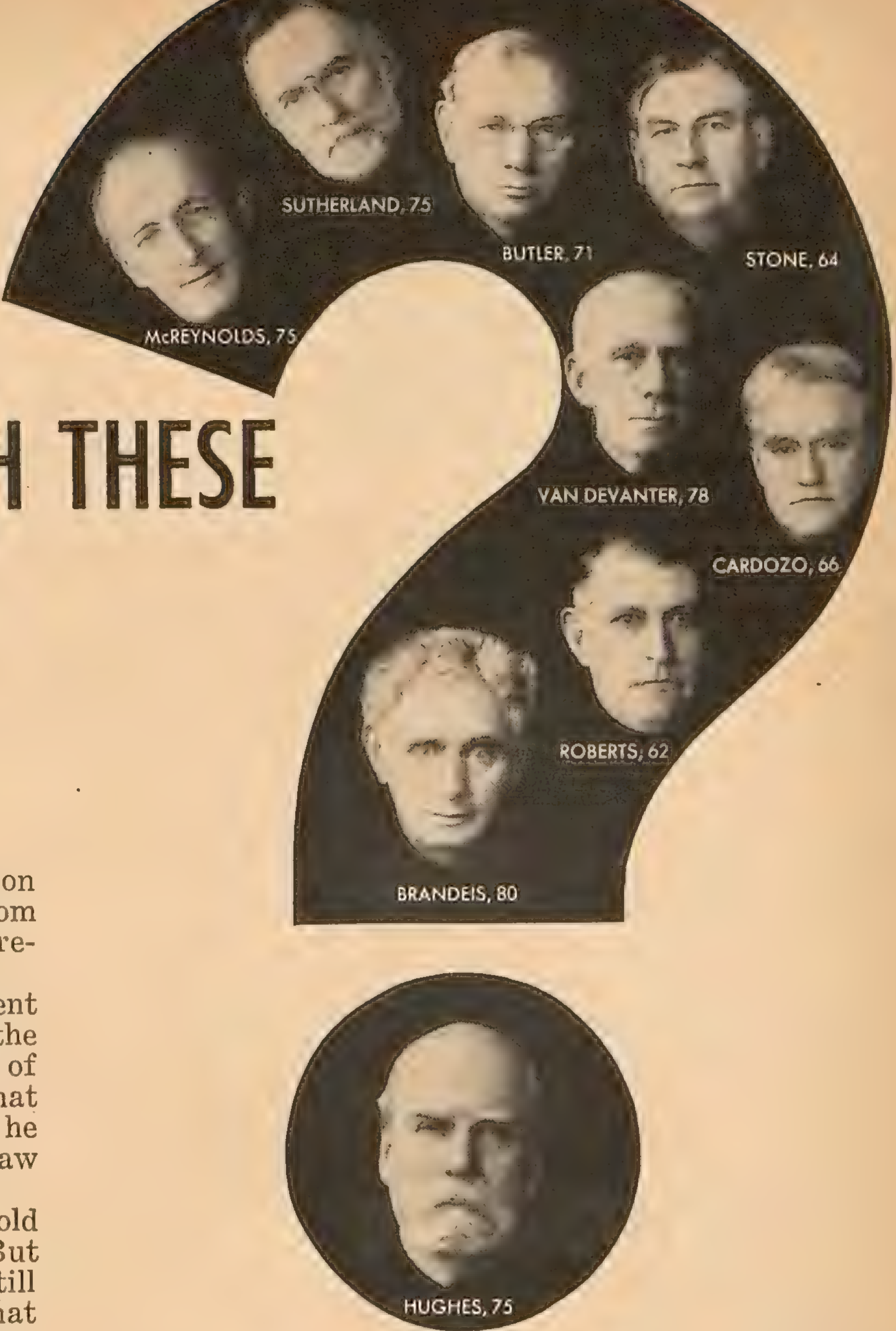

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE NINE OLD MEN?

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THE first time I saw Louis Brandeis, he was sitting on the side of an unmade bed in a Harvard Club bedroom —his hair even more than usually tousled from recent sleep—expounding law.

That was long before he donned what an irreverent generation of Washington newsmen sometimes call the "black nightshirt" of a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. But the law he was elucidating that early morning in the long ago was the same law which he is still elucidating and construing and creating—the law which protects the little fellow from the big.

At that first meeting, Mr. Brandeis was about as old as President Roosevelt is now. Today, he is eighty. But he has changed little. He has the same eyes. They still look right through you into the future. The eyes that have changed are those through which the world sees him.

Louis Dembitz Brandeis is, as all the world knows, a Jew. But that fact, which has so frequently in history been the reason for the persecution of brilliant men, contributed little to that religion of hatred espoused by so many good men and true during the present Supreme Court Justice's career as a practicing attorney.

The Kentucky Brandeises were a wealthy, aristocratic Jewish family, allied by marriage to the wealthy, aristocratic, Christian and Massachusetts Taussigs. At Harvard and in his first years of Boston practice, the young Kentuckian was the welcome companion of the Wendells and Winslows and the Lowells and Lawrences, whose word is social and business law on both banks of the Charles.

All went swimmingly until he decided to devote each year a portion of his time and strength to a program of public service. The outcry which then went up against this "turncoat," this "renegade," was the biggest noise in those parts since the good citizens of Lexington and Concord fired the shot heard round the world.

Thereafter, the Wendells and the Winslows, the Lowells and the Lawrences—and the Cabots and Storrows as well —when they saw Brandeis coming, passed by on the other side. Said the son of one of them to me the other day:

"Father and Mr. Brandeis were once great friends. They used to spend their evenings and take long walks together. Then, suddenly, they didn't."

When, therefore, in 1916, President Woodrow Wilson sent his name to the Senate as a nominee for the Supreme Court, Louis Brandeis was—in financial, political, and legal circles--the most hated and most feared man in the

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Old?

Chief Justice John Marshall, who gave us much of our law, was eighty when he quit. Chief Justice Roger B. Taney was eighty-seven. In our own time, Oliver Wendell Holmes was ninety; Louis Dembitz Brandeis is eighty.

And yet—

Seventy is a reasonable age for a man to quit in any business. Marshall, Taney, Holmes, Brandeis are exceptional human beings. "Those not so fortunate," as the President well says, "are often unable to perceive their own infirmities."

Moreover—

The average quitting age of the ten Chief Justices who have preceded Mr. Hughes has been sixty-eight and a fraction years.

However—

Conditions governing longevity have changed since John Jay resigned at fifty and John Rutledge was rejected at fifty-six. Men live longer, function longer.

Yes; there is much to be said on both sides of this highly controversial question—and much has been said.

One wit dubbed the proposed new judges "wet nurses"; another, "Boy Scouts." More solemn critics quoted Washington against the plan, Lincoln for it. Some went back to Bryce; others to Solomon.

But beneath all this wit and eloquence there lies a basic fact: With the Supreme Court as it is now constituted, the New Deal is stalled. The present Court, passing on important New Deal measures, has invalidated nine out of eleven.

Without taking sides on the principles involved, it is quite possible to agree with President Roosevelt that the issue presented by this situation is transcended in importance only by war.

Who, then, are these nine old men who have either "saved the nation" or "stood in the path of progress"?

And—assuming for the sake of argument that the President will have his way—who will the new men be?

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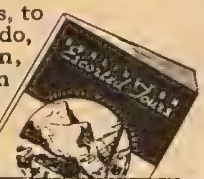

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United States. Every living ex-president of the American Bar Association—including Joseph H. Choate, Elihu Root, and William Howard Taft—signed a memorial to President Wilson stating that he was "not a fit person" to sit on the Supreme Court bench. President Lowell of Harvard University led in the fight against the man whose career was to reflect everlasting credit on the Harvard Law School. Finally, however, President Wilson cracked the administration whip—and the Supreme Court got one of its greatest jurists.

It may safely be assumed, I think, that it is not to get rid of Louis Dembitz Brandeis or to nullify his influence that Franklin Roosevelt has proposed the enlargement of the Supreme Court. The same assumption may be made in the cases of Justices Stone and Cardozo, who, except in the rarest instances, vote with Justice Brandeis on every question which comes before them involving individual freedom and human rights. They are quite different personalities, however.

Harlan Stone—or Slug Stone, as he was called at Amherst because of his huge frame and football prowess—was a college mate of Calvin Coolidge. Leaving college, he became the law partner of J. P. Morgan's son-in-law, the attorney for various Morgan enterprises, the neighbor in Englewood, New Jersey, of Morgan partners Morrow and Lamont, and for several years he was dean of Columbia Law School.

Then, in 1924, his old Amherst sidekick, Calvin Coolidge, drafted him for Attorney General of the United States. A year later, the President very properly upped him to his present position as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

While in the cabinet, his closest friend was Herbert Hoover. Not much promise of a forthright career as an independent, some say radical, jurist? Indeed there wasn't. And during the new Justice's first months on the bench, he continued to think as he had been thinking, and to favor the causes of those who thought likewise.

BUT Slug Stone had not been without liberalizing influences. And he had, and has, an open mind. The militant liberalism of Holmes and Brandeis could not fail to affect him. Exercised every day before his eyes and ears, and illuminated by two of the most brilliant intellects of his time, it made a new kind of man of Harlan Stone.

Stone has no flaming passion, such as Brandeis has, for the little man. He cares no more for him than he does for the big man. But his open-minded reasoning on current problems has convinced him that if the system under which we live is to survive, the big fellow must share his riches and his pleasures and his opportunities with the little fellow. And he, for one, is willing so to construe the law as to see that he does it. Some day he will make a grand Chief Justice.

In 1932, when Oliver Wendell Holmes, aged ninety, could no longer be persuaded to carry his share of the Supreme Court burden—in his last year he wrote twenty-two opinions—President Hoover turned to his friend Stone for advice.

He had been urged by men of all parties to appoint Benjamin Cardozo, then Chief Judge of the New York State Court of Appeals, but he was reluctant because two New Yorkers, Hughes and Stone, were already sitting on the bench. Stone promptly offered to resign.

That offer may be taken as a measure of the regard in which lawyers generally hold the newest and the most erudite of Supreme Court justices.

Like Brandeis, Cardozo is a Jew and a flaming liberal, learned in both economics and the law. Like Brandeis, he rises before six and works prodigiously all day. Like Brandeis, when he sees his duty to his fellow man, he does it with the precision of steel.

UNLIKE Brandeis, however, Cardozo is not a leader in battle. He is shy, remote, with a gentleness which is fascinating and, somehow, unworldly. He might be a poet. He is often taken for a priest. He is a bachelor. The literary grace of his decisions is noteworthy; Cardozo is the stylist of the Court.

Anyhow, in him, reactionary Washington swallowed, inadvertently and irrevocably, its third and perhaps its bitterest pill. Brandeis and Stone have each voted seven times pro the New Deal and four times con. Cardozo's score to date is eight to three.

Less definitely and outspokenly liberal but frequently voting with the liberal judges is the tribunal's distinguished Chief Justice.

Mr. Hughes is seventy-five. But no one would ever know it. In fact, spectators have been known to place a bet as to which was the younger man, sixty-two-year-old Roberts or seventy-five-year-old Hughes.

For almost fifty years—as gas and insurance investigator, as Governor of New York, as Associate Supreme Court Justice, as candidate for the Presidency, as Secretary of State, as Chief Justice—Mr. Hughes has lived his life in public view. As Associate Justice, he was usually on the side of constructive humanitarianism. As Chief Justice, he has swung to the left more often than to the right, except—alas for him!—on some so-called New Deal measures.

It is a mistake to interpret the judiciary crisis as a fight between the President and the Chief Justice. There is every reason to believe that President Roosevelt's attitude toward Chief Justice Hughes is not inimical, and that he will urge him to remain in his high post.

As an administrator of the highest court, he has been a great success. He will, in my judgment, remain to steer it out of the slough of political controversy and back on to the high ground of dignity and usefulness.

Of a different, but no less interesting, type is Owen J. Roberts, the Supreme Court's bouncing baby Justice, who, like Cardozo, is a Hoover appointee. But if Mr. Hoover napped a bit in choosing Cardozo as a conservative, he was undoubtedly wide awake when he picked Pennsylvania's greatest corporation lawyer.

Tall, handsome, square-jawed, pipe-smoking, friendly, energetic Owen J. Roberts was no more a liberal in 1930 than Herbert Hoover was in 1928, or than Al Smith is in 1937. But this obvious fact did not prevent the Senate liberals from taking him to their collective and progressive bosoms—all of which only goes to prove that, of all the naïve people in the world, reformers are the naïvest.

He is a good man, Roberts—even if you don't agree with his AAA opinion. His breeziness has blown a lot of cobwebs off the Supreme Court calendar. Whenever he can steal away to his Delaware hideaway, "Bryncoed," he wears a khaki shirt, knickers, wool stockings, and a disreputable straw hat. He is the only Supreme Court Justice, so far as I know, who likes movies and goes regularly.

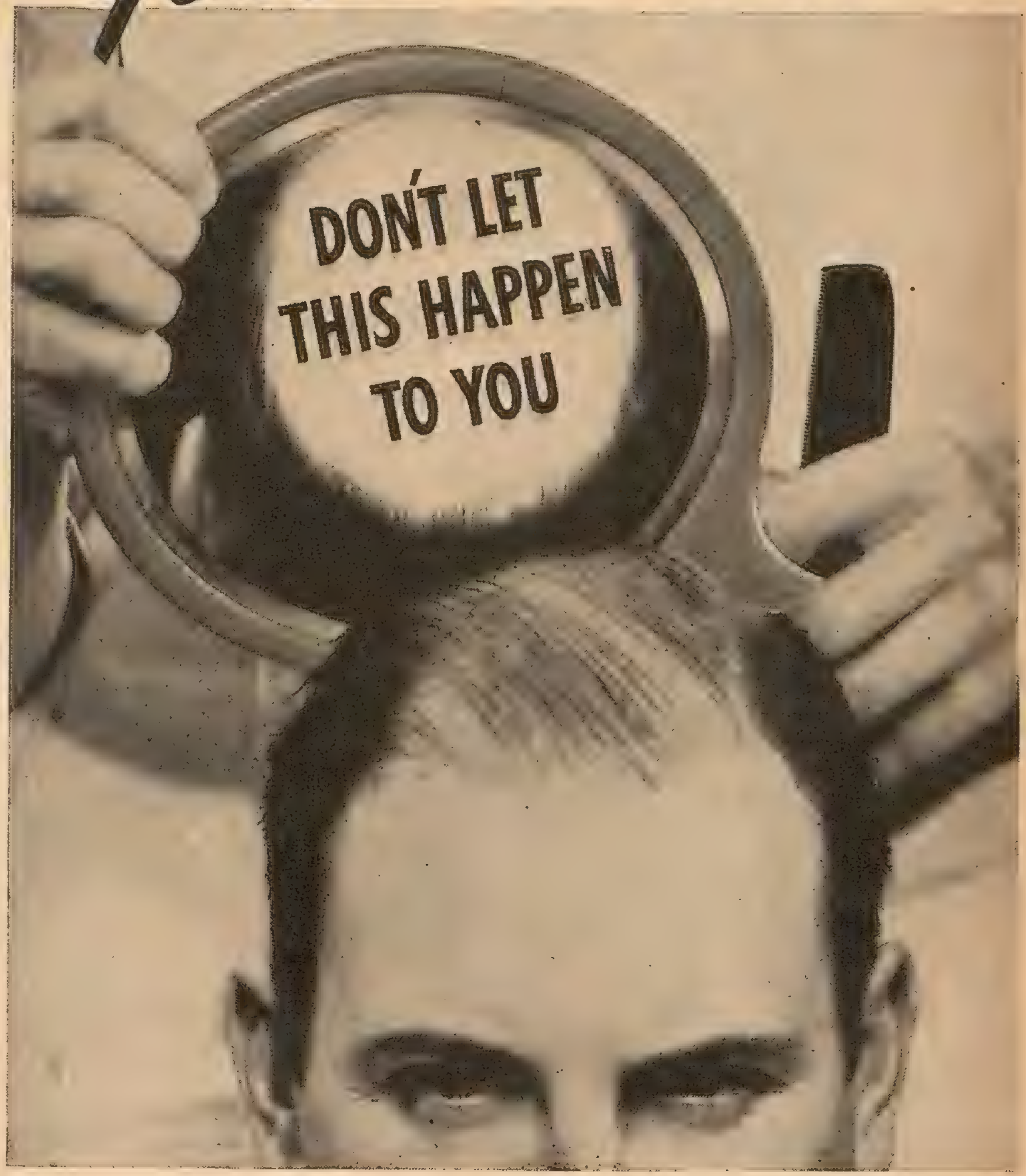
As a conservative minority member of a revised Supreme Court, or as a right-wing liberal majority member, he has great possibilities of public service. For my part, I think he will take advantage of them.

Of the four irreconcilable Justices, only one is likely to resist for long the temptation to withdraw from what will have proved, if the President goes through with his plan, a losing fight. That one is seventy-one-year-old Pierce Butler, the only Catholic on the Supreme Court roster. Appointed by Harding in 1922, he went straight to the bench from his corporation practice in St. Paul; and in the succeeding fifteen years he has seldom failed to cast his vote on the non-liberal side. His record on the New Deal measures is one vote "for" and ten "against."

Nevertheless, it is conceded that he has the best brain of the four irreconcilables, and with his excellent health and his sturdy Irish courage he is the bulwark of the conservative faith.

Justice Butler is very wealthy, the only millionaire of the lot. But in Washington he lives quietly in a plainly furnished old-fashioned house. He has a large and admiring family, to which he is devoted—especially to an invalid daughter.

You can't help liking a man like that, although it must be admitted that, in public, Justice Butler doesn't do much to encourage you. He glooms down from that bench. His treatment of attorneys appearing before it is no gentler than his treatment of witnesses back in the pioneer empire-building days in St. Paul. His manner toward his colleagues is scarcely more ingratiating. He makes little effort to hide his resentment against Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo, or his, to him, righteous anger when they succeed in winning over Hughes and



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Roberts. He joined with Justices McReynolds and Van Devanter in protesting the appointment of Cardozo.

In his youth, up Minnesota way, he attained considerable fame as a wrestler. Still muscular and thick-shouldered, he could take on all eight of his colleagues and emerge victorious on every issue. Moreover, in the battle of brains he doesn't come off so badly. Jim Hill didn't hire dumbells to represent his railroads.

Of the three remaining Justices, Van Devanter, who is seventy-eight, and Sutherland, who is seventy-five, are sick men. Both have had long and useful careers on the Supreme Court bench. Van Devanter, appointed by Taft twenty-seven years ago, is an authority on precedents. Sutherland came to the Court as a lame-duck Senator, who had impressed Warren Gamaliel Harding with his command of the English language. He has used that gift industriously as the writer, until very recently, of most of the Court's ultraconservative opinions. Both were Republican politicians of the McKinley period, and have practiced on the bench what they preached on the stump. Their score on the New Deal is similar to Butler's: one pro, ten con.

STILL mentally alert, both men have failed rapidly during the last few years. It is an open secret in Washington that if their votes had not been essential to the maintenance of a conservative majority against Rooseveltian measures, they would long since have doffed their robes. If it is no longer possible to maintain that majority, it is believed that they will welcome an opportunity to retire.

James Clark McReynolds is like Butler in his attitude toward his progressive colleagues, only more so. For years he did not speak to Brandeis. He read a newspaper on the bench while Cardozo was being sworn in. He is the Court's most picturesque and most irate figure.

Mr. McReynolds, as you may or may not have guessed, is a bachelor. In the old Wilsonian days there were stories of his awkward kindnesses, of his paradoxical devotion to Oliver Wendell Holmes, of his incipient love affairs and other pleasant human reactions. I like to think that this was the real McReynolds. But today he is a lonely, embittered old man, who is said to talk longingly of retirement.

At the answers to Mr. Collins's question concerning "the new men," and to other questions raised in this article, Liberty will guess in an early issue.

But from his standpoint he will not have fought in vain. For he will take with him one record of which he will never cease to be proud: he was the only player on the Supreme Court nine whose score against the New Dealers was eleven hits in eleven times at bat.

So much for the nine old men. Now, who will the new men be?

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A Chorine Saves a King

—and a boy an Elephant . . . Two Rescues, Two Pictures Bring New, Engaging Personalities to the American Screen

by BEVERLY HILLS

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4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Fernand Gravet, Joan Blondell, Edward Everett Horton, Mary Nash, Alan Mowbray, Jane Wyman, Luis Alberni, Torben Meyer, Lionel Pape, Leonard Mudie, Adrian Rosley. Story by Norman Krasna and Groucho Marx. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 95 minutes.

ASIDE from being a comedy of gaiety and verve, this romance of a deposed king and a commoner introduces a personality new to American pictures. This Fernand Gravet, a French Belgian of twenty-nine, who learned his English at St. Paul's in England and his camera tricks in Continental movies, will go far in our films—or we miss our guess.

There is not much story to The King and the Chorus Girl. The worried Count Humbert enlists the aid of an American chorus girl in the front line at the Folies-Bergère. The count wants to salvage his young ex-king, who is dividing his time between brandy, champagne, and sodden sleep. How the chorine snaps the alcoholic monarch out of himself is the yarn.

All of which sounds pretty slender, but, due to the charm of Gravet's performance and the effective aid of Joan Blondell, the picture maintains a nice balance of sophistication, humor, and smartness. Our congratulations to Director Mervyn Le Roy for the lightness and shrewdness of his handling.

In spite of all Hays bans, Gravet's deposed monarch bears, at times anyway, an astonishing resemblance to a gentleman who recently gave up all for love of a lady. We particularly recommend a shot of the pre-aroused Albert VII asleep in a stage box with his eyes open, a trick he learned to allay the boredom of military reviews.

While the comedy is all Gravet, we approve of Miss Blondell, never better, and of Edward Everett Horton as the harassed count in the entourage of the throneless king. And, believe it or not, Groucho Marx, of the gags and painted mustache, is co-author of the story.

Fernand Gravet and Joan Blondell in The King and the Chorus Girl.

VITAL STATISTICS: Idea for this came to humorous Groucho (Julius) Marx and humorless Norman (Prodigy) Krasna while lunching at Hollywood's Brown Derby, discussing story ideas. While their coffee cooled they got hot, sketched out a skeleton plot. At another meal they were joined by Mervyn Le Roy, who liked the idea, put out option money. A few meals later Krasna-Marx had a complete script, and, while still bubbling over with gags and story situations, drew $50,000 from Le Roy for it—a very fancy price—Le Roy deciding to use it for his first independent production for Warners. Incidentally, Le Roy had no intention of paralleling the Windsor-Simpson thing, for all this took place a year before that unhappy event. . . . After finishing A. Adverse, Le Roy rushed to Europe to vacation and possibly pick up a jobless king to play the lead; found Fernand Gravet instead. Gravet, who had had ten other Hollywood offers but had turned 'em down, took a shine to Le Roy, agreed to trek to the film capital on promises that (a) Gravet would work immediately on landing and not wait around weeks and weeks like so many of his fellow Continentals; (b) Gravet would return to Europe immediately on finishing to recover his soul; (c) Gravet would not be put into competition with American actors as an American character; and (d) that Gravet would get $35,000 for his efforts. All promises were kept. Gravet went to work a week after arriving. To this day Gravet is full of praises for American efficiency. . . . Gravet is really Fernand Mertens Graavey. Name changed to Gravet to avoid Gravy. Was born on Christmas Day, 1908, in Brussels, Belgium; educated in England, on land and sea. Parents were actors. Paw Gravet played with Doris Keane in Romance; young Gravet (Grah-vay) debutted with Mme. Soria in Paris in same. Has done two conscripted army years; afterward married gilt-haired Parisian Renourdt, who has plenty of this world's goods, including her own Paris theater. They were costarred for three years; Gravet screen-debutted in Berlin; has been in about thirty pictures. Trills a neat baritone; has chameleon brown eyes; is 5 feet 11; that grin is not phony; has coal-black hair; is an expert sword slinger; rides no less well than a Centaur; designs and makes historical military gadgets. Has about 20,000 tiny tin soldiers of all European nations; entertains you by reproducing any battle from Crécy to Waterloo. Supposed to resemble the Duke of Windsor, blushes at comparison. . . . Part author Krasna once an office boy on the old New York World. Despite a thin reedy voice, is considered the best salesman in Hollywood, being unquestionably its best storyteller. Sold the plot of Fury for $10,000 without a line on paper or an ending. Is now producing at M-G-M, Hollywood's youngest. . . . Mervyn Le Roy looks twenty-five, is thirty-seven. . . . Edward Everett Horton keeps adding wing after wing to his San Fernando place. In time the place will fly. . . . Joan Blondell owes this fat part to honeymoon luck, marriage doing wonders for people, she adds. Says next time she honeymoons it'll be in a fish bowl, which would insure absolute privacy compared to the Powells' love trip to New York. Says her biggest unhappiness now comes when she and Dick are addressed as the William Powells. So excited was Joan to get to studio one morning, she ran into a flivver parked outside her driveway. Left note to owner to send her the bill—she was in a hurry. Returning home that night, she found out it was her own car she'd run into.

★ ★ ★ ½ ELEPHANT BOY

THE PLAYERS: Sabu, W. E. Holloway, Walter Hudd, Allan Jeayes, Bruce Gordon, D. J. Williams, Hyde White. Screen play by John Collier, Marcia de Silva, and Akos Tolnay from Rudyard Kipling's story, Toomai of the Elephants. Directed by Robert Flaherty. Produced by London Films-United Artists. Running time, 91 minutes.

THE filming of Rudyard Kipling's story of a little boy, last in a long line of mahouts, and the elephant that had belonged to his great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his father, has freshness and an arresting beauty of telling. Which, of course, is not surprising. For it was made by Robert Flaherty, master in picturing the simplicities of aboriginal life. Witness his study of elemental igloo night life, Nanook of the North, and his panorama of pagan love on a Pacific coral atoll, Moana of the South Seas.

With the help of the Maharajah of Mysore, Flaherty went into the jungles of Mysore to make this Kipling tale. When his elephant seems condemned to death for trampling a brutal driver, Toomai runs away into the jungle with his beloved Iravatha. They come upon a tremendous herd of wild elephants, and Toomai wins fame for himself and a pardon for his Iravatha in helping an expedition capture the pachyderms.

Flaherty has a real discovery in thirteen-year-old Sabu, who plays Toomai. The boy—Hindu, dark, graceful, wearing little more than a turban and a smile—has an arresting and unspoiled charm, a personality that should not be pushed aside after this one film.

Sabu still is in London and will do something else for the screen. His elephant is now in the Regent's Park, London, menagerie.

We recommend this saga of the Indian jungles. It has a singular appeal for all ages.

VITAL STATISTICS: Toomai, the elephant boy, is an Indian boy named Sabu, whose father had been one of the maharajah's mahouts, and had been killed by an elephant. Like this story, Sabu was an elephant boy, a Mohammedan, living with his brother in the elephant stables in utter poverty when Director Flaherty discovered him. Utterly unspoiled, Sabu received an infinitesimal sum for his work, but was incredibly happy. A dash smart-alecky, he is handsome, perfectly mannered, has a perfect body, talks English, is but slightly educated. Will be taken care of for life; possibly will be starred soon in technicolor; will surely receive an Oxfordian education when the time comes, unless Hollywood demands he be educated there. . . . Flaherty shot 200,000 feet of Sabu, elephants, and jungle, then had to lay off for four months during the monsoon season, in which rain falls eleven inches in four hours, the electrical display is like Saturday night at Luna, but the drainage, for all its simplicity, is better than Lower California—where it never rains, just pours. . . . The Maharajah of Mysore, where this was filmed, has his own band, a necklace of twenty-eight diamonds the size of turkey eggs; takes practically two men to wear it. He is well educated, religious, a widower. Took first trip out of India after Flaherty gave him sales talk on Western culture; took thirty retainers with him to London. Had his first plane ride there; visited first studio. While Bell took water to India for purity, Maharajah took barrels of Ganges water to London for same reason. . . . Largest herd of wild elephants ever seen in the jungles of Mysore was beat up for this. Eleven hundred junglemen beaters formed a semicircle seven and a half miles in circumference until driving crew of 36 mahouts and their elephants, together with 200 additional beaters, 10 forest officials, 5 range officers, and 40 guards, drove the herd into an enclosure—all in seven days' beating. Stockade required service of 200 men, 60 bullock carts day and night for fifteen days, 10,000 pieces of timber and 9 tons of rope to bind together—such spectacles not being witnessed hitherto by viceroys of India on official visits to maharajahs and Hollywood. . . . Some of the jungle shooting was done in heat of 130°. . . . Indian food being very muttonish, monotonous, vegetableless, Flaherties lived on tomato juice and peanut butter—American canned brand. . . . All wild elephants released after picture was made and will not attend preview or head for Hollywood.

★ ★ ½ YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Ford, John Mills, Anna Lee, Grace Bradley, Frank Cellier, Peter Croft, Arthur Chesney, Lawrence Anderson, Frederick Leister, Leo von Pokorney, Athol Fleming. Screen play by Lesser Samuels and Ralph Bettinson. Scenario by Austin Melford and Bryan Wallace. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by Gaumont-British. Running time, 73 minutes.

RAOUL WALSH, the maker of that sez-you classic What Price Glory, made this in England along the same general pattern. Jimmy Dean is a hard-boiled young racketeer who, in order to escape the New York police, steals the passport of a murdered man. Once in England, he finds that he must live up to his new character, that of a Canadian enlisting in His Majesty's service. So Jimmy becomes at once a private and a suitor for the hand of the sergeant major's pretty daughter. The stern army training makes a new man of the lad, and when a British legation in China is attacked by river pirates the ex-gangster has his chance to prove himself.

Director Walsh gives spirit and ruggedness to what would otherwise be a parade of gold braid and patriotism.

Wallace Ford does very well in his Edmund Lowe role. While you are watching this film, keep an eye on Grace Bradley as a tough little café singer.

VITAL STATISTICS: Last time Wallace Ford was in England he was seven, called Sammy Jones, and a member of Dr. Barnado's famous orphanage. Shipped to Canada with 299 other orphans, Wallace spent his early years on Canadian farms, running away seventeen times from various adoptees, till the eighteenth took. Took the name Wallace Ford from a companion. Seems that he had got a start in state carnivals, shows, etc., was asked what name he wanted to be billed as, thought Samuel Jones too prosaic, and selected Wallace Ford, the only other name he could think of at the time. Wallace celebrated his return to England by looking up the Barnado orphanage, where he discovered he still had a mother living, anxious to find out what had happened to her boy. Barnado authorities and Wallace put two and two together, and in time Wallace saw his mother for the first time since he was about two. Wallie, as you know, was the original Abie in the famous Hibernian-Semitic Rose. He's a very versatile guy. He's been comic, heavy, has played everything. Played Frankie McPhillips in The Informer. This is the first Cagney part he's ever done; it's also his longest and most starry one. He's untemperamental, married, bechilded, calls Cleveland his American home town. . . . Raoul Walsh is a race-track enthusiast. He takes more pleasure in breeding the nags and watching the crowds go mad when they win than in laying down a bet on them. . . . Biggest problem in handling 500 Chinese extras, imported from Mr. Burke's Limehouse, was to get them talking like Chinese, not like gents from Oxford, Bloomsbury, and Cockneyville. . . . Those are genuine British redcoats you see as extras, and the bit of China you see was syntheticked in the pretty little London suburb of Amesbury, much to the open-mouthed wonder of the Amesburians. . . . Anna Lee was brought up in her father's boys' school for English Tom Browns; never had girl's clothes, wearing her brother's trousers and shirts; got the boys' viewpoint on things. Had plenty of fights, won quite a few, forgot she was a girl. Says feeling is still with her. Doesn't want to be a glamour gal; hates to relax on velvet; uses soap and water instead of scent; hates anything ultra. . . . Frank Cellier goes around in public making notes about people, then mimicking said people before mirrors from said notes. Makes a better actor of him, he says. . . . Grace Bradley was the Elsa Maxwell

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of Hollywood before she left for England. Her big barn party is still remembered, when screen stars came in clothes showing their great love of the soil. Joe E. Brown brought an old work horse, and famous ribber Vince Barnett came driving a flock of chickens.

★ HER HUSBAND'S SECRETARY

THE PLAYERS: Jean Muir, Beverly Roberts, Warren Hull, Joseph Crehan, Clara Blandick, Addison Richards, Harry Davenport, Minerva Urecal, Stuart Holmes, Gordon Hart, Pauline Garon. Story by Crane Wilbur. Screen play by Lillie Hayward. Directed by Frank McDonald. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 61 minutes.

CRANE WILBUR, one-time star of the silent films, wrote this saga of a working-girl who marries a millionaire's son—and almost loses him to her very best girl friend. The motivation has new slants, for the stenographer meets her future husband when he, a steelworker, rides a girder past her office window. You see, he's proving himself as a toiler. And later she almost loses him in a forest fire. All of which shows how far 1937 Hollywood will go in dressing up an old story.

The rich boy who rides the girders is Warren Hull; the stenog is Jean Muir; the girl friend who goes after her pal's hubby is Beverly Roberts. They are adequate enough. You hardly can blame them for being unable to cope with a full-fledged three-star forest fire.

VITAL STATISTICS: Started by the late Irving Thalberg, the wife-versus-sektry thing's been done a hundred times. This is the first time a forest fire's been chucked in to top it! . . . For the two years of his movie life, Warren Hull, the pride o' Gasport, New York, has turned all questions about his private life aside with humorous noncommittalness. Result was that fan maggies and Hollywood columnists speculated on his romantic life, coupling him with every free dame in Jollywood. The other day Warren gave a big party; invited all the scribes; revealed a large family, including wife, kiddies, numerous relatives who live with him. Result: much disgruntlement among gossips. Hull is Rochester U., N. Y. U. bred, and sold vacuums to grow educated enough so's he could movie mime. . . . Herald Tribune drama critic Dick Watts flies West frequently to see Jean Muir Fullarton. . . . Pauline Garon, once a star at $1,500 per week, now plugs movie phone boards and checks hats along comeback trail. Was once married to Lowell Sherman. . . . Gordon Hart until three years ago was a Walla Walla preacher. Now slips off to poor communities and preaches free gratis. . . . Stuart Holmes, who sneered silently at many a silent hero, does frieze wood carving off-screen. . . . Well, sir, that's Old 77, a hard-worked Warner taxi, they use for the last time in this. Old 77, named when Red Grange was hot and gallopy, has carried most of the Warner great, including Cagney, Arliss, Francis, Robinson, etc., and will be retired to the period prop room, to give way to more modern radio cabs. Old 77 is crying for a Kipling to tell its exciting story.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Lost Horizon, The Good Earth, Camille, Black Legion, Winterset.

★★★½—On the Avenue, The Plough and the Stars, After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time.

★★★—Michael Strogoff*, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, You Only Live Once, Green Light, One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations.

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*Title changed to The Soldier and the Lady.

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A fascinating—if you like the old West—account of life and people in a Nevada mining town as seen mainly through the opinions of a remarkable old woman.

★ ★ ★ **AN OLD HEART GOES AJOURNEYING** by Hans Fallada. Simon & Schuster.

A charming fable which comes as a complete surprise from the author of the tragic, realistic Little Man, What Now?

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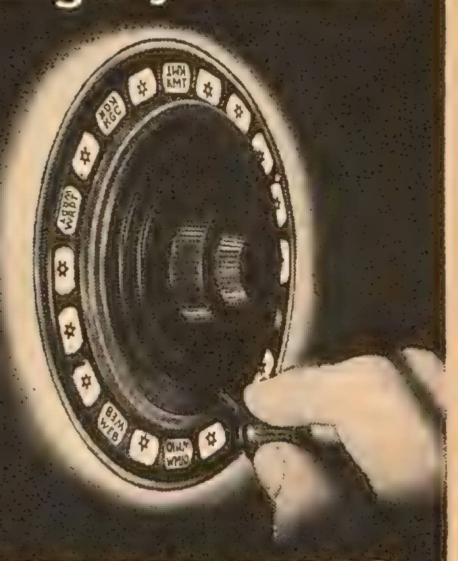

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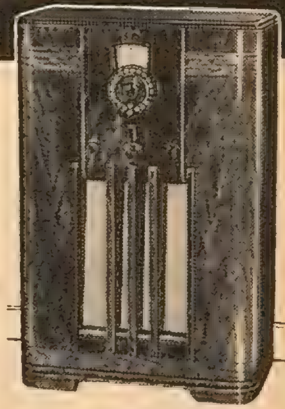

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NO LONGER need you strain your memory and your patience to tune favorite stations! One glance at the Philco Automatic Tuning Dial shows the call letters of the station you want. With a flick of your fingers you tune it . . . swiftly . . . silently . . . *automatically!*

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ALPHA CONTEST

$2,500 IN CASH PRIZES!

233 PRIZES MUST BE PAID BE SURE TO FILE A CLAIM

IF you have already sent for your set of Alpha Contest master figures in connection with Set No. 1 of this contest which was published in last week's issue, it will not be necessary for you to read further. You can turn your attention directly to the solution of the letters E, F, and R in Set No. 2.

For the information of those who did not start last week, this contest is based upon the construction of the letters of the alphabet, using seven geometric master figures—five triangles, a square, and a parallelogram—each of which is used once in every letter. Liberty prints the outlines and supplies the master sets of figures. It is up to you to find out the combinations which make the various letters as outlined.

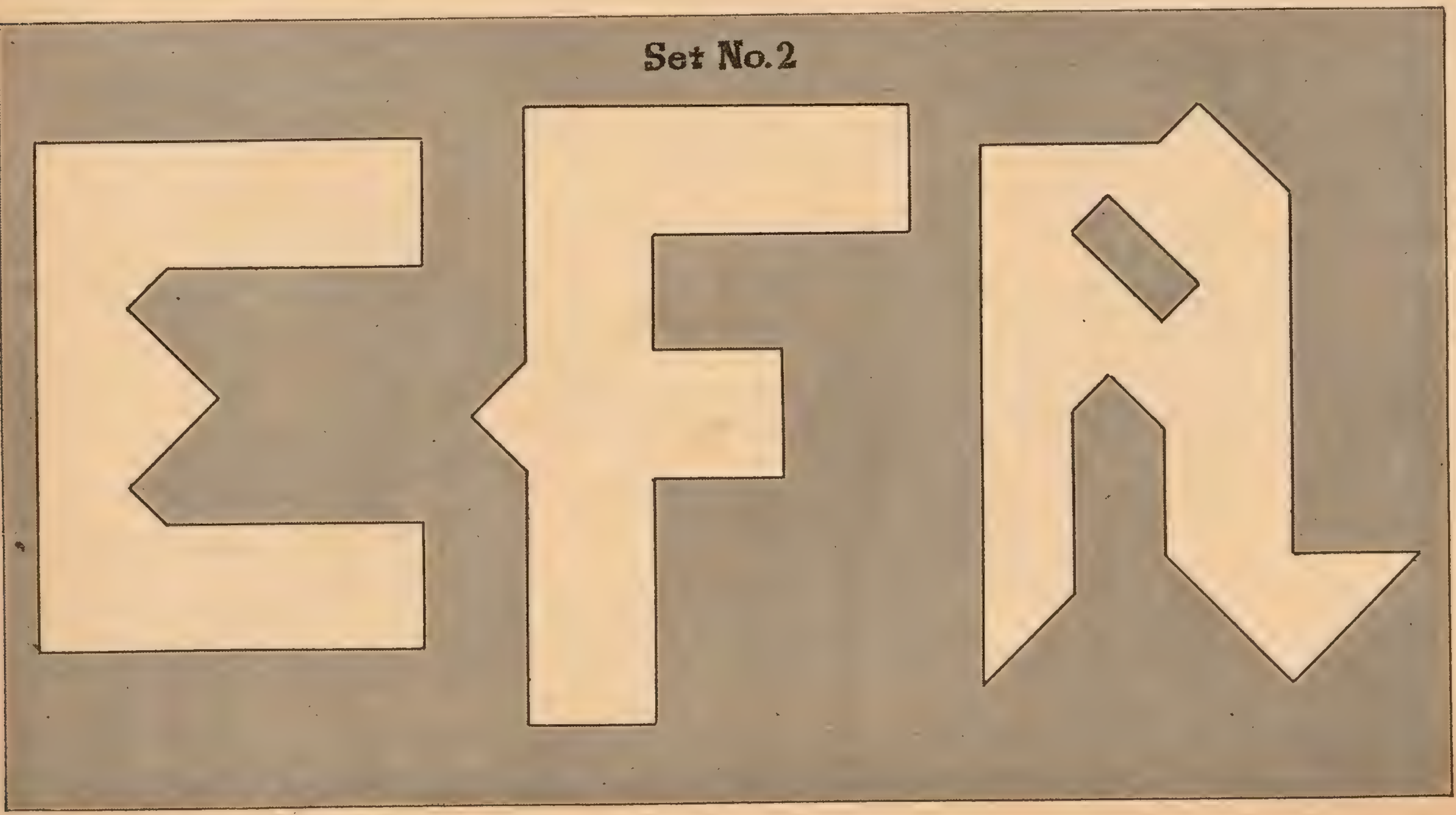
The rules give complete information on the details of competing.

Get into this interesting game today and start toward one of the cash awards. If you have mislaid or given away your copy of last week's issue, a reprint of Set No. 1 will be included with your master set of figures without additional charge, if it is requested. Send for your master set now. Your chance to win is excellent!

FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TEN PRIZES, Each $10	100
220 PRIZES, Each $5	1,100

THE RULES

1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish three outlined letters of the alphabet formed by using the set of five triangles, one square, and one parallelogram which comprise the master set of Alpha Contest geometric figures. Every master figure is used just once in the formation of each letter.
2. The perfect solution for each outline letter will find all seven master figures so combined that they will leave no area uncovered and will not extend beyond the outline at any point. When you have a letter so solved, make dots at the corners of the master figures, remove the figures, and draw in their outlines. Your solution will then show the outlines of the seven master figures within the letter as illustrated in the sample letters W and L supplied with your master set.
3. Sets of the seven master figures are obtainable by written request to the contest address in Rule 7, enclosing ten cents in coin or stamps to cover cost of printing, handling, and mailing. When your master set has been used to solve all the letters in this contest, paste it upon the final letter before your entry is submitted. Each entry must include the master set used in its preparation.
4. Do not send in separate solutions. Mail them all at the same time, as a unit, at the end of the contest and include a statement of not more than fifty words telling why you have been interested in this contest.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved letters accompanied by the clearest, most interesting statement will be awarded the $1,000 first prize. On this basis, in the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive awards according to the accompanying prize list. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, June 2, 1937, the closing date of this contest.
7. Address all entries by first-class mail to ALPHA CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.



THE HOLLYWOOD STAR YOU NEVER SEE ON THE SCREEN

☆ His name is magic, but he doesn't act—the story of Capra, the dreamer

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

AN old man—two and a half centuries old—is speaking: ". . . and it crystallized for me a picture of the future of the world that left me sad and disheartened. I saw all the nations strengthening, not in wisdom, but in vulgar passions and the will to destroy. . . ."

He speaks slowly, almost painfully, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. His upturned eyes are misty and agleam with fitful high lights from a flickering candle at his side. Simply robed in the classic toga of a Tibetan lama, a huddled figure seated in the dimly lit corner of a room whose walls are lined with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, he is the focus of attention for half a hundred technicians—cameramen, soundmen, props, and grips. No one moves.

This is the death scene of the High Lama of the mythical lamasery of Shangri-La—a dramatic climax in Columbia's picturization of James Hilton's Lost Horizon.

The minutes tick on . . . six . . . seven . . . eight. . . . Extraordinarily long for a single scene.

". . . But I see, at a great distance, a new world stirring in the ruins, stirring clumsily but in hopefulness, seeking its lost and legendary treasures. And they will all be here! Hidden behind the mountains in the valley of Blue Moon, preserved as by miracle for a new Renaissance. . . ."

He has half risen now. His voice trails off to a whisper. Suddenly he drops back; shoulders droop, eyes roll shut, and his head slumps limply forward.

A long minute of silence. Then:

"Cut!"

Impulsively applauding, Director Frank Capra advances toward the player. "Good work, Sam," he says, as he grasps his hand. "And thanks."

There are tears in his eyes as he turns away.

The appreciation was deservedly earned by Sam Jaffe for his magnificent portrayal of the dying High Lama.

And Frank Capra realized that this picture—this very scene—marked a crucial turning point in his heretofore amazingly successful motion-picture career. His reputation thus far has been that of a producer of light brightly entertaining comedies.

But in Lost Horizon he was mirroring something of far more vital significance: the present-day thoughts and actions of all humanity—a glimpse of the growing specter of complete social, economic, and cultural destruction threatened by bestial international hatreds fed upon bigotry, greed, and tolerance.

Hollywood was well aware of the immediate popular success and widespread interest in James Hilton's Lost Horizon when it first appeared, three years ago.

"There's no action in it," the movie moguls said.

But Frank Capra looked deeper than the others. And he saw more than just a pleasant-reading novel of a fanciful hidden valley somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of forbidden Tibet where a cult of ageless men stored the world's treasures in art, in literature and culture against the suicidal holocaust threatening in the world without. It was an unsuspected yearning in the hearts of innumerable readers for the Utopian peace and serenity of the mythical lamasery of Shangri-La in the valley of Blue Moon that he so acutely sensed. And he reasoned therefrom that what must so stir the thoughts and emotions of the great masses of peoples could somehow be translated to the screen—action or no action.

But though Columbia's Harry Cohn permitted him an unlimited time schedule and an almost unlimited budget (approximately two million dollars), Capra did not rely upon the Hollywood "stupendous," the "lavish," or the "cast of thousands" methods to give this translation the bigness it deserved.

To be sure, a hundred thousand dollars had been expended in the construction of a single scene—the beautiful lamasery of Shangri-La.

When Ronald Colman, as Conway, is told by an attendant that the High Lama of Shangri-La had at last granted him an audience, we follow him through spacious courtyards, up an endless series of steps, along high-ceilinged corridors, and finally up a great spiral staircase—with suspense mounting momentarily until we expect him to come at length to some magnificent throne room.

Instead, he finds at the top of the spiral staircase an unusually small room, modestly appointed like the library of some bibliophile, and is ushered into the presence of a little old man seated in a simple wooden chair in a far corner, a coarse tallow candle by his side and a book in his lap.

And here one may find the very essence of Frank Capra's genius. His screen characters are never fanciful puppets manipulated by a clever director-puppeteer. They are real, live, everyday folks who act and react to situations—ordinary or extraordinary—as naturally as you or I.

Having carefully selected actors as near as possible in temperament to the characters to be delineated (Capra delayed production a whole year waiting for Ronald Colman to be freed of other, previous, commit-

FRANK CAPRA

BY HARRISON FORMAN

THIS BEAUTY SAYS:
"When nature's lax I take Olive Tablets"

Most people would rarely have to resort to harsh purges if they kept tabs on Nature.

Usually a mild laxative like Olive Tablets is all one needs to assist Nature on the second day.

Once the exclusive prescription of a practicing physician, Olive Tablets are now an established proprietary, welcomed by millions because they are so easy to take and so mild.

It is simple to keep tabs on yourself. Always have Olive Tablets on your bathroom shelf as a reminder on the second day. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

ONLY $1.75 a month (at age 30) FOR THIS $1,000.00 WHOLE LIFE POLICY!

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

LOW RATES

MEN AND WOMEN—ALL AGES

You share the savings we make by eliminating commissions, branch office expenses, and high overhead charges. Low initial rates—reduced still further by TWO DIVIDENDS: a *guaranteed* 9½% dividend, and an additional contingent dividend as earned. You get $1000.00 of insurance for only $1.75 a month (age 30). Other ages in proportion.

9½% Guaranteed Dividends

$43,000,000.00 PAID OUT

Postal offers you the lifetime protection of real Old Line, Legal Reserve Life Insurance with cash and loan values and all standard provisions *guaranteed* in the policy. This strong, 31-year-old company operating under the rigid New York State Insurance laws has paid out over $43,000,000.00 to policy holders and their beneficiaries.

GET THE FACTS!

Find out how Postal can lower the cost of insuring your life. Send the coupon for the facts--it places you under NO OBLIGATION. You'll want to know about the BUY-DIRECT-AND-SAVE Plan, anyway.

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Gentlemen: Send me, without obligation, facts about your low-cost $1,000 WHOLE-LIFE Policy at my age.

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Send above Coupon NOW

---

ments), he then insists that each player just be himself. There is a brief discussion of the scene in which he listens to the players' interpretations of their respective parts, a few suggestions, a rehearsal or two, and cameras start grinding.

His gauge for a successful "take" of a scene is himself. It must register with him. He must feel the portrayed character through the actor. If he doesn't, he just keeps right on shooting the scene, over and over again, until he does get that feeling. If sometimes he may be in doubt, he will cast casual glances to the faces of the technicians about him.

"Starmaker" he has often been called. And justifiably so. Yet, though he makes stars, he is the only director in the business today who rates his name in theater-marquee lights *above* that of his stars.

Born only thirty-nine years ago in Palermo, Italy, Capra was brought to this country at the age of six. The family had traveled steerage across the Atlantic, and day coach across the country; and the Capra coffers were nearly empty when they reached Los Angeles, where they settled down.

Frank was a smart lad and a brilliant student; and by selling newspapers, waiting on tables, and singing in his rich tenor voice at benefits and social festivities he worked his way up through grammar school and high school to his senior year in chemical engineering at California Institute of Technology, when America entered the World War. He left school immediately and enlisted, against his mother's wishes. But because of his linguistic abilities—he spoke French, Spanish, German, and Italian fluently—his pleas to be sent overseas were overruled, and he served as a second lieutenant and instructor in the coast artillery.

After the war Frank returned to Cal Tech and took his engineering degree. But jobs were scarce in his line; so he wound up in some sort of flunky job with one of the picture studios. Soon he was making Screen Snapshots for Columbia. He wrote gags for Hal Roach's Our Gang comedies. Then over to Mack Sennett's, where he became a gag writer for Harry Langdon comedies.

LANGDON liked him so well that when he decided to make feature-length pictures he made Capra his director. This was in 1926. He made three pictures with Langdon, which were so successful that Langdon's popularity seriously rivaled that of Charlie Chaplin. Langdon, however, failed to appreciate Capra's important part in this new success and popularity. He decided he could thenceforth make pictures without Capra.

Capra knocked about for a bit after this. And then Harry Cohn invited him over to Columbia. Starting with ordinary program pictures, he was given better and better assignments. Success after success he turned out. By 1934 he was one of the highest paid directors in Hollywood. Today he is president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

But he is still the same old-time Frank. None of your fancy director's boots, breeches, and megaphones for him—just a plain pull-over sweater, or perhaps a simple sweat shirt, a pair of floppy corduroy slacks, and serviceable moccasin oxfords. In these he's perfectly happy.

The same technical crew has been with him for years—gumdrop-addicted Joe Walker, his mild-mannered cameraman; top-sergeantlike Jack Wrenn, his props man, whom you couldn't stump with a request to produce a hatful of fleas on twenty minutes' notice; "Heavy" Hager, chief electrician; and outspoken four-and-one-half-foot Jimmy Lloyd, boss of the grips (carpenters). The crew works in the closest of harmony and co-operation. "Buddy" Coleman will tell you that in all the eight years he has been with Capra as his assistant director, he has never heard Frank refer to a production as "*my* picture, in which *I* did this or that"; it has always been "*our* picture, in which *we* did this or that."

HE makes no bones about letting you know his appreciation for your special individual efforts. I remember a circumstance one evening as we were looking at "rushes." The day before, Capra had sent Buddy Coleman with a secondary company to a near-by location to shoot some special scenes in which the principal actors were not required to appear. When we looked at the "rushes" of these scenes the next evening, Capra remarked simply, "Good stuff, Buddy!" And, as Coleman's face reddened with embarrassed pleasure, Frank added with matter-of-fact sincerity, "You know, I'm going to get credit for a lot of swell scenes in this picture which I didn't make. Something had ought to be done about that!"

And something was done about it. Buddy is now a full-fledged director, and on his way to show 'em what Capra apprenticeship means.

He's the biggest ego deflater I have ever met. "Be yourself!" is the gist of his bubble-pricking—done so good-naturedly that you just can't get mad. And yet he'll always be the first to pat you on the back for something you've done to deserve it.

He's one topnotcher out here who hasn't "gone Hollywood." One look at his modest little home at Malibu Beach, where he lives the year round with his wife (the former Lucille Reyburn) and his two children, will quickly attest to this. It's a home he wants—a home where he can romp about with his youngsters—Frankie, two years old, and Johnnie, just past his first birthday. And yet, in this modest little home you'll find one of the finest collections of rare books and first editions to be found anywhere in the country. He doesn't collect books merely to show them off. He loves them. Small wonder that passages in the High Lama death scene had moved him to such profound emotion.

They are ideally mated, Frank and Lu. Her little home, her Frank, and her two babies mean more to her than mansions, limousines, and sables. They have few intimate friends, and these are people for the most part like themselves.

Frank loves to play the piano. He's never taken a lesson in his life. But ask him to play almost anything—from jazz to the classics—and he's equal to it. He doesn't play with what you might call accomplished technique by any means; but strangely enough you'll immediately sense the musical soul within him struggling for expression.

And as you sit there, you may perhaps detect a filming in his eyes. And you may wonder if perchance he's thinking of Shangri-La in the mythical valley of Blue Moon, where, ". . . most precious of all, you will have Time—that rare and lovely gift that Western countries have lost the more they have pursued it. You will have time to read—never again will you skim pages to save minutes. . . . You may also have a taste for music—here, then, are your scores and instruments, with Time, unruffled and unmeasured, to give you their richest savor. . . . no longer need you fear that Death may call you away with his customary hurry. . . ."

And from among the rush of thoughts that crowd your brain will rise this single one:

"Not only a great director but a great guy!"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—George Gershwin, born September 26, 1898, composer of Rhapsody in Blue, et cetera.

2—Clare A. Briggs (1875-1930).

3—Hameln, in Hanover on the Weser River (The Pied Piper of Hamelin).

4—Representative Arthur W. Mitchell, Chicago, Illinois, who appointed James Lee Johnson, Jr., Washington, D. C., Negro, to the Naval Academy at Annapolis last year.

5—Two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

6—Toreros is the correct term.

7—Daguerreotypes, originated by Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre, French inventor, in 1839, with the aid of Nicéphore Nièpce.

8—The gorilla (Gorilla gorilla).

9—Three Gentiles: Hector, son of Priam; Alexander the Great; Julius Caesar. Three Jews: Joshua, conqueror of Canaan; David, King of Israel; Judas Maccabaeus. Three Christians: Arthur, King of Britain; Charlemagne; Godfrey of Bouillon.

10—Haman, Esther 7:10—"So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordecai."

11—His head.

12—Sir James Matthew Barrie.

13—No; it means "take notice"—hence the abbreviation, n. b.

14—That of General Robert Edward Lee (1807-70).

15—Ancient Egyptian king of the gods, usually represented as having a ram's head.

16—Thirty.

17—In His Steps, by Charles Monroe Sheldon, American clergyman-author.

18—A serviette.

19—John Rolfe, Englishman.

20—*Robert Fitzsimmins*

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DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
MADE FOR EVERYONE TO ENJOY!
R-63

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I NEVER HESITATE—*Pain calls for* NYALGESIC THE LIQUID ANALGESIC

For pain, cramps, sore muscles, simple headaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, the stiffness from over-exercise or exposure—I always say "Nyalgesic." Just rub on a drop or two—never stains, never sticky or greasy, never blisters. Every NYAL druggist recommends it.

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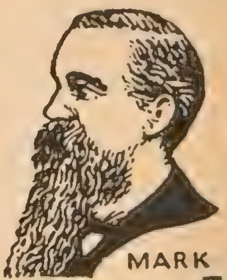
BLUNDER



TRADE MARK

It's a serious blunder to neglect coughs. Take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop—for quick relief. Black or Menthol—5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

Vox Pop

As a Practical Farmer Sees the Wallace Plan

Sullivan, Ill.—Dr. High knows only what some second guesser like Henry Wallace has told him about agriculture and its welfare (February 13 Liberty). Following are just a few thoughts that have come to me after thirty years of farming:

Beyond a doubt Mr. Wallace is the most stupid Secretary of Agriculture ever to hold that position in America. Not that he knows any less than the great majority of them did, but he tries to impress upon the ignorant folks that he has been responsible for the upturn in agriculture prices by forming an agriculture policy—which has directly benefited only a small per cent of the people living in rural districts. Those receiving the greatest benefits were classed as rich or well-to-do farmers, many of whom did not need such help, as they were not in distress. But the great objection to the farm program of the Roosevelt administration is that it penalized those farmers who in the past have been following a plan that would conserve their soils.

The Wallace farm plan is really a plan of the organized minority, based upon the Lewis idea, as a means of collecting dues for membership fees, whereby the leaders can live fat, while the poor members are made to believe they are being given help because they are allowed to feed on the crumbs that fall from their leaders' table.

This farm program for acreage reduction and surpluses deals in the commodities of cotton, corn, wheat, and hogs mostly. Yet these crops, if all farmers were co-operating who deal in these commodities, would not represent 25 per cent of the American farmers' income.

The effort to try and do away with the tenant farmer is another bit of stupidity. Any farmer knows, or should know, that success is not dependent upon the ownership of the lands he farms, but upon management and sufficient working capital. Tenant farmers today, as in all past history, are buying farms.

Farming at its best is a great gamble, with the elements of the weather to contend with and various diseases and pests. But when you have the added meddling of men who have never been successful in the field of agriculture, there can be but one result. And that is, we are doomed to failure.

If laws must be made to protect the farmers of America, the first that should be passed would be to prevent meddling by politicians. Do away with many of our so-called agricultural leaders and educators. Limit the executive officers in state and national departments of agriculture to people who are successfully operating farms of their own, and the necessary help they would require to give their people the greatest assistance.

But, above all, leave the industry of agriculture in the position that the prosperity of each individual must be dependent upon the amount of work and intelligence he puts into it. Give them a legal break with other industries, but nothing more.

Our greatest problem today seems to be keeping the political gangsters, organized minority of farmers and labor, from putting the rest of our nation in slavery. —*Clyde O. Patterson.*

WHAT KIND OF NURSE IS SHE?

Detroit, Mich.—We are wondering how such a high-class magazine as Liberty would print (March 6) such a grossly written article as that entitled I Am Going to Have My Baby at Home, by Jeannette Blanchard Kaley.

Just what kind of a nurse could she be and at what type hospital could she possibly have practiced?

Since when do babies sleep on pillows in hospital nurseries, and since when is a child not sent to isolation when ill, but allowed to remain in the nursery so the other infants can contract the disease?

Certainly a sane and intelligent person, especially a nurse, could not compare the finest home with our orderly and modern hospitals of today. She certainly has old-fashioned ideas.

The women who after having one baby say it is the last they care to have are those who have had them at home.

We have both had babies in the hospital and maintain there is no place like it. —*Mrs. J. Sills and Mrs. William Leslie.*

"THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER"

New York, N. Y.—The caption for Part Nine of Wise Virgin, by Walton Green (February 6 Liberty), was The "Villain" Pursues.

Interested, I wrote to Mr. Green and asked him if he could tell me the origin of the following lines:

And they sailed unto Bermuda
And when the captain stopt the ship,
The villain still pursued her.

Mr. Green kindly told me that he could not assist and said that your staff supply captions.

I have known these lines for fifty years and have never been able to find their source.

Can you help me?—*John F. Barrett.*

[A friend, well informed on the lyrics of our American melodrama era, tells us that this song on "the villain still pursued her" appeared in one of the Delaney songbooks of a half century ago. Mr. Delaney printed about 6,000 songs over a period of twenty-two years. Complete collections are rare, but perhaps some of our readers can help Mr. Barrett.—Vox Pop Editor.]

PINKERTON ENLIGHTENS THE U. S. COAST GUARD

Dutch Flat, Calif.—To the personnel of the coast guard station at Neah Bay, Washington (March 6 Vox Pop), I'd like to say:

Beginning in 1924, I cruised with my family in a fifty-foot boat in Puget Sound, Washington Sound, British Columbia and Alaskan waters for seven years. I lived in the boat an average of nine or ten months a year.

Each spring and fall for several years I anchored for many weeks in tiny Puget Sound harbors where Cape Flattery salmon trollers wintered. Spent one winter among them.

The time of the story High Boat was definitely placed in 1925 because those were the boom years and it was the period I knew best. It happened also that they were the rumrunning years. When I wrote "puddle jumpers" in that story I meant "puddle jumpers," and used the name commonly used by all watermen in Puget Sound. The name did not refer to surfboats used in open water but to a type designed for rum-chasing and turned out by the dozen.

The "puddle jumper" was thirty-five feet long, powered with a 180-horsepower gas engine, and did about seventeen or eighteen knots. "Puddle jumper" was intended to refer to that time and class of craft, and it never occurred to me that any one would think I had in mind the self-righting surfboats and their marvelous crews.—*Robert E. Pinkerton.*

[This is also Mr. Pinkerton's answer to Mr. Edward Lloyd, associate editor of U. S. Coast Guard (a publication) and others who criticized him for his story High Boat in January 9 Liberty.—Vox Pop Editor.]

DEADWOOD'S POKER ALICE

Rapid City, S.D.—In February 27 Liberty, the article Send Up a Boy, by Courtney Ryley Cooper, mentions Poker Annie from Deadwood, South Dakota. You will probably receive many letters calling to your attention the fact that there was a famous character named Poker Alice Tubbs, who smoked cigars and dealt faro.

© Bert Bell photo, Rapid City

Poker Alice Tubbs

Incidentally, we have never heard of the Poker Annie you mentioned. Ask the bellhop if he ever ushered Calamity Jane to a room.—*T. M. Warnke.*

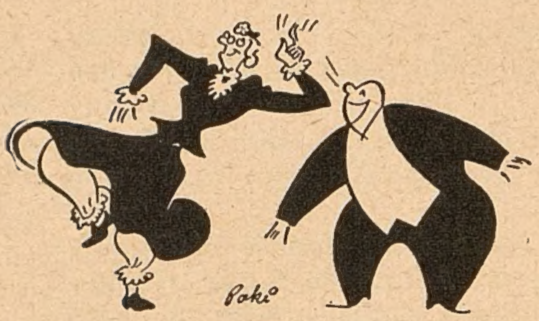
Newton, Kan.—Courtney Ryley Cooper is too dumb to be let loose in Liberty. Send Up a Boy is too ridiculous for words.

Who ever heard a commotion when kittens were born? Noise enough to stun a boiler factory, huh! Evidently the gentleman doesn't know that animals make no noise when giving birth, nor do their babies whimper.—*L. M.*

PRETTY AMBITIOUS AT 86

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why does your cover artist always draw pictures of young folks? Gosh dern it, I'm nigh onto eighty-six and I want to tell you I'm pretty much alive and kicking, too. (I am typing this here letter all myself—with one finger.)

You'd think us old folks don't go in for swing and that snappy stuff. Well, listen, youngster. You're crazy as a loon. I could even truck if I'd a mind to. Put granny's picture on your magazine cover for some snap and spice. Yippee!—*Hattie Jackson.*



WHAT IS A PRAIRIE OYSTER—DRINK OR FOOD?

BROWNSVILLE, TEX.—Imagine my astonishment at the evidence of amalgamation of unequaled gall, amateurish effort, stupendous lack of information, unnatural simplicity, colossal ignorance, bungling effort, and clownish result of the bumptious "tenderfoot" who attempted to define What is a prairie oyster? (Twenty Questions, Number 4, February 13 Liberty), and by his, her, or its reply that a prairie oyster is "a pick-me-up for the morning after the night before" (the recipe calls for an egg, sherry, vinegar, and condiments) evidenced a lack of information, as well as a lack of effort to secure same, and a tenderfootism which I have not known to be equaled in a like situation.

In the Texas cow country (as well as in other cattle areas) the "prairie oyster" is a testicle of a calf that is usually roasted before eaten.

Almost every boy and girl in the cattle country (and most of them out of it) over seven years of age knows this fact.

I suspect that "our Nell" of Twenty Questions has had a fast one slipped over on her (him).—*G. R. Yantis, M. D.*

VOX POPPA IN PETTICOATS!

HOPE, KAN.—Well, modesty isn't a Vox Pop virtue and a lady Vox Pop would quietly ignore that subtle squib about Vox Pop's gender (February 27). Just a Westerner's way of confessing she fell for you like a ton of brick.

Our Vox Poppa in petticoats! The saints forbid! No lady alive shows such dash-and-snort. So revel you in your anonymity and elude designing females. Long live the Steinach and let his tribe increase until they discover some mysterious hormone to reactivate the glands of elephants.—*Frances Stegeman.*

BILLIONS LOST TO NATION THROUGH ANTI-GAMBLING LAWS

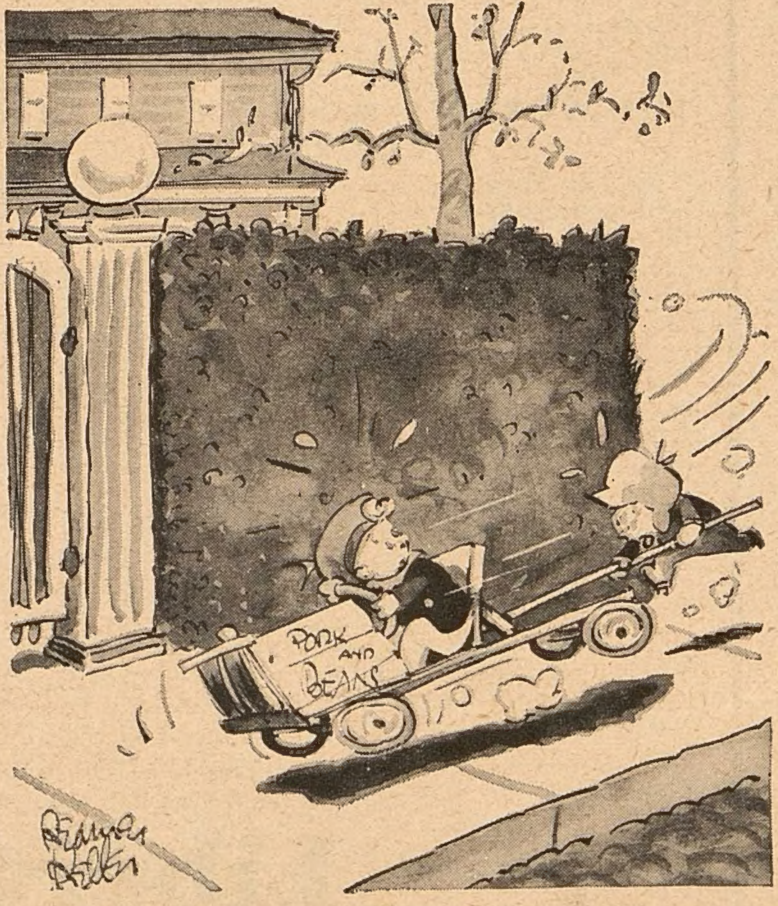
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I am one to appreciate Mr. Macfadden's editorial endorsing a national lottery (February 27 Liberty) and if we can get this put into effect it will help wonderfully in relieving taxes, as well as to provide funds for benevolent causes and institutions.

There are two forces that will combat the installation of a national lottery. One group will be made up of the puritanical ultra-moralist forces, who will throw up their hands in horror at the idea of our national government indulging in any sort of a game of chance. Perhaps a stronger group will be composed of the crooks operating the places now going on in questionable locations, which afford the patrons of such places no chance at all.

These two groups will work together beautifully in a situation of this sort in about the same way as the bootleggers joined forces with the prohibitionists in recent years. Let us hope that there will be a sufficient number of fair-minded and well balanced people in our country to realize that gambling or chance taking will always be with us, and some national plan that will legalize and obtain revenue from operations of this character will prove to be a wonderful uplifting force far beyond what many may now anticipate.—*P. K. Wilson.*

CLIFTON, N. C.—So Mr. Macfadden has taken a headlong plunge from the perch of his high ideals to the depths of advocating lotteries—the very worst form of gambling!—*C. S. Eastridge.*

"HARDTACK"



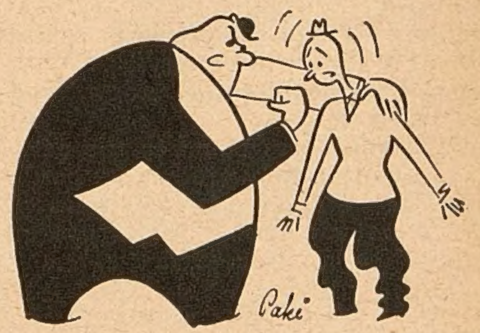
"Step on it—I'm supposed to be home watching a cake in the oven!"

WHAT THE FAT-BELLIED SAY TO THE STARVED

PORTLAND, ME.—So Inez Haynes Irwin has lost her inferiority complex about America, according to that article of hers in February 20 Liberty.

I'm sure this isn't all she's lost. Her played-up World War stuff is the bunk. History proves that this "glorified exertion" was fatal to civilization. We all know it originated by deceiving and misleading the rabble.

And if this "I hate war" talk isn't nauseating! It's logical for the fat-bellied, thick-lipped, and bull-necked to say to the starved, anemic, and forlorn: "Don't you start any trouble—I hate war."—*Albert Fletcher.*



COCKEYED CHINESE WANTS ARE NOT YENS

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Ted Shane's Cockeyed Cross Word Puzzles are worth a nickel, which is more than I can say for the rest of the magazine sometimes. However, I think Ted Shane slipped for the first time since I have been working his tantalizing puzzles; for in the issue of February 27 his definition of a word was "Chinese wants." The answer was "Yens."

I think Mr. Shane will discover that a yen is Japanese money and not Chinese. Please don't make a mistake like that again, for your puzzles are hard enough to work out without such slips to make them harder.—*Madame Butterfly.*

MAIL BOY CHALLENGES CLARA BERANGER

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I wonder where Clara Beranger got her "reliable figures" she used in the Fan-Mail Champions story in February 20 Liberty.

The "top boy" she mentions is doing fine but is just a beginner in pictures and has no radio following. Another of her top four is practically out of pictures and a third comes in the operatic class.

To a worker in the mail room who has to lug the fan mail around, it looks like her "reliable figures" were either a poor guess or were obtained from the publicity departments.

I am willing to bet a week's salary that Bing Crosby's fan mail outnumbers that of her top four boys and she can throw in a couple of gals to boot.

Is my bet taken?—*Mail Boy.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—A youth who gave his name as Irving Nickerson awoke to discover that there was a pig in bed with him.

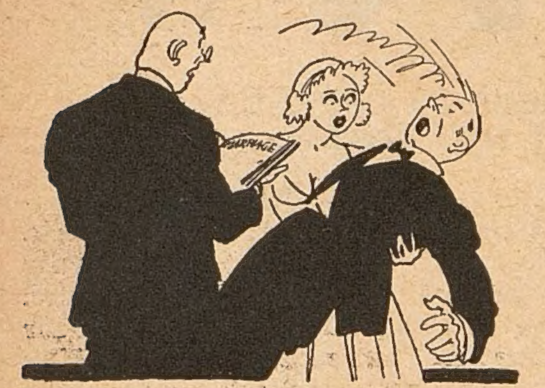
Scrambling out of bed, he telephoned police. Patrolman Edward Flynn went to Nickerson's lodginghouse room and took the pig to police headquarters.

Nickerson said he couldn't remember, but he guessed he must have brought the porker home with him after an evening of tippling.

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK—The bridegroom fainted and fell unconscious into the bride's arms at a wedding in Skoering Church.

The minister had asked him to repeat the words of the wedding service, " With all my worldly goods I thee endow," and " out " he went.

But the bride was equal to the occasion. She immediately produced a bottle of smelling salts and jammed it under the bridegroom's nose. He recovered and the ceremony proceeded.



EPSOM, SURREY, ENGLAND--James Brown, a laborer, is an extremely sensitive man. He pleaded with the magistrate not to send him to Brixton Prison because his clothes were not smart enough. He went just the same.

HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

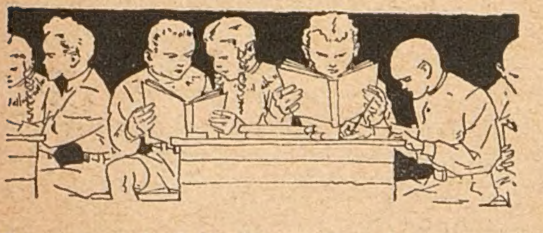
They say—

That Soviet education is already " glorious " and is providing superior advantages for youth.

But—

" Schools are overfilled and badly kept. From 1928 to 1935 the number of students increased from 11,000,000 to 24,000,000, but the number of schools only from 118,000 to 168,000." From For Industrialization, August 17, 1935.

" In Moscow pupils are still seated four at a desk." From For Communist Enlightenment, September 4, 1935.



" The 1935 Plan called for construction of 3,000 new school buildings. Only 225 have been built." From Moscow Izvestia, August 21, 1935.

" The state of the school buildings is lamentable: broken windows, leaking roofs, pools of water on the floors, lack of heating apparatus. During the winter, in many regions, schools are closed owing to lack of fuel." From Moscow Pravda, November 27, 1935.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY SCOTT EVANS

THE MASTER BAD MAN IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN CRIME

Who is he? What has he done? Where is he? He was in the thick of the Harding regime scandals! He was mixed up in the Lindbergh kidnaping! He has led one of the most lurid lives in the annals of crime in this country!

His name and that of the famous author who will next week reveal his heretofore tight-locked secrets appear on page 5 of this issue.

FROM INVALID TO CHAMPION

Ill for a year and a half! Told by physicians that she would never play tennis again—

ALICE MARBLE

finally won her way back to health and to the crowning thrill of capturing the Women's National Singles title. Her inspiring story appears next week!

THE WORLD'S MOST FRIGHTFUL SCOURGE

" We talk about war, pestilence, and other death-dealing calamities, but standing out above everything else is venereal disease."

This is a quotation taken from a two-page editorial by Bernarr Macfadden in Liberty next week. Mr. Macfadden, one of the first to attempt public education on this subject, finally has seen his efforts rewarded by federal action leading to prevention and control of the two " social " diseases.

A frank and extremely informative editorial on one of the most vital subjects in the world today.

IT CAN HAPPEN AGAIN

Do you realize that there is today in Europe a set of conditions that is nearly parallel to those that produced the World War of 1914? The same diplomatic maneuvering, the same secret treaties!

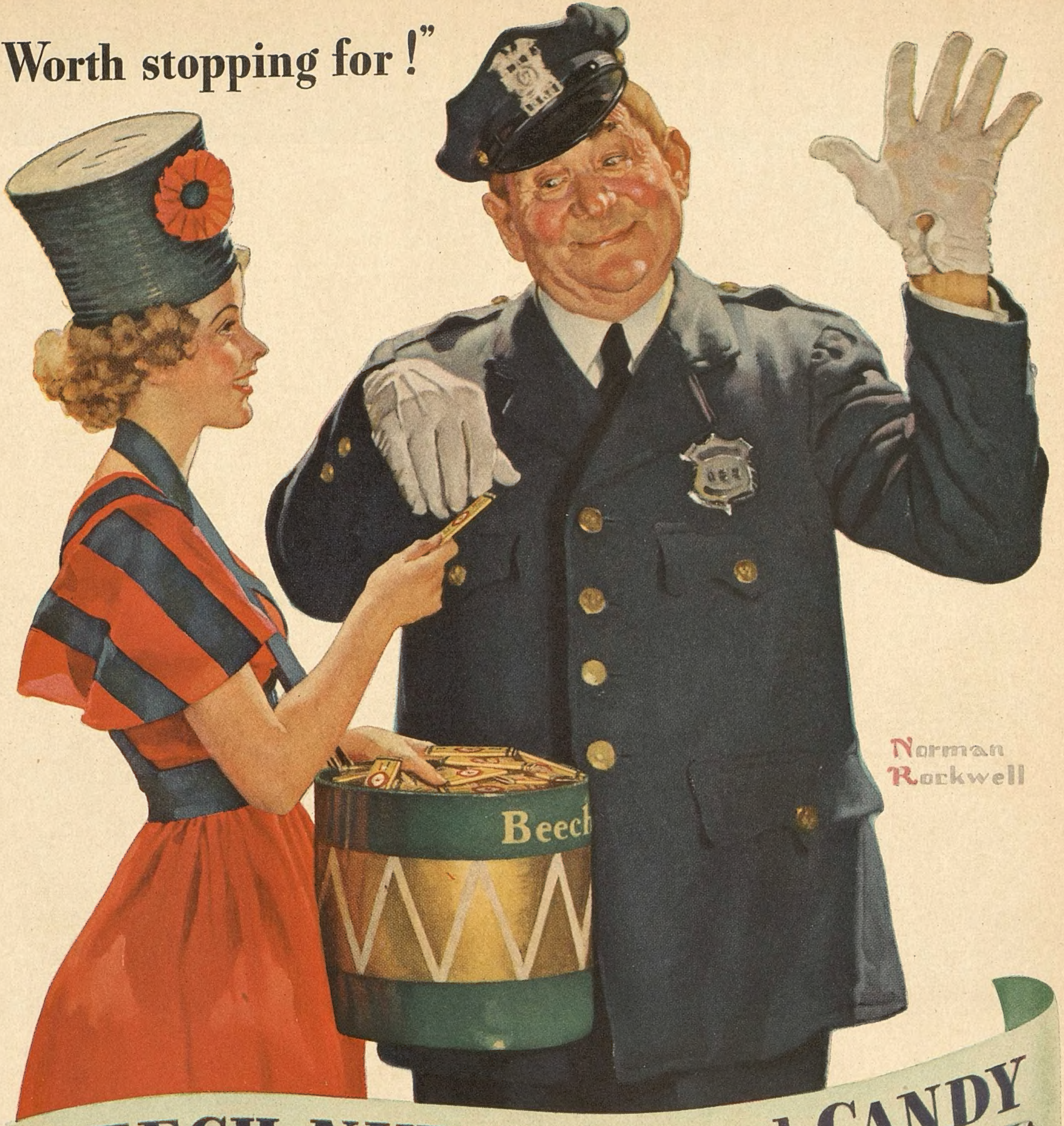
George Sylvester Viereck knows conditions abroad now as few men know them. He knew conditions in 1914 equally as well. In Liberty next Wednesday he has an article that will startle you!

Also stories and articles by Agnes Christine Johnston, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Bert Green, Frederick James Smith, Edward Doherty, and others.

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE APRIL 7

Get Your Copy of Liberty on Wednesday

"Worth stopping for!"

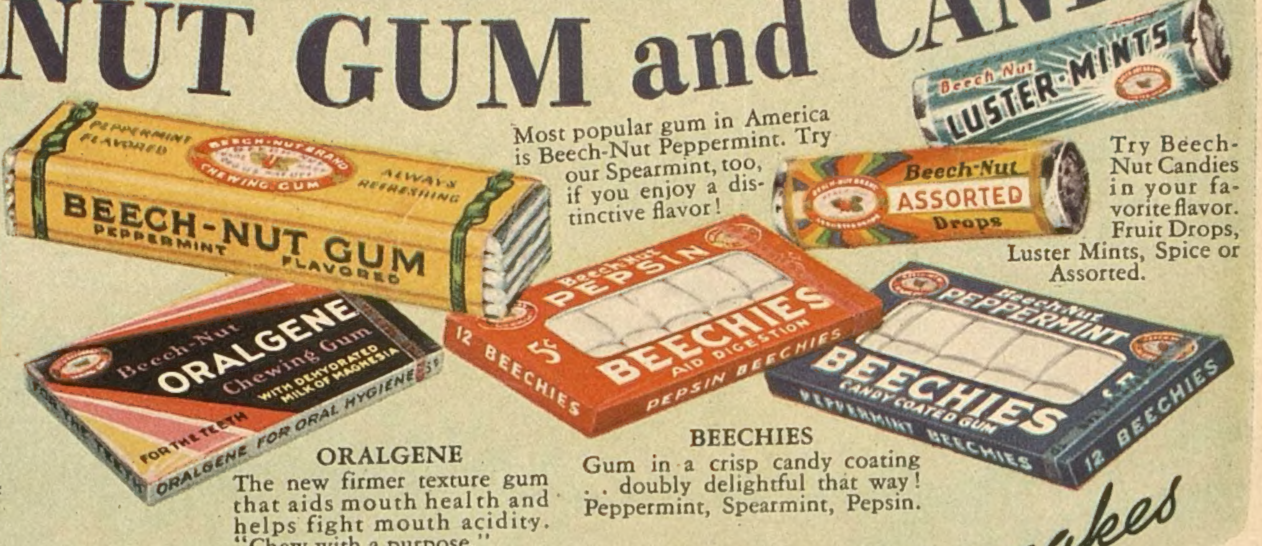

Beech
Norman Rockwell

BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY

The Beech-Nut Circus

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel..3 rings of performers ..clowns..animals..acrobats..elephants ..music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. See it when it visits your city.


PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA
FOR THE TEETH
ORALGENE FOR ORAL HYGIENE
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Beech-Nut
LUSTER-MINTS
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PEPSIN
BEECHIES
AID DIGESTION
PEPSIN BEECHIES
12 BEECHIES
Beech-Nut
PEPPERMINT
BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
PEPPERMINT BEECHIES
12 BEECHIES

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

Try Beech-Nut Candies in your favorite flavor. Fruit Drops, Luster Mints, Spice or Assorted.

ORALGENE

The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

BEECHIES

Gum in a crisp candy coating . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

You can taste the difference Quality makes

Alice Roosevelt Longworth says:

"They're a light smoke, kind to the throat"

"I often lunch in the Senate restaurant at the Capitol and the number of Senators and Representatives I see with a package of Luckies is quite surprising. Off and on, ever since 1917, I myself have used Luckies for this sound reason: They really are a light smoke—kind to the throat. It's simply common sense that these Senators and Representatives, whose voices must meet the continuous strain of public speaking, should also need a cigarette that is considerate of their throats . . . a light smoke."

Alice Roosevelt Longworth

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**The Finest Tobaccos—
"The Cream of the Crop"**

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

In a recent independent survey, an overwhelming majority of lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc., who said they smoked cigarettes, expressed their personal preference for a light smoke.

Mrs. Longworth's statement verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do leading artists of radio, stage, screen and opera, whose voices are their fortunes, and who choose Luckies, a light smoke. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on your throat.

a light smoke

"IT'S TOASTED"—YOUR THROAT PROTECTION AGAINST IRRITATION
AGAINST COUGH